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Vol. IV
No. 19

July
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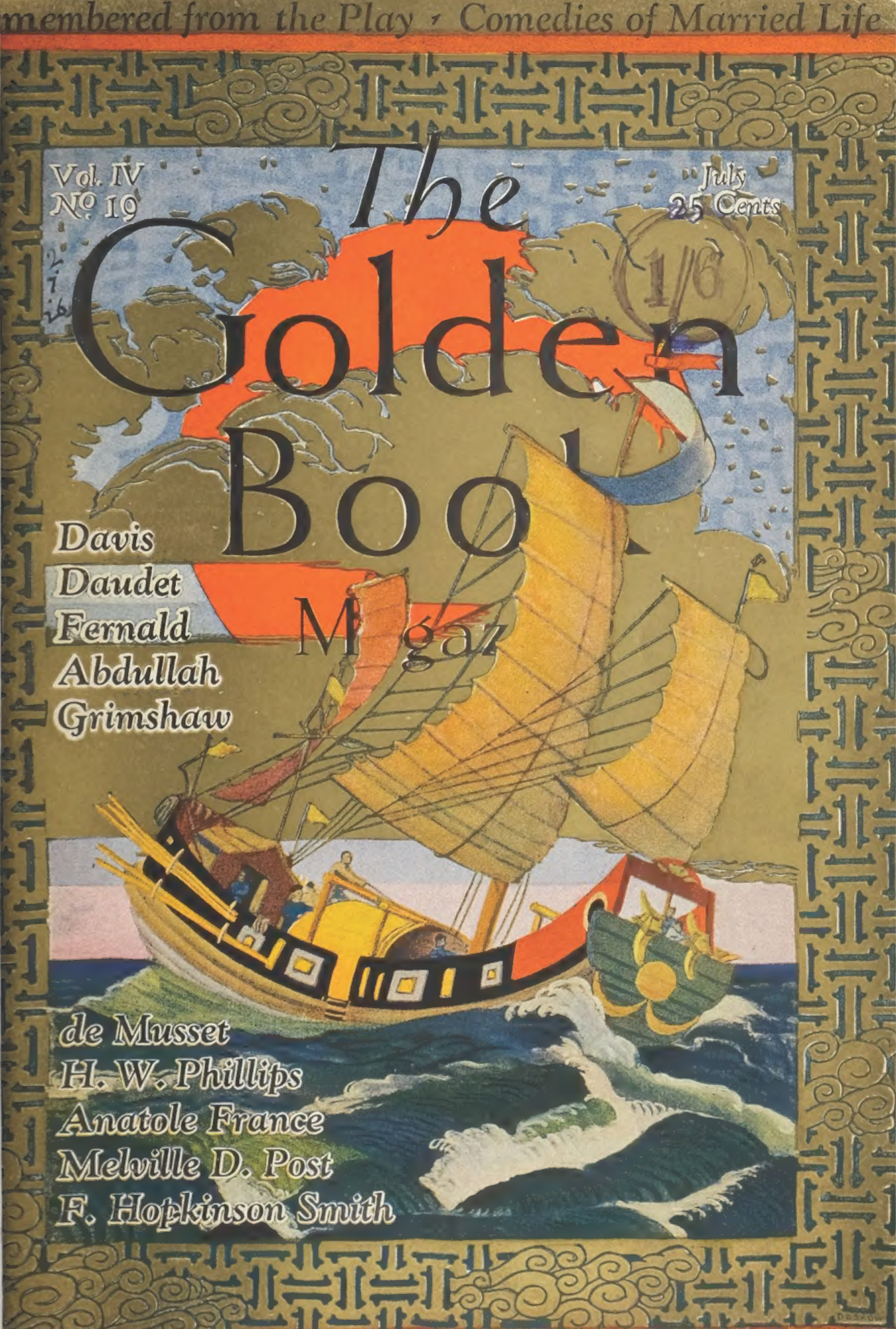

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Number 19

JULY
1926

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:

WM. LYON PHELPS • STUART P. SHERMAN • JOHN COTTON DANA • CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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ALBERT SHAW, PRES. CHAS. D. LANIER, SEC. and TREAS.

Some Persons of Importance

GEORGE THOMAS LANIGAN was a journalist, born in Montreal in 1845, and dying in New York at the age of forty-one. His work appeared largely in newspapers, and his two volumes, "Canadian Ballads" and "Fables Out of the World," have long been out of print. But Mark Twain thought highly of his fun, and included seven of the "Fables" in his "Library of Humour," published shortly after Lanigan's death.

Turgéniev's "Poems in Prose" appeared first in a Russian newspaper, *The European Messenger,* in 1882—just a year before the author died. They constituted a selection from the "passing comments, thoughts, images" he had set down on paper during the preceding five years—when all of his literary work had appeared except "The Song of Triumphant Love." The mss. sent to the editor had no title save "Senilia—An Old Man's Jottings," and Stasinlevitch, the editor, took the present name from a phrase in Turgéniev's letter. The author himself remarked:

> "Let not your reader peruse these 'Poems in Prose' at one sitting; he will probably be bored, and the book will fall from his hands. But let him read them separately,—to-day one, to-morrow another,—and then perchance some one of them may leave some trace behind in his soul."

Many readers in the last forty-four years have found indelible traces left in them from these penetrating little prose-poems.

"The Bar Sinister" always seemed to me a thundering good story—exhibiting both the extreme good points and the extreme weakness of the author. It is, of course, an embodiment of the Cinderella fairy-tale which has furnished thousands of narratives with a sure appeal to human sympathy; and it is done so skilfully that any reader lives through the exciting adventures of the dog hero. But I fancy that those who understand dog nature best will hardly fail to smile tolerantly at the mother-devotion of Champion Wyndham Kid, after years of absence—not to mention his sense of shame at being "base born." Perhaps dogs would be better companions if they were like that—but I doubt it. Anyhow, whether Mr. Davis's world of dogs (and humans) be real or not, he knows his way about in it, and a very pleasant guide he is.

Alphonse Daudet (1840-1897) left a prodigious amount of finished work for a man who reached the age of only fifty-seven. His first volume of poems appeared when he came from Nimes to Paris at seventeen; and for forty years he poured out plays, poetry, stories, novels, satires, memoirs. He seems most characteristic when he is gay, whimsical, humourous, or pathetic; even when he is satirizing the Marshal in "The Game of Billiards," who let his men be slaughtered that he might finish, there is little of vitriol in his pen. And where he comes to poking fun at the braggadocio of his southern compatriots, in "Tartarin," he seems perfectly happy. So is the reader. Wherefore, I think I shall shortly serve up to you some of the adventures of that unique Tarasconian.

One of the things most impressive in the writings of Achmed Abdullah is the man's extraordinary range, and the sense one gets of intimate personal knowledge of human beings as far apart as a Chinese merchant in Pell Street, an Afghan raider, a German officer, and a Japanese Samurai. The list of his books and plays is in itself highly suggestive along this line: "*Chansons Couleur Puce,*" (Paris, 1900), "A Grammar of Little Known Bantu

(*Continued on page 6*)

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(*Continued from page 4*)

Dialects," "The Red Stain," "The Blue-eyed Manchu," "Bucking the Tiger," "The Honourable Gentlemen and Others," "The Trail of the Beast," "The Man on Horseback," "Wings," "The Mating of the Blades," "The Ten-Foot Chain," "Night Drums," and "Alien Souls"; and on the stage—"*La Carotte*" in Paris, "Roulette" in Berlin, "Bucking the Tiger" with Fania Marinoff, "Toto" with Leo Ditrichstein, "The Grand Duke" with Lionel Atwill, and so on. And take "The Two-handed Sword," printed here—I hardly know where one would find so comprehending a picture of the German military caste, and the man of science, and the Japanese nobleman of the awakened era, as in this dramatic tale. Correct or not, it conveys authenticity in every line; and certainly it is the work of a man with a real gift for story-telling.

Hopkinson Smith used to like to tell of the drummer in a Pullman smoker who had tried for half an hour to find out tactfully what Mr. Smith's own line of goods was—having assumed as a matter of course that he too was a traveling salesman.

"Business is sure rotten, isn't it?" suggested the salesman.

"Bad enough," agreed Smith.

"Why, I was just looking over my Utica orders and they're not much more than fifty per cent. of what I got a year ago."

"Tough luck."

"You had the same experience?" persisted the stranger.

"Why," declared Mr. Smith solemnly, "I'll tell you the exact truth: I haven't made one sale in the last eighteen months."

"For God's sake!" exclaimed the other. "What are you selling, anyhow?"

"Lighthouses."

So he was. Building them, too. And good ones, as witness the Race Point Light off New London—not to mention the foundation for the Statue of Liberty in New York harbour. For this trained engineer, artist and novelist spent a large part of his working life as a marine contractor, and the people and background of "Caleb West, Master Diver" were drawn from full knowledge.

Mr. Smith was born in Baltimore in 1838, and his formative years were coloured by the "befo' de wah" régime; moreover, he had a very genius for social intercourse and friendships; so that when he came to set down on paper that delightful "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" he was describing something he understood and loved. The Colonel was a real joy of the nineties, both in the book and as Augustus Thomas presented him on the stage; and I do not find any lessening of effect to-day as I enjoy his hospitality and contemplate his inimitable methods of doing business.

Melville Davisson Post has made one field peculiarly his own: the oddities, quirks and loopholes of the law. He will narrate the most dramatic tale, with a climax that seems to the layman astonishing or incredible—and then calmly advance legal chapter and verse, from indisputable authority, for the contention which forms the story's plot. Mr. Post is himself a distinguished lawyer of West Virginia: I don't know whether he practices or not, but after reading a number of his ten or twelve exciting books, I've firmly concluded that if I'm ever haled to court, I'd like to have him on my side.

De Musset's first play, "The Night in Venice," written when he was twenty, was such a failure that he vowed he would write no more for the stage until there was a public demand for his work. Three years later he became connected with the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and published there his "Caprices of Marianne," which was shortly produced at the *Théâtre Français* and remained in its repertory for years. For the next twenty years he held an established place as a dramatist, being admitted to the ranks of the Immortals in 1852. Frequently his light touch and charming talk made a production successful in spite of its defiance of stage conventions.

(*Continued on page 8*)

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Think over the last few years. How often have interesting books appeared, widely discussed and widely recommended, books you were really anxious to read and fully intended to read when you "got around to it," but which nevertheless you *missed!* Why does this happen to you so often?

The true reason lies in your habits of book-buying. Through carelessness, or through the driving circumstances of a busy life, you simply *overlook* obtaining books that you really want to read. Or you live in a district remote from bookstores, where it is impossible to get the best new books without difficulty.

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(*Continued from page 6*)

It is quite interesting to contrast with Mr. Davis's bull-terrier, pulsing with sentiment, the little terrier celebrated by Anatole France in "The Amethyst Ring" and in the separately published study of "Riquet" reprinted in this issue. He is a veritable, living dog, this "Riquet," and his biographer's masterly mind plays about his every action but never attempts to create a canine soul in his own image, as men (and women) writers are so wont to do. Here is one incident of the worthy M. Bergeret's intercourse with his four-legged friend:

> At the sound of the bell Riquet leapt down from the couch he was sharing with his master, and, with one eye on the door, set up a terrific barking. When M. Leterrier came into the room, the dog received him with hostile growls; the portly form and full, grave countenance fringed with gray beard, were not familiar to him.
>
> "You too!" murmured the rector gently.
>
> "Please excuse him," said M. Bergeret. "He is a domesticated animal. When men undertook the training of his forefathers, and, in so doing, formed the characteristics he has inherited, they themselves regarded a stranger as an enemy. They did not inculcate in dogs charity towards the human race. Thoughts of universal brotherhood have not entered the soul of Riquet; he stands for the old order of things."
>
> "And a very ancient one," replied the rector, "for it is, of course, clear that nowadays we live in unity, peace and concord, with one another!"
>
> He spoke these words with a bitterness not natural to him, but for some time past his thoughts and speech had changed.
>
> However, Riquet continued to bark and growl; he was evidently doing his best to scare away the stranger by his voice and fearsome appearance, but, as fast as the enemy advanced, he retreated. He was a faithful house-dog, but cautious withal.
>
> At last his master, growing impatient, picked him up by the scruff of the neck, and gave him two or three taps on his nose, whereupon Riquet immediately stopped barking, wriggled, and put out a pink, curling tongue to lick the hand that had chastised him, his beautiful eyes full of gentle sadness the while.
>
> "Poor Riquet," sighed M. Leterrier, "that is all you get for your zeal."
>
> "I must drive things into his head," replied M. Bergeret, pushing him behind him at the back of his chair. "Now he knows he was wrong to greet you in such fashion. Riquet conceives of one evil only, physical suffering, and of but one happiness, the absence of suffering. He identifies crime and punishment, inasmuch as for him a misdeed is a deed that is punished. If by accident I step on his paw, he feels himself to be the guilty party, and begs my pardon; justice and injustice do not trouble his infallible wisdom."

What does a college boy in Arkansas read—beside THE GOLDEN BOOK? For the latter, I protest, is an "open book," and nowhere does it offer in its eighteen issues a model for the following original tale. Yet surely, the inspiration for this was never drawn from Arkansas soil, but came from some unauthorized items of an English course. I seem to recall a Work smuggled up to bed, at "St. George's He(a)ll for Boys," which produced after the lights were out visions of a Bloody Hand upon wall and door.

—— *college*
arkansas.

Daer sir my room mate and I read THE GOLDEN BOOK *and enjoy it very much, I an sending you one of my shorter stories—look over it, If you like it I would like for you to publish it, and send me what you think it is worth. If you do not publish it I would like for you to tell me what is wrong with it—and why you do not—but knowing you will like it I remain yours truely——* —— ——

THAT WHITE PLAGUE

A SHORTER STORY By —— ——

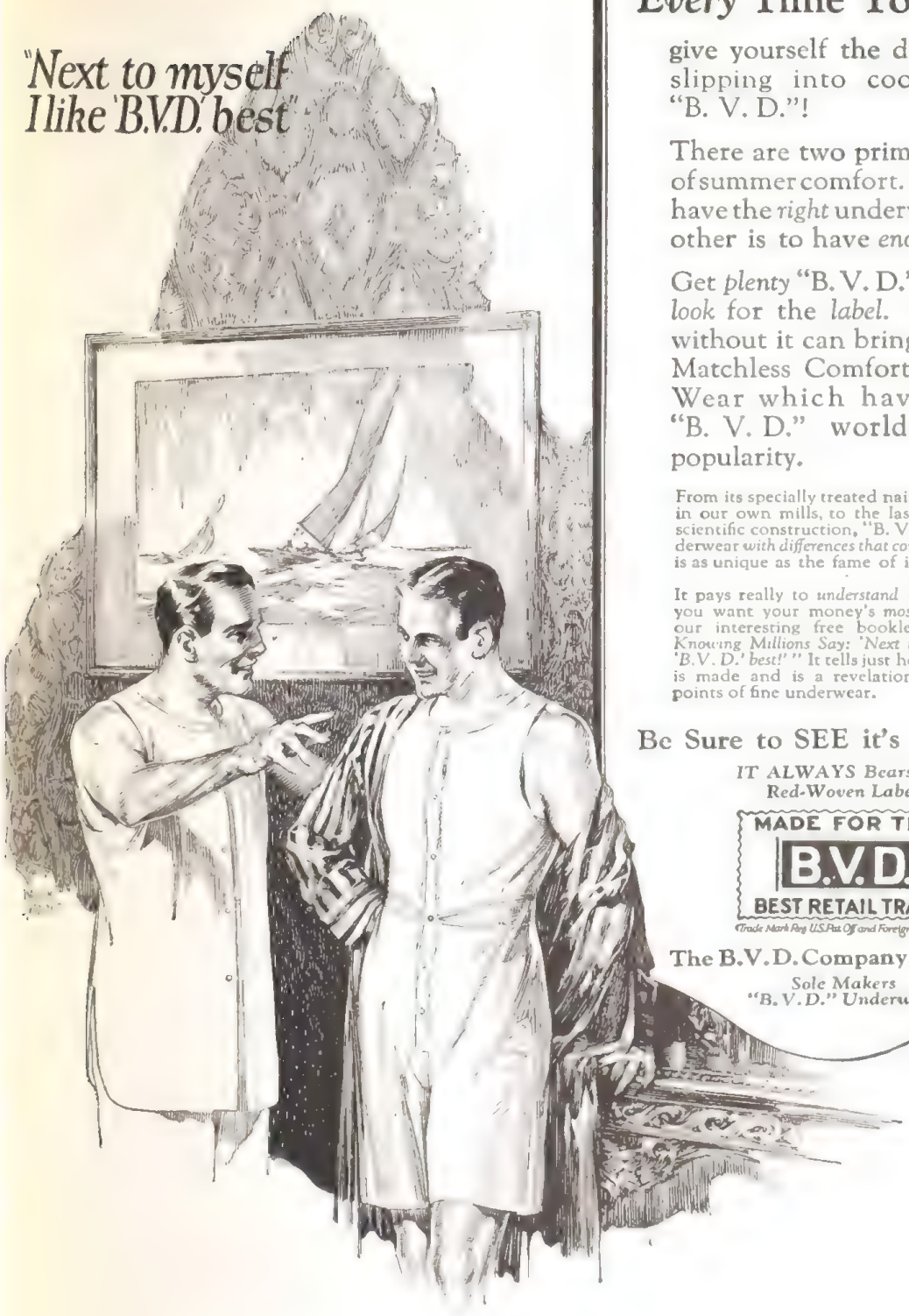
The wind breezed cold, on that wintery night and all was lonely still, except for the gastely flop flop of foot steps out in the hall. He was still all was still—then come to him the deadely shivering moan of the breeze as it brushed arround the corner of his sell.

Nelly Nelly he whispered Nelly my dear wont you come, but no nelly could hear, for nelley was far away, a strain of agony come over his pale face he reached for water, but there was no water to soothe his parchid throat it seamed that all earth was resting on his caved in chest and as he tried to caugh to clear the tickling away he herd a scratch at his cabbin door—that door oppened slowly but shurely inch by inch the door crept oppen.

Beyond it was the gastely halls that led to other departments, beyond it were great shaddows on the walls beyond it the rain fell and the wind moaned, but low in it stood a dog. His fanges were of white ivory, his eyes were two great head-lights in the dark— A faint Nelly Nelly was herd only by the sperits who had come to take charge of the soul when it was freed from the body, the

(*Continued on page 10*)

"Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best"



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"B.V.D." Shirts and Drawers 85c the garment

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(*Continued from page 8*)

dog crept unsteadely his knotty joints cracking at every bend, he approached step by step till he stood near the bed—now he is lifting his boney foot to the bed, he places it accross the dying mans chest, watch the man gasp, watch him as he fights for air, but that evil dog, see him paint, see his long lank tongue as it hangs low between two great teeth—see the water as it rolles off this slimey tongue, and the foam as it ozies from the corners of his mouth, as he lowers his head to the mans throat and buries his fanges deep.

The man poor thing, he struggles to push the dog off, but in vein, he gasps, chokes, struggling for breath which never comes to his rescue, Then the sperits herd once more the low whisper Nelly Nelly. The man sank away and for the first time he began to think, there before him he saw a book on whose pages were writen the deeds of his useless life—these deeds were not in marvel or gold but in blood, those deeds stood out before him in his own cloded blood.

But now the dogs fanges went deeper into the throat of the dying man and as he gasped, for the last time, "Nelly oh Nelly won't you come to me" but all was to late for looking up he saw the smiling God as he then frowned on his—then it was he herd the words "Vengence Is Mine."

When one feels within himself a strong conviction of being on the way, it's interesting to be told whither one is bound.

As related last month, the present editor's "lonely latter years" are charted by a contemptuous Porto Rican reader as lying among unmitigated and exclusive maiden aunts.

And, as if that were not severe enough for mere crimes of omission, a message from my native State ("O beautiful and grand, my Own, my Native Land") goes several luckless steps further: intimating in no uncertain terms that the person responsible for this magazine is headed for a locality precisely the opposite of that awaiting the writer, who knows that she is "saved" and bound heavenward.

An inquiry as to the source of the first half of this conviction brings few details:

> "It would be unfair and impossible for me to cite any special article or saying of THE GOLDEN BOOK as affecting me 'in this way.' It is the atmosphere of it, which breathes on me like an icy blast after The Book, which is The Book of Life. It is quite impossible to explain to one who does not know by experience."

I had never fancied the ultimate destination of an editor to be a matter of any special concern save to himself. But, wherever that noble army of great minds, and passionate seekers, and superb laughers, and shrewd satirists may be gathered really seems like a somewhat desirable place to spend the Long Vacation.

And—somehow I am reminded of Eleanor Hoyt's tale of the French restaurant keeper relating the tragic tale of the charming little waitress who had loved the wrong man too well:

"My wife she say her soul has gone to hell . . .

"As for me, I do not know. It is my wife who has ze informas-i-on." H. W. L.

The Index for Volume III is now ready, and may be had, free of charge, on application addressed to the Back Number Department.

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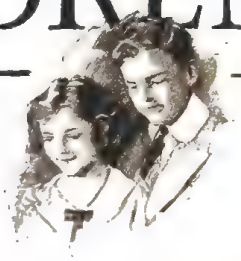

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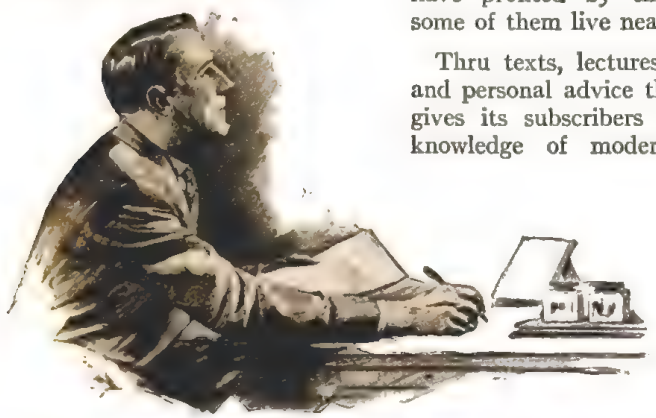

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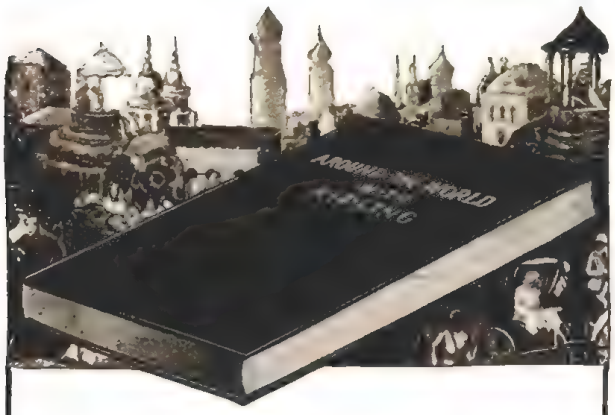

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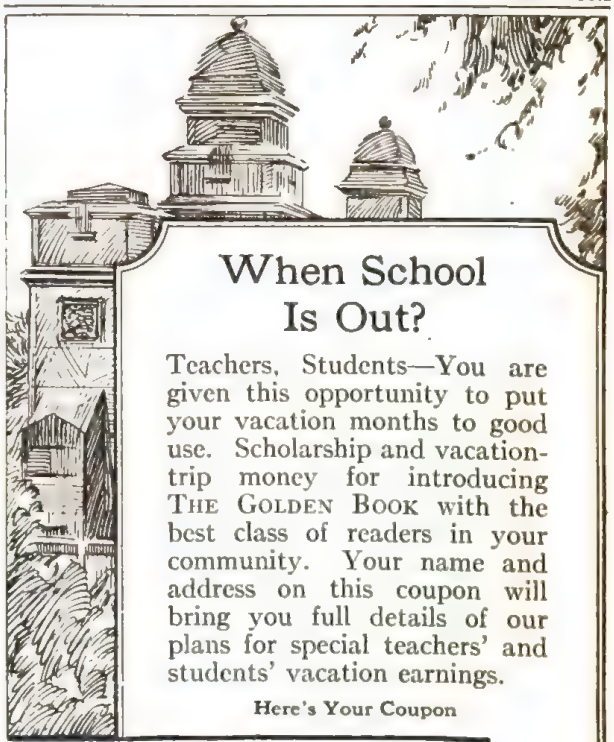

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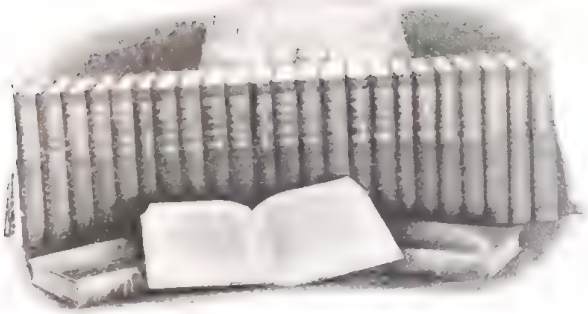

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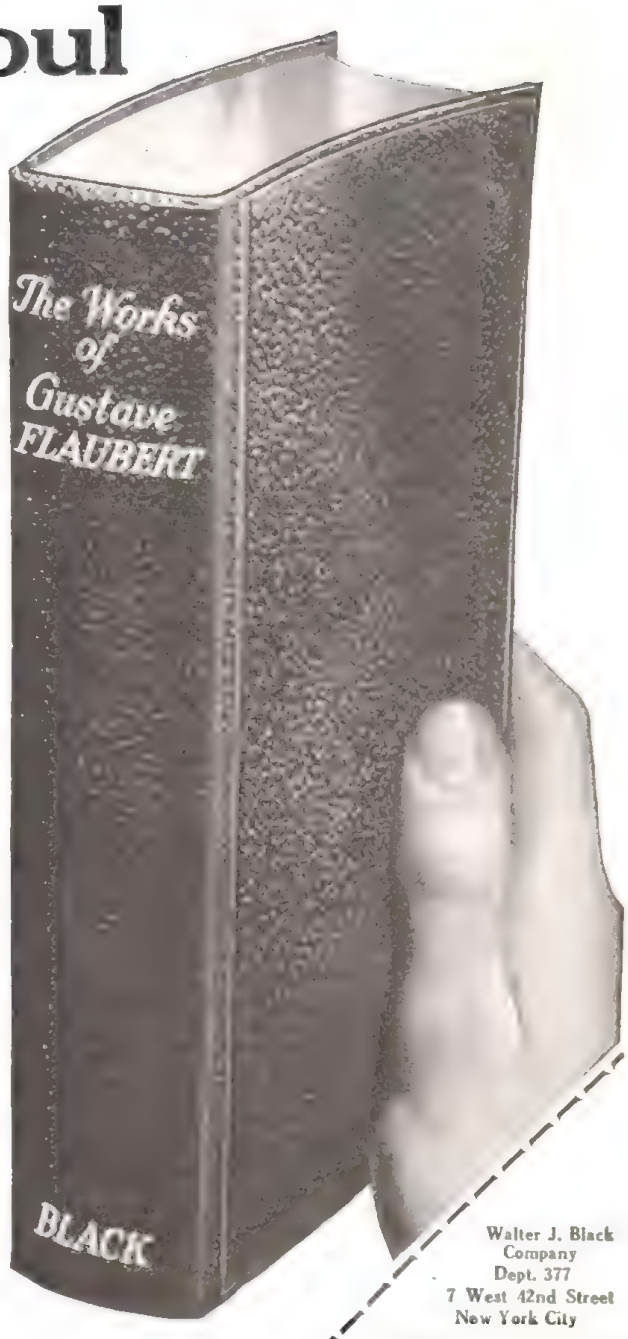

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The Centipede and the Barbaric Yak

By G. T. LANIGAN

WHILE a Centipede was painfully toiling over the Libyan Desert he was encountered by a barbaric Yak, who scornfully asked him how were his poor Feet.

The humble Creature made no reply at the time, but some days later found the barbaric Yak taken in the nets of the Hunter and almost devoured by Insects, which fled at the approach of the Centipede.

"Help, help, my good friend!" exclaimed the unfortunate Beast; "I cannot move a muscle in these cruel Toils, and the ravenous Insects have devoured my delicate flesh."

"Say you so?" responded the Centipede. "Can you really not defend yourself?"

"Alas! how can I?" replied the Yak. "See you not how straitly I am bound?"

"And is your Flesh then so delicate?"

"It is, though I say it who should not."

"Then," said the Centipede, "I guess I'll take a bite myself."

Moral.—The Other Man's Extremity is often our Opportunity.

july.

Cabbage-Soup

By IVÁN TURGÉNIEV

THE son of a widowed peasant-woman died—a young fellow aged twenty, the best labourer in the village.

The lady-proprietor of that village, on learning of the peasant-woman's affliction, went to call upon her on the very day of the funeral. She found her at home.

Standing in the middle of her cottage, in front of the table, she was ladling out meatless cabbage-soup from the bottom of a smoke-begrimed pot, in a leisurely way, with her right hand (her left hung limply by her side), and swallowing spoonful after spoonful.

The woman's face had grown sunken and dark; her eyes were red and swollen . . but she carried herself "like a candle," as in church.

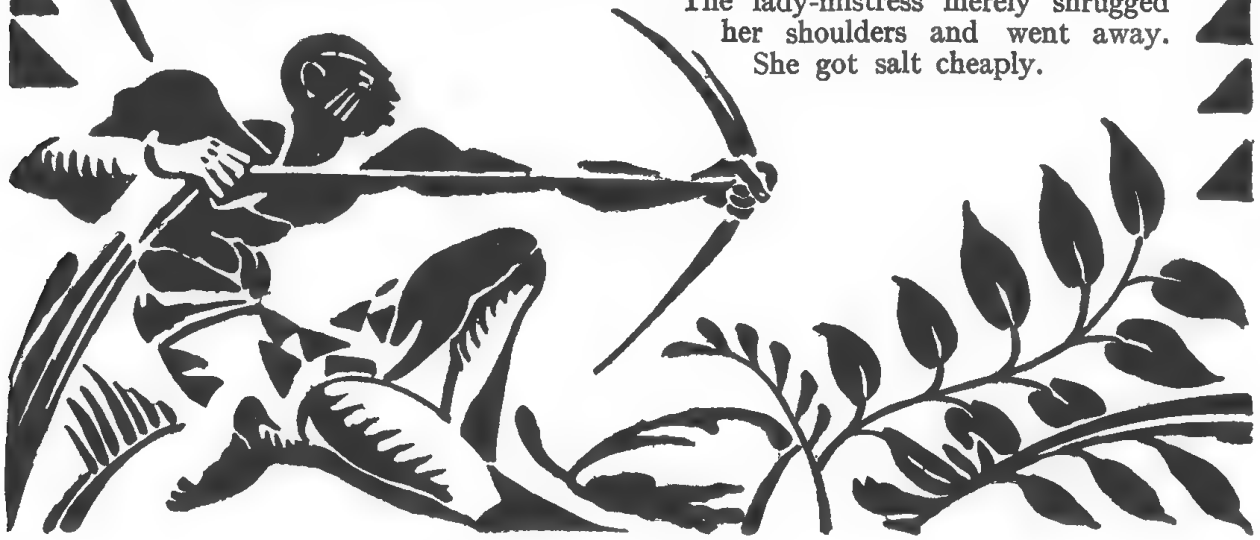
"O Lord!" thought the lady: "She can eat at such a moment . . . but what coarse feelings they have."

And then the lady-mistress recalled how, when she had lost her own little daughter, aged nine months, a few years before, she had refused, out of grief, to hire a very beautiful villa in the vicinity of Petersburg, and had passed the entire summer in town!—But the peasant-woman continued to sip her cabbage-soup.

At last the lady could endure it no longer—"Tatyána!" said she . . . "Good gracious!—I am amazed! Is it possible that thou didst not love thy son? How is it that thy appetite has not disappeared?—How canst thou eat that cabbage-soup?"

"My Vásya is dead," replied the woman softly, and tears of suffering again began to stream down her sunken cheeks—"and, of course, my own end has come also: my head has been taken away from me while I am still alive. But the cabbage-soup must not go to waste; for it is salted."

The lady-mistress merely shrugged her shoulders and went away. She got salt cheaply.



1 How well-behaved are cows! When they approach me reclining in the shade, from curiosity, or to receive a wisp of grass, or to share the shade, or to lick the dog, held up like a calf, though just now they ran at him to toss him, they do not obtrude; their company is acceptable, for they can endure the longest pause. They have not to be entertained. THOREAU.

2 The thunder hurried slow;
The lightning showed a yellow beak,
And then a livid claw.
EMILY DICKINSON.

3 A little boy and a little girl were looking at a picture of Adam and Eve.
"Which is Adam and which is Eve?" asked one.
"I don't know," said the other, "but I could tell if they had their clothes on."
SAMUEL BUTLER.

4 Does one really live in the ordinary days of life? DE MAUPASSANT.

5 I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids sprouting despondently at area gates. T. S. ELIOT.

6 A frog is the only person who can live in a well and not get tired.
JOSH BILLINGS.

7 Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes;
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death. STEVENSON.

8 The way to be certainly loved, is, to take the marrow of a wolf's left foot, and make of it a sort of pomatum, with ambergris and cypress powder. Carry it about one, and cause the person to smell it from time to time. ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

9 The moon floats to the bosom of the sky and rests there like a lover;
The evening wind passes over the lake,
Touches and passes,
Kissing the happy, shivering waters.
How serene the joy,
When things that are made for each other meet and are joined.
SAO-NAN (GAUTIER.)

10 Keimer . . . ordered a roast pig. He invited me and two women friends to dine with him, but, it being brought too soon upon the table, he could not resist the temptation and ate the whole before we came.
FRANKLIN.

11 The moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep. YEATS.

12 Mrs. Siddons . . . never got out of tragedy even in common life. She used to *stab* the potatoes; and said "Boy, give me a knife," as she would have said, "Give me the dagger!"
SYDNEY SMITH.

13 The dark yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream. LANIER.

14 Some women kindle emotion so rapidly in a man's heart that the judgment cannot keep pace with its rise, and finds, on comprehending the situation, that faithfulness to the old love is already treachery to the new. HARDY.

15 Beneath the evening's sleepy frown Glow-worms began to trim their lamps. KEATS.

16 There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going,
When they seem going they come: Diplomats, women and crabs.
JOHN HAY.

17 Nature . . . turns her face
To every land beneath the skies,
Counts nothing that she meets with base,
But lives and loves in every place.
TENNYSON.

18 Thence to my Lord about business, and being in talk in comes one with half a buck from Hinchbroke, and it smelling a little strong my Lord did give it me (though it was as good as any could be). I did carry it to my mother, where I had not been a great while, and indeed had no great mind to go, because my father did lay upon me continually to do him a kindness at the Wardrobe, which I could not do because of my own business being so fresh with my Lord. But my father was not at home, and so I did leave the venison with her to dispose of as she pleased. PEPYS.

19 Take from them their periwigs, their paintings, their jewels, their rolls, their bolsterings, and thou shalt soon perceive that a woman is the least part of herself. LYLY.

20 Originals in a small way, after one has seen a few of them, become more dull and commonplace than even those who keep the ordinary pathway of life. HAWTHORNE.

21 Fashion was counted a disease and horses died of it; but now thanks to folly, it is held the only rare physic, and the purest golden asses live upon it. DEKKER.

22 While the West from a rapture of sunset rights
Faint stars their exquisite lamps upraise—
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights! HENLEY.

23 Place a Toad's heart on a woman's left breast when she sleeps to make her tell her secrets. THIERS.

24 *GARDENING CALENDAR FOR MAMA*
Your daughters now demand your serious attention. Dress and plant them in rows for evening parties. Weed poor relations. . . . Clear out your husband's purse, or if he is rather backward this year, transplant him to back kitchen. CRUIKSHANK.

25 For sale, the one half of a Saw Mill . . . and also a stout, healthy, active Negro Wench. Any person inclined to purchase, may know the particulars by applying to John Schoonmaker, Jr., at Rochester.
Ulster County Gazette, 1800.

26 The elements . . . crashed deep and long from end to end, like a table of Titans passing a jest. MEREDITH.

27 Lysbet Willems, complained of for making a great noise, and also for charging Anneken Felle, wife of Simon Felle, with committing adultery with Captain Beaulieu. *Decision:* That she be charged to remain quiet for the future, and to utter no more such infamous words, and to keep herself still.
Criminal Cases of New Amsterdam.

28 I got upon the railroad . . . There is nothing disagreeable about it but the occasional whiffs of stinking air. . . . The first sensation is a slight degree of nervousness, and a feeling of being run away with. GREVILLE.

29 On the shores of Como I have several villas, but two occupy me most. . . . From that you can look down on the fishermen below; while from this you may yourself fish, and lower your hook from your bedroom—almost from your very bed. PLINY THE YOUNGER.

30 Women wish to be loved without a why or a wherefore; not because they are pretty, or good, or well-bred, or graceful, or intelligent, but because they are themselves. AMIEL.

31 *How to doe with a Jaded Horse.*—When that your horse is thoroughly tired, and hath yet much of his journey to do, alight from him, and cut, from the nighest hedge, a short wande, which you shall jag in notches with your knife, and, making a hole in the thinnest of his ear, when he do the flag in his pace, then saw the stick to and froe in the hole, which will revive him soe that, until he be entirely spent, he will not faile to goe.
MARKHAM'S
Horsemanship.

The Golden Book Magazine

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The Bar Sinister

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THE Master was walking most unsteady, his legs tripping each other. After the fifth or sixth round, my legs often go the same way.

But even when the Master's legs bend and twist a bit, you mustn't think he can't reach you. Indeed, that is the time he kicks most frequent. So I kept behind him in the shadow, or ran in the middle of the street. He stopped at many public-houses with swinging doors, those doors that are cut so high from the sidewalk that you can look in under them, and see if the Master is inside. At night when I peep beneath them the man at the counter will see me first and say. "Here's the Kid, Jerry, come to take you home. Get a move on you," and the Master will stumble out and follow me. It's lucky for us I'm so white, for no matter how dark the night, he can always see me ahead, just out of reach of his boot. At night the Master certainly does see most amazing. Sometimes he sees two or four of me, and walks in a circle, so that I have to take him by the leg of his trousers and lead him into the right road. One night, when he was very nasty-tempered and I was coaxing him along, two men passed us and one of them says, "Look at that brute!" and the other asks "Which?" and they both laugh. The Master, he cursed them good and proper.

This night, whenever we stopped at a public-house, the Master's pals left it and went on with us to the next. They spoke quite civil to me, and when the Master tried a flying kick, they gives him a shove. "Do you want we should lose our money?" says the pals.

I had had nothing to eat for a day and a night, and just before we set out the Master gives me a wash under the hydrant. Whenever I am locked up until all the slop-pans in our alley are empty, and made to take a bath, and the Master's pals speak civil, and feel my ribs, I know something is going to happen. And that night, when every time they see a policeman under a lamp-post, they dodged across the street, and when at

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the last one of them picked me up and hid me under his jacket, I began to tremble; for I knew what it meant. It meant that I was to fight again for the Master.

I don't fight because I like it. I fight because if I didn't the other dog would find my throat, and the Master would lose his stakes, and I would be very sorry for him and ashamed. Dogs can pass me and I can pass dogs, and I'd never pick a fight with none of them. When I see two dogs standing on their hind-legs in the streets, clawing each other's ears, and snapping for each other's windpipes, or howling and swearing and rolling in the mud, I feel sorry they should act so, and pretend not to notice. If he'd let me, I'd like to pass the time of day with every dog I meet. But there's something about me that no nice dog can abide. When I trot up to nice dogs, nodding and grinning, to make friends, they always tell me to be off. "Go to the devil!" they bark at me; "Get out!" and when I walk away they shout "mongrel," and "gutter-dog," and sometimes, after my back is turned, they rush me. I could kill most of them with three shakes, breaking the back-bone of the little ones, and squeezing the throat of the big ones. But what's the good? They *are* nice dogs; that's why I try to make up to them, and though it's not for them to say it, I *am* a street-dog, and if I try to push into the company of my betters, I suppose it's their right to teach me my place.

Of course, they don't know I'm the best fighting bull-terrier of my weight in Montreal. That's why it wouldn't be right for me to take no notice of what they shout. They don't know that if I once locked my jaws on them I'd carry away whatever I touched. The night I fought Kelley's White Rat, I wouldn't loosen up until the Master made a noose in my leash and strangled me, and if the handlers hadn't thrown red pepper down my nose, I *never* would have let go of that Ottawa dog. I don't think the handlers treated me quite right that time, but maybe they didn't know the Ottawa dog was dead. I did.

I learned my fighting from my mother when I was very young. We slept in a lumber-yard on the river-front, and by day hunted for food along the wharves. When we got it, the other tramp-dogs would try to take it off us, and then it was wonderful to see mother fly at them, and drive them away. All I know of fighting I learned from mother, watching her picking the ash-heaps for me when I was too little to fight for myself. No one ever was so good to me as mother. When it snowed and the ice was in the St. Lawrence she used to hunt alone, and bring me back new bones, and she'd sit and laugh to see me trying to swallow 'em whole. I was just a puppy then, my teeth was falling out. When I was able to fight we kept the whole river-range to ourselves. I had the genuine long, "punishing" jaw, so mother said, and there wasn't a man or a dog that dared worry us. Those were happy days, those were; and we lived well, share and share alike, and when we wanted a bit of fun, we chased the fat old wharf-rats. My! how they would squeal!

Then the trouble came. It was no trouble to me. I was too young to care then. But mother took it so to heart that she grew ailing, and wouldn't go abroad with me by day. It was the same old scandal that they're always bringing up against me. I was so young then that I didn't know. I couldn't see any difference between mother —and other mothers.

But one day a pack of curs we drove off snarled back some new names at her, and motner dropped her head and ran, just as though they had whipped us. After that she wouldn't go out with me except in the dark, and one day she went away and never came back, and though I hunted for her in every court and alley and back street of Montreal, I never found her.

One night, a month after mother ran away, I asked Guardian, the old blind mastiff, whose Master is the night-watchman on our slip, what it all meant. And he told me.

"Every dog in Montreal knows," he says, "except you, and every Master knows. So I think it's time you knew."

Then he tells me that my father, who had treated mother so bad, was a great and noble gentleman from London. "Your father had twenty-two registered ancestors, had your father," old Guardian says, "and in him was the best bull-terrier blood of England, the most ancientest, the most royal; the winning 'blue-ribbon' blood, that breeds champions. He had sleepy pink eyes, and thin pink lips, and he was as white all over as his own white teeth, and under his white skin you could see his muscles, hard and smooth, like the links of a steel chain. When your father stood still, and tipped his nose in the air, it was just as though he was saying, 'Oh, yes, you common dogs and men, you may well stare. It must be a rare treat for you Colonials to see

a real English royalty.' He certainly was pleased with hisself, was your father. He looked just as proud and haughty as one of them stone dogs in Victoria Park—them as is cut out of white marble. And you're like him," says the old mastiff—"by that, of course, meaning you're white, same as him. That's the only likeness. But, you see, the trouble is, Kid—well, you see, Kid, the trouble is—your mother——"

"That will do," I said, for I understood then without his telling me, and I got up and walked away, holding my head and tail high in the air.

But I was, oh, so miserable, and I wanted to see mother that very minute, and tell her that I didn't care.

Mother is what I am, a street-dog; there's no royal blood in mother's veins, nor is she like that father of mine, nor—and that's the worst—she's not even like me. For while I, when I'm washed for a fight, am as white as clean snow, she—and this is our trouble, she—my mother, is a black-and-tan.

When mother hid herself from me, I was twelve months old and able to take care of myself, and as, after mother left me, the wharves were never the same, I moved uptown and met the Master. Before he came, lots of other men-folks had tried to make up to me, and to whistle me home. But they either tried patting me or coaxing me with a piece of meat; so I didn't take to 'em. But one day the Master pulled me out of a street-fight by the hind-legs, and kicked me good.

"You want to fight, do you?" says he. "I'll give you all the *fighting* you want!" he says, and he kicks me again. So I knew he was my Master, and I followed him home. Since that day I've pulled off many fights for him, and they've brought dogs from all over the province to have a go at me, but up to that night none, under thirty pounds, had ever downed me.

But that night, so soon as they carried me into the ring, I saw the dog was over-weight, and that I was no match for him. It was asking too much of a puppy. The Master should have known I couldn't do it. Not that I mean to blame the Master, for when sober, which he sometimes was, though not, as you might say, his habit, he was most kind to me, and let me out to find food, if I could get it, and only kicked me when I didn't pick him up at night and lead him home.

But kicks will stiffen the muscles, and starving a dog so as to get him ugly-tempered for a fight may make him nasty, but it's weakening to his insides, and it causes the legs to wabble.

The ring was in a hall, back of a public-house. There was a red-hot whitewashed stove in one corner, and the ring in the other. I lay in the Master's lap, wrapped in my blanket, and, spite of the stove, shivering awful; but I always shiver before a fight; I can't help gettin' excited. While the men-folks were a-flashing their money and taking their last drink at the bar, a little Irish groom in gaiters came up to me and give me the back of his hand to smell, and scratched me behind the ears.

"You poor little pup," says he. "You haven't no show," he says. "That brute in the tap-room, he'll eat your heart out."

"That's what you think," says the Master, snarling. "I'll lay you a quid the Kid chews him up."

The groom, he shook his head, but kept looking at me so sorry-like, that I begun to get a bit sad myself. He seemed like he couldn't bear to leave off a-patting of me, and he says, speaking low just like he would to a man-folk. "Well, good-luck to you, little pup," which I thought so civil of him, that I reached up and licked his hand. I don't do that to many men. And the Master. he knew I didn't, and took on dreadful.

"What 'ave you got on the back of your hand?" says he, jumping up.

"Soap!" says the groom, quick as a rat. "That's more than you've got on yours. Do you want to smell of it?" and he sticks his fist under the Master's nose. But the pals pushed in between 'em.

"He tried to poison the Kid!" shouts the Master.

"Oh, one fight at a time," says the referee. "Get into the ring, Jerry. We're waiting." So we went into the ring.

I never could just remember what did happen in that ring. He give me no time to spring. He fell on me like a horse. I couldn't keep my feet against him, and though, as I saw, he could get his hold when he liked, he wanted to chew me over a bit first. I was wondering if they'd be able to pry him off me, when, in the third round, he took his hold; and I began to drown, just as I did when I fell into the river off the Red C slip. He closed deeper and deeper, on my throat, and everything went black and red and bursting; and then, when I were sure I were dead, the handlers pulled him off, and the Master give me a kick that brought

me to. But I couldn't move none, or even wink, both eyes being shut with lumps.

"He's a cur!" yells the Master, "a sneaking, cowardly cur. He lost the fight for me," says he, "because he's a—— —— —— cowardly cur." And he kicks me again in the lower ribs, so that I go sliding across the sawdust. "There's gratitude fer yer," yells the Master. "I've fed that dog, and nussed that dog, and housed him like a prince; and now he puts his tail between his legs, and sells me out, he does. He's a coward; I've done with him, I am. I'd sell him for a pipeful of tobacco." He picked me up by the tail, and swung me for the men-folks to see. "Does any gentleman here want to buy a dog," he says, "to make into sausage-meat?" he says. "That's all he's good for."

Then I heard the little Irish groom say, "I'll give you ten bob for the dog."

And another voice says, "Ah, don't you do it; the dog's same as dead—mebby he is dead."

"Ten shillings!" says the Master, and his voice sobers a bit; "make it two pounds, and he's yours."

But the pals rushed in again.

"Don't you be a fool, Jerry," they say. "You'll be sorry for this when you're sober. The Kid's worth a fiver."

One of my eyes was not so swelled up as the other, and I hung by my tail, I opened it, and saw one of the pals take the groom by the shoulder.

"You ought to give 'im five pounds for that dog, mate," he says; "that's no ordinary dog. That dog's got good blood in him, that dog has. Why, his father—that very dog's father——"

I thought he never would go on. He waited like he wanted to be sure the groom was listening.

"That very dog's father," says the pal, "is Regent Royal, son of Champion Regent Monarch, champion bull-terrior of England for four years."

I was sore, and torn, and chewed most awful, but what the pal said sounded so fine that I wanted to wag my tail, only couldn't, owing to my hanging from it.

But the Master calls out, "Yes, his father was Regent Royal; who's saying he wasn't? but the pup's a cowardly cur, that's what his pup is, and why—I'll tell you why—because his mother was a black-and-tan street-dog, that's why!"

I don't see how I get the strength, but some way I threw myself out of the Master's grip and fell at his feet, and turned over and fastened all my teeth in his ankle, just across the bone.

When I woke, after the pals had kicked me off him, I was in the smoking-car of a railroad-train, lying in the lap of the little groom, and he was rubbing my open wounds with a greasy, yellow stuff, exquisite to the smell, and most agreeable to lick off.

PART II

"WELL—what's your name—Nolan? Well, Nolan, these references are satisfactory," said the young gentleman my new Master called "Mr Wyndham, sir." "I'll take you on as second man. You can begin to-day."

My new Master shuffled his feet, and put his finger to his forehead. "Thank you, sir," says he. Then he choked like he had swallowed a fish-bone. "I have a little dawg, sir," says he.

"You can't keep him," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," very short.

"'Es only a puppy, sir," says my new Master; "'e wouldn't go outside the stables, sir."

"It's not that," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir"; "I have a large kennel of very fine dogs; they're the best of their breed in America. I don't allow strange dogs on the premises."

The Master shakes his head, and motions me with his cap, and I crept out from behind the door. "I'm sorry, sir," says the Master. "Then I can't take the place. I can't get along without the dog, sir."

"Mr. Wyndham, sir," looked at me that fierce that I guessed he was going to whip me, so I turned over on my back and begged with my legs and tail.

"Why, you beat him!" says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," very stern.

"No fear!" the Master says, getting very red. "The party I bought him off taught him that. He never learnt that from me!" He picked me up in his arms, and to show "Mr. Wyndham, sir," how well I loved the Master, I bit his chin and hands.

"Mr. Wyndham, sir," turned over the letters the Master had given him. "Well, these references certainly are very strong," he says. "I guess I'll let the dog stay this time. Only see you keep him away from the kennels—or you'll both go."

"Thank you, sir," says the Master, grinning like a cat when she's safe behind the area-railing.

"He's not a bad bull-terrier," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," feeling my head. "Not

that I know much about the smooth-coated breeds. My dogs are St. Bernards." He stopped patting me and held up my nose. "What's the matter with his ears?" he says. "They're chewed to pieces. Is this a fighting dog?" he asks, quick and roughlike.

I could have laughed. If he hadn't been holding my nose, I certainly would have had a good grin at him. Me, the best under thirty pounds in the Province of Quebec, and him asking if I was a fighting dog! I ran to the Master and hung down my head modest-like, waiting for him to tell my list of battles, but the Master he coughs in his cap most painful. "Fightin' dog, sir," he cries. "Lor' bless you, sir, the Kid don't know the word. 'Es just a puppy, sir, same as you see; a pet dog, so to speak. 'Es a regular old lady's lap-dog, the Kid is."

"Well, you keep him away from my St. Bernards," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," "or they might make a mouthful of him."

"Yes, sir, that they might," says the Master. But when we gets outside he slaps his knee and laughs inside hisself, and winks at me most sociable.

The Master's new home was in the country, in a province they called Long Island. There was a high stone wall about his home with big iron gates to it, same as Godfrey's brewery; and there was a house with five red roofs, and the stables, where I lived, was cleaner than the aërated bakeryshop, and then there was the kennels, but they was like nothing else in this world that ever I see. For the first days I couldn't sleep of nights for fear someone would catch me lying in such a cleaned-up place, and would chase me out of it, and when I did fall to sleep I'd dream I was back in the old Master's attic, shivering under the rusty stove, which never had no coals in it, with the Master flat on his back on the cold floor with his clothes on. And I'd wake up, scared and whimpering, and find myself on the new Master's cot with his hand on the quilt beside me; and I'd see the glow of the big stove, and hear the high-quality horses below-stairs stamping in their straw-lined boxes, and I'd snoop the sweet smell of hay and harness-soap, and go to sleep again.

The stables was my jail, so the Master said, but I don't ask no better home than that jail.

"Now, Kid," says he, sitting on the top of a bucket upside down, "you've got to understand this. When I whistle it means you're not to go out of this 'ere yard. These stables is your jail. And if you leave 'em I'll have to leave 'em, too, and over the seas, in the County Mayo, an old mother will 'ave to leave her bit of a cottage. For two pounds I must be sending her every month, or she'll have naught to eat, nor no thatch over 'er head; so, I can't lose my place, Kid, an' see you don't lose it for me. You must keep away from the kennels," says he; "they're not for the likes of you. The kennels are for the quality. I wouldn't take a litter of them woolly dogs for one wag of your tail, Kid, but for all that they are your betters, same as the gentry up in the big house are my betters. I know my place and keep away from the gentry, and you keep away from the Champions."

So I never goes out of the stables. All day I just lay in the sun on the stone flags, licking my jaws, and watching the grooms wash down the carriages, and the only care I had was to see they didn't get gay and turn the hose on me. There wasn't even a single rat to plague me. Such stables I never did see.

"Nolan," says the head-groom, "some day that dog of yours will give you the slip. You can't keep a street-dog tied up all his life. It's against his natur'." The head-groom is a nice old gentleman, but he doesn't know everything. Just as though I'd been a street-dog because I liked it. As if I'd rather poke for my vittles in ash-heaps than have 'em handed me in a wash-basin, and would sooner bite and fight than be polite and sociable. If I'd had mother there I couldn't have asked for nothing more. But I'd think of her snooping in the gutters, or freezing of nights under the bridges, or, what's worse of all, running through the hot streets, with her tongue down, so wild and crazy for a drink, that the people would shout "mad dog" at her, and stone her. Water's so good, that I don't blame the men-folks for locking it up inside their houses, but when the hot days come, I think they might remember that those are the dog-days and leave a little water outside in a trough, like they do for the horses. Then we wouldn't go mad, and the policemen wouldn't shoot us. I had so much of everything I wanted that it made me think a lot of the days when I hadn't nothing, and if I could have given what I had to mother, as she used to share with me, I'd have been the happiest dog in the land. Not that I wasn't happy then, and most grateful to the Master, too, and if I'd only minded him, the trouble wouldn't have come again.

But one day the coachman says that the little lady they called Miss Dorothy had

come back from school, and that same morning she runs over to the stables to pat her ponies, and she sees me.

"Oh, what a nice little, white little dog," said she; "whose little dog are you?" says she.

"That's my dog, miss," says the Master. "'Is name is Kid," and I ran up to her most polite, and licks her fingers, for I never see so pretty and kind a lady.

"You must come with me and call on my new puppies," says she, picking me up in her arms and starting off with me.

"Oh, but please, miss," cries Nolan, "Mr. Wyndham give orders that the Kid's not to go to the kennels."

"That'll be all right," says the little lady; "they're my kennels too. And the puppies will like to play with him."

You wouldn't believe me if I was to tell you of the style of them quality-dogs. If I hadn't seen it myself I wouldn't have believed it neither. The Viceroy of Canada don't live no better. There was forty of them, but each one had his own house and a yard—most exclusive—and a cot and a drinking-basin all to hisself. They had servants standing 'round waiting to feed 'em when they was hungry, and valets to wash 'em; and they had their hair combed and brushed like the grooms must when they go out on the box. Even the puppies had overcoats with their names on 'em in blue letters, and the name of each of those they called champions was painted up fine over his front door just like it was a public-house or a veterinary's. They were the biggest St. Bernards I ever did see. I could have walked under them if they'd have let me. But they were very proud and haughty dogs, and looked only once at me, and then sniffed in the air. The little lady's own dog was an old gentleman bull-dog. He'd come along with us, and when he notices how taken aback I was with all I see, 'e turned quite kind and affable and showed me about.

"Jimmy Jocks," Miss Dorothy called him, but, owing to his weight, he walked most dignified and slow, waddling like a duck as you might say, and looked much too proud and handsome for such a silly name.

"That's the runway, and that's the Trophy House," says he to me, "and that over there is the hospital, where you have to go if you get distemper, and the vet. gives you beastly medicine."

"And which of these is your 'ouse, sir?" asks I, wishing to be respectful. But he looked that hurt and haughty. "I don't live in the kennels," says he, most contemptuous. "I am a house-dog. I sleep in Miss Dorothy's room. And at lunch I'm let in with the family, if the visitors don't mind. They most always do, but they're too polite to say so. Besides," says he, smiling most condescending, "visitors are always afraid of me. It's because I'm so ugly," says he. "I suppose," says he, screwing up his wrinkles and speaking very slow and impressive, "I suppose I'm the ugliest bull-dog in America," and as he seemed to be so pleased to think hisself so, I said, "Yes, sir, you certainly are the ugliest ever I see," at which he nodded his head most approving.

"But I couldn't hurt 'em, as you say," he goes on, though I hadn't said nothing like that, being too polite. "I'm too old," he says; "I haven't any teeth. The last time one of those grizzly bears," said he, glaring at the big St. Bernards, "took a hold of me, he nearly was my death," says he. I thought his eyes would pop out of his head, he seemed so wrought up about it. "He rolled me around in the dirt, he did," says Jimmy Jocks, "an' I couldn't get up. It was low," says Jimmy Jocks, making a face like he had a bad taste in his mouth. "Low, that's what I call it, bad form, you understand, young man, not done in our circles—and—and low." He growled, way down in his stomach, and puffed hisself out, panting and blowing like he had been on a run.

"I'm not a street-fighter," he says, scowling at a St. Bernard marked "Champion." "And when my rheumatism is not troubling me," he says, "I endeavour to be civil to all dogs, so long as they are gentlemen."

"Yes, sir," said I, for even to me he had been most affable.

At this we had come to a little house off by itself and Jimmy Jocks invites me in. "This is their trophy-room," he says, "where they keep their prizes. Mine," he says, rather grand-like, "are on the sideboard." Not knowing what a sideboard might be, I said, "Indeed, sir, that must be very gratifying." But he only wrinkled up his chops as much as to say, "It is my right."

The trophy-room was as wonderful as any public-house I ever see. On the walls was pictures of nothing but beautiful St. Bernard dogs, and rows and rows of blue and red and yellow ribbons; and when I asked Jimmy Jocks why they was so many

more of blue than of the others, he laughs and says, "Because these kennels always win." And there was many shining cups on the shelves which Jimmy Jocks told me were prizes won by the champions.

"Now, sir, might I ask you, sir," says I, "wot is a champion?"

At that he panted and breathed so hard I thought he would bust hisself. "My dear young friend!" says he. "Wherever have you been educated? A champion is a—a champion," he says. "He must win nine blue ribbons in the 'open' class. You follow me—that is—against all comers. Then he has the title before his name, and they put his photograph in the sporting papers. You know, of course, that *I* am a champion," says he. "I am Champion Woodstock Wizard III., and the two other Woodstock Wizards, my father and uncle, were both champions."

"But I thought your name was Jimmy Jocks," I said.

He laughs right out at that.

"That's my kennel name, not my registered name," he says. "Why, you certainly know that every dog has two names. Now, what's your registered name and number, for instance?" says he.

"I've only got one name," I says. "Just Kid."

Woodstock Wizard puffs at that and wrinkles up his forehead and pops out his eyes.

"Who are your people?" says he. "Where is your home?"

"At the stable, sir," I said. "My Master is the second groom."

At that Woodstock Wizard III. looks at me for quite a bit without winking, and stares all around the room over my head.

"Oh, well," says he at last, "you're a very civil young dog," says he, "and I blame no one for what he can't help," which I thought most fair and liberal. "And I have known many bull-terriers that were champions," says he, "though as a rule they mostly run with fire-engines, and to fighting. For me, I wouldn't care to run through the streets after a hose-cart, nor to fight," says he; "but each to his taste."

I could not help thinking that if Woodstock Wizard III. tried to follow a fire-engine he would die of apoplexy, and that, seeing he'd lost his teeth, it was lucky he had no taste for fighting, but, after his being so condescending, I didn't say nothing.

"Anyway," says he, "every smooth-coated dog is better than any hairy old camel like those St. Bernards, and if ever you're hungry down at the stables, young man, come up to the house and I'll give you a bone. I can't eat them myself, but I bury them around the garden from force of habit, and in case a friend should drop in. Ah, I see my Mistress coming," he says, "and I bid you good-day. I regret," he says, "that our different social position prevents our meeting frequent, for you're a worthy young dog with a proper respect for your betters, and in this country there's precious few of them have that." Then he waddles off, leaving me alone and very sad, for he was the first dog in many days that had spoken to me. But since he showed, seeing that I was a stable-dog, he didn't want my company, I waited for him to get well away. It was not a cheerful place to wait, the Trophy House. The pictures of the champions seemed to scowl at me, and ask what right had such as I even to admire them, and the blue and gold ribbons and the silver cups made me very miserable. I had never won no blue ribbons or silver cups; only stakes for the old Master to spend in the publics, and I hadn't won them for being a beautiful, high-quality dog, but just for fighting—which, of course, as Woodstock Wizard III. says, is low. So I started for the stables, with my head down and my tail between my legs, feeling sorry I had ever left the Master. But I had more reason to be sorry before I got back to him.

The Trophy House was quite a bit from the kennels, and as I left it I see Miss Dorothy and Woodstock Wizard III. walking back toward them, and that a fine, big St. Bernard, his name was Champion Red Elfberg, had broke his chain, and was running their way. When he reaches old Jimmy Jocks he lets out a roar like a grain-steamer in a fog, and he makes three leaps for him. Old Jimmy Jocks was about a fourth his size; but he plants his feet and curves his back, and his hair goes up around his neck like a collar. But he never had no show at no time, for the grizzly bear, as Jimmy Jocks had called him, lights on old Jimmy's back and tries to break it, and old Jimmy Jocks snaps his gums and claws the grass, panting and groaning awful. But he can't do nothing, and the grizzly bear just rolls him under him, biting and tearing cruel. The odds was all that Woodstock Wizard III. was going to be killed. I had fought enough to see that, but not knowing the rules of the game among champions, I didn't like to interfere between two gentlemen who might be settling a private affair, and, as it were, take it as presuming

of me. So I stood by, though I was shaking terrible, and holding myself in like I was on a leash. But at that Woodstock Wizard III., who was underneath, sees me through the dust, and calls very faint, "Help, you!" he says. "Take him in the hind-leg," he says. "He's murdering me," he says. And then the little Miss Dorothy, who was crying, and calling to the kennel-men, catches at the Red Elfberg's hind-legs to pull him off, and the brute, keeping his front pats well in Jimmy's stomach, turns his big head and snaps at her. So that was all I asked for, thank you. I went up under him. It was really nothing. He stood so high that I had only to take off about three feet from him and come in from the side, and my long, "punishing jaw" as mother was always talking about, locked on his woolly throat, and my back teeth met. I couldn't shake him, but I shook myself, and every time I shook myself there was thirty pounds of weight tore at his windpipes. I couldn't see nothing for his long hair, but I heard Jimmy Jocks puffing and blowing on one side, and munching the brute's leg with his old gums. Jimmy was an old sport that day, was Jimmy, or, Woodstock Wizard III., as I should say. When the Red Elfberg was out and down I had to run, or those kennel-men would have had my life. They chased me right into the stables; and from under the hay I watched the head-groom take down a carriage-whip and order them to the right about. Luckily Master and the young grooms were out, or that day there'd have been fighting for everybody.

Well, it nearly did for me and the Master. "Mr. Wyndham, sir," comes raging to the stables and said I'd half-killed his best prize-winner, and had oughter be shot, and he gives the Master his notice. But Miss Dorothy she follows him, and says it was his Red Elfberg what began the fight, and that I'd saved Jimmy's life, and that old Jimmy Jocks was worth more to her than all the St. Bernards in the Swiss mountains—wherever they be. And that I was her champion, anyway. Then she cried over me most beautiful, and over Jimmy Jocks, too, who was that tied up in bandages he couldn't even waddle. So when he heard that side of it, "Mr. Wyndham, sir," told us that if Nolan put me on a chain, we could stay. So it came out all right for everybody but me. I was glad the Master kept his place, but I'd never worn a chain before, and it disheartened me—but that was the least of it. For the quality-dogs couldn't forgive my whipping their champion, and they came to the fence between the kennels and the stables, and laughed through the bars, barking most cruel words at me. I couldn't understand how they found it out, but they knew. After the fight Jimmy Jocks was most condescending to me, and he said the grooms had boasted to the kennel-men that I was a son of Regent Royal, and that when the kennel-men asked who was my mother they had had to tell them that too. Perhaps that was the way of it, but, however, the scandal was out, and every one of the quality-dogs knew that I was a street-dog and the son of a black-and-tan.

"These misalliances will occur," said Jimmy Jocks, in his old-fashioned way, "but no well-bred dog," says he, looking most scornful at the St. Bernards, who were howling behind the palings, "would refer to your misfortune before you, certainly not cast it in your face. I, myself, remember your father's father, when he made his début at the Crystal Palace. He took four blue ribbons and three specials."

But no sooner than Jimmy would leave me, the St. Bernards would take to howling again, insulting mother and insulting me. And when I tore at my chain, they, seeing they were safe, would howl the more. It was never the same after that; the laughs and the jeers cut into my heart, and the chain bore heavy on my spirit. I was so sad that sometimes I wished I was back in the gutter again, where no one was better than me, and some nights I wished I was dead. If it hadn't been for the Master being so kind, and that it would have looked like I was blaming mother, I would have twisted my leash and hanged myself.

About a month after my fight, the word was passed through the kennels that the New York Show was coming, and such goings on as followed I never did see. If each of them had been matched to fight for a thousand pounds and the gate, they couldn't have trained more conscientious. But, perhaps, that's just my envy. The kennel-men rubbed 'em and scrubbed 'em and trims their hair and curls and combs it, and some dogs they fatted, and some they starved. No one talked of nothing but the Show, and the chances "our kennels" had again the other kennels, and if this one of our champions would win over that one, and whether them as hoped to be champions had better show in the "open" or the "limit" class, and whether this dog would beat his own dad, or whether his little puppy sister couldn't beat the two of them.

Even the grooms had their money up, and day or night you heard nothing but praises of "our" dogs, until I, being so far out of it, couldn't have felt meaner if I had been running the streets with a can to my tail. I knew shows were not for such as me, and so I lay all day stretched at the end of my chain, pretending I was asleep, and only too glad that they had something so important to think of, that they could leave me alone.

But one day before the Show opened, Miss Dorothy came to the stables with "Mr Wyndham, sir," and seeing me chained up and so miserable, she takes me in her arms.

"You poor little tyke," says she. "It's cruel to tie him up so; he's eating his heart out, Nolan," she says. "I don't know nothing about bull-terriers," says she, "but I think Kid's got good points," says she, "and you ought to show him. Jimmy Jocks has three legs on the Rensselaer Cup now, and I'm going to show him this time so that he can get the fourth, and if you wish, I'll enter your dog too. How would you like that, Kid?" says she. "How would you like to see the most beautiful dogs in the world? Maybe, you'd meet a pal or two," says she. "It would cheer you up, wouldn't it, Kid?" says she. But I was so upset, I could only wag my tail most violent. "He says it would!" says she, though, being that excited, I hadn't said nothing.

So, "Mr. Wyndham, sir," laughs and takes out a piece of blue paper, and sits down at the head-groom's table.

"What's the name of the father of your dog, Nolan?" says he. And Nolan says, "The man I got him off told me he was a son of Champion Regent Royal, sir. But it don't seem likely, does it?" says Nolan.

"It does not!" says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," short-like.

"Aren't you sure, Nolan?" says Miss Dorothy.

"No, Miss," says the Master.

"Sire unknown," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," and writes it down.

"Date of birth?" asks "Mr. Wyndham, sir."

"I — I — unknown, sir," says Nolan. And "Mr. Wyndham, sir," writes it down.

"Breeder?" says "Mr. Wyndham, sir."

"Unknown," says Nolan, getting very red around the jaws, and I drops my head and tail. And "Mr. Wyndham, sir," writes that down.

"Mother's name?" says "Mr. Wyndham, sir."

"She was a—unknown," says the Master. And I licks his hand.

"Dam unknown," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," and writes it down. Then he takes the paper and reads out loud: "Sire unknown, dam unknown, breeder unknown, date of birth unknown. You'd better call him the 'Great Unknown,'" says he. "Who's paying his entrance-fee?"

"I am," says Miss Dorothy.

Two weeks after we all got on a train for New York; Jimmy Jocks and me following Nolan in the smoking-car, and twenty-two of the St. Bernards, in boxes and crates, and on chains and leashes. Such a barking and howling I never did hear, and when they sees me going, too, they laughs fit to kill.

"Wot is this; a circus?" says the railroad-man.

But I had no heart in it. I hated to go. I knew I was no "show" dog, even though Miss Dorothy and the Master did their best to keep me from shaming them. For before we set out Miss Dorothy brings a man from town who scrubbed and rubbed me, and sand-papered my tail, which hurt most awful, and shaved my ears with the Master's razor, so you could most see clear through 'em, and sprinkles me over with pipe-clay, till I shines like a Tommy's cross-belts.

"Upon my word!" says Jimmy Jocks when he first sees me. "What a swell you are! You're the image of your grand-dad when he made his début at the Crystal Palace. He took four firsts and three specials." But I knew he was only trying to throw heart into me. They might scrub, and they might rub, and they might pipe-clay, but they couldn't pipe-clay the insides of me, and they was black-and-tan.

Then we came to a Garden, which it was not, but the biggest hall in the world. Inside there was lines of benches, a few miles long, and on them sat every dog in the world. If all the dog-snatchers in Montreal had worked night and day for a year, they couldn't have caught so many dogs. And they was all shouting and barking and howling so vicious, that my heart stopped beating. For at first I thought they was all enraged at my presuming to intrude, but after I got in my place, they kept at it just the same, barking at every dog as he come in; daring him to fight, and ordering him out, and asking him what breed of dog he thought he was, anyway. Jimmy Jocks was chained just behind me, and he said he never see so fine a show. "That's a hot class you're in, my lad," he says, looking over into my street, where there were thirty bull-terriers. They was all as white

as cream, and each so beautiful that if I could have broke my chain, I would have run all the way home and hid myself under the horse-trough.

All night long they talked and sang, and passed greetings with old pals, and the home-sick puppies howled dismal. Them that couldn't sleep wouldn't let no others sleep, and all the electric lights burned in the roof, and in my eyes. I could hear Jimmy Jocks snoring peaceful, but I could only doze by jerks, and when I dozed I dreamed horrible. All the dogs in the hall seemed coming at me for daring to intrude, with their jaws red and open, and their eyes blazing like the lights in the roof. "You're a street-dog! Get out, you street-dog!" they yells. And as they drives me out, the pipe-clay drops off me, and they laugh and shriek; and when I looks down I see that I have turned into a black-and-tan.

They was most awful dreams, and next morning, when Miss Dorothy comes and gives me water in a pan, I begs and begs her to take me home, but she can't understand. "How well Kid is!" she says. And when I jumps into the Master's arms, and pulls to break my chain, he says, "If he knew all as he had against him, Miss, he wouldn't be so gay." And from a book they reads out the names of the beautiful high-bred terriers which I have got to meet. And I can't make 'em understand that I only want to run away, and hide myself where no one will see me.

Then suddenly men comes hurrying down our street and begins to brush the beautiful bull-terriers, and Nolan rubs me with a towel so excited that his hands trembles awful, and Miss Dorothy tweaks my ears between her gloves, so that the blood runs to 'em, and they turn pink and stand up straight and sharp.

"Now, then, Nolan," says she, her voice shaking just like his fingers, "keep his head up—and never let the Judge lose sight of him." When I hears that my legs breaks under me, for I knows all about judges. Twice, the old Master goes up before the Judge for fighting me with other dogs, and the Judge promises him if he ever does it again, he'll chain him up in jail. I knew he'd find me out. A Judge can't be fooled by no pipe-clay. He can see right through you, and he reads your insides.

The judging-ring, which is where the Judge holds out, was so like a fighting-pit, that when I came in it, and find six other dogs there, I springs into position, so that when they lets us go I can defend myself. But the Master smoothes down my hair and whispers, "Hold 'ard, Kid, hold 'ard. This ain't a fight," says he. "Look your prettiest," he whispers. "Please, Kid, look your prettiest," and he pulls my leash so tight that I can't touch my pats to the sawdust, and my nose goes up in the air. There was millions of people a-watching us from the railings, and three of our kennel-men, too, making fun of Nolan and me, and Miss Dorothy with her chin just reaching to the rail, and her eyes so big that I thought she was a-going to cry. It was awful to think that when the Judge stood up and exposed me, all those people, and Miss Dorothy, would be there to see me driven from the show.

The Judge, he was a fierce-looking man with specs on his nose, and a red beard. When I first come in he didn't see me owing to my being too quick for him and dodging behind the Master. But when the Master drags me round and I pulls at the sawdust to keep back, the Judge looks at us careless-like, and then stops and glares through his specs, and I knew it was all up with me.

"Are there any more?" asks the Judge, to the gentleman at the gate, but never taking his specs from me.

The man at the gate looks in his book. "Seven in the novice-class," says he. "They're all here. You can go ahead," and he shuts the gate.

The Judge, he doesn't hesitate a moment. He just waves his hand toward the corner of the ring. "Take him away," he says to the Master. "Over there and keep him away," and he turns and looks most solemn at the six beautiful bull-terriers. I don't know how I crawled to that corner. I wanted to scratch under the sawdust and dig myself a grave. The kennel-men they slapped the rail with their hands and laughed at the Master like they would fall over. They pointed at me in the corner, and their sides just shaked. But little Miss Dorothy she presses her lips tight against the rail, and I see tears rolling from her eyes. The Master, he hangs his head like he had been whipped. I felt most sorry for him, than all. He was so red, and he was letting on not to see the kennel-men, and blinking his eyes. If the Judge had ordered me right out, it wouldn't have disgraced us so, but it was keeping me there while he was judging the high-bred dogs that hurt so hard. With all those people staring too. And his doing it so quick, without no doubt nor questions. You can't fool the judges. They see insides you.

But he couldn't make up his mind about them high-bred dogs. He scowls at 'em, and he glares at 'em, first with his head on the one side and then on the other. And he feels of 'em, and orders 'em to run about. And Nolan leans against the rails, with his head hung down, and pats me. And Miss Dorothy comes over beside him, but don't say nothing, only wipes her eye with her finger. A man on the other side of the rail he says to the Master, "The Judge don't like your dog?"

"No," says the Master.

"Have you ever shown him before?" says the man.

"No," says the Master, "and I'll never show him again. He's my dog," says the Master, "an' he suits me! And I don't care what no judges think." And when he says them kind words, I licks his hand most grateful.

The Judge had two of the six dogs on a little platform in the middle of the ring, and he had chased the four other dogs into the corners, where they was licking their chops, and letting on they didn't care, same as Nolan was.

The two dogs on the platform was so beautiful that the Judge hisself couldn't tell which was the best of 'em, even when he stoops down and holds their heads together. But at last he gives a sigh, and brushes the sawdust off his knees and goes to the table in the ring, where there was a man keeping score, and heaps and heaps of blue and gold and red and yellow ribbons. And the Judge picks up a bunch of 'em and walks to the two gentlemen who was holding the beautiful dogs, and he says to each "What's his number?" and he hands each gentleman a ribbon. And then he turned sharp, and comes straight at the Master.

"What's his number?" says the Judge. And Master was so scared that he couldn't make no answer.

But Miss Dorothy claps her hands and cries out like she was laughing, "Three twenty-six," and the Judge writes it down, and shoves Master the blue ribbon.

I bit the Master, and I jumps and bit Miss Dorothy, and I waggled so hard that the Master couldn't hold me. When I get to the gate Miss Dorothy snatches me up and kisses me between the ears, right before millions of people, and they both hold me so tight that I didn't know which of them was carrying of me. But one thing I knew, for I listened hard, as it was the Judge hisself as said it.

"Did you see that puppy I gave 'first' to?" says the Judge to the gentleman at the gate.

"I did. He was a bit out of his class," says the gate-gentleman.

"He certainly was!" says the Judge, and they both laughed.

But I didn't care. They couldn't hurt me then, not with Nolan holding the blue ribbon and Miss Dorothy hugging my ears, and the kennel-men sneaking away, each looking like he'd been caught with his nose under the lid of the slop-can.

We sat down together, and we all three just talked as fast as we could. They was so pleased that I couldn't help feeling proud myself, and I barked and jumped and leaped about so gay, that all the bull-terriers in our street stretched on their chains, and howled at me.

"Just look at him!" says one of those I had beat. "What's he giving hisself airs about?"

"Because he's got one blue ribbon!" says another of 'em. "Why, when I was a puppy I used to eat 'em, and if that Judge could ever learn to know a toy from a mastiff, I'd have had this one."

But Jimmy Jocks he leaned over from his bench, and says, "Well done, Kid. Didn't I tell you so!" What he 'ad told me was that I might get a "commended," but I didn't remind him.

"Didn't I tell you," says Jimmy Jocks, "that I saw your grandfather make his début at the Crystal ——"

"Yes, sir, you did, sir," says I, for I have no love for the men of my family.

A gentleman with a showing leash around his neck comes up just then and looks at me very critical. "Nice dog you've got, Miss Wyndham," says he; "would you care to sell him?"

"He's not my dog," says Miss Dorothy, holding me tight. "I wish he were."

"He's not for sale, sir," says the Master, and I was *that* glad.

"Oh, he's yours, is he?" says the gentleman, looking hard at Nolan. "Well, I'll give you a hundred dollars for him," says he careless-like.

"Thank you, sir, he's not for sale," says Nolan, but his eyes get very big. The gentleman, he walked away, but I watches him, and he talks to a man in a golf-cap, and by and by the man comes along our street, looking at all the dogs, and stops in front of me.

"This your dog?" says he to Nolan. "Pity he's so leggy," says he. "If he had a good tail, and a longer stop, and his ears

were set higher, he'd be a good dog. As he is, I'll give you fifty dollars for him."

But, before the Master could speak, Miss Dorothy laughs, and says, "You're Mr. Polk's kennel-man, I believe. Well, you tell Mr. Polk from me that the dog's not for sale now any more than he was five minutes ago, and that when he is, he'll have to bid against me for him." The man looks foolish at that, but he turns to Nolan quick-like. "I'll give you three hundred for him," he says.

"Oh, indeed!" whispers Miss Dorothy, like she was talking to herself. "That's it, is it," and she turns and looks at me just as though she had never seen me before. Nolan, he was gaping, too, with his mouth open. But he holds me tight.

"He's not for sale," he growls, like he was frightened, and the man looks black and walks away.

"Why, Nolan!" cried Miss Dorothy, "Mr. Polk knows more about bull-terriers than any amateur in America. What can he mean? Why, Kid is no more than a puppy! Three hundred dollars for a puppy!"

"And he ain't no thoroughbred neither!" cries the Master. "He's 'Unknown,' ain't he? Kid can't help it, of course, but his mother, Miss——"

I dropped my head. I couldn't bear he should tell Miss Dorothy. I couldn't bear she should know I had stolen my blue ribbon.

But the Master never told, for at that, a gentleman runs up, calling, "Three Twenty-Six, Three Twenty-Six,' and Miss Dorothy says, "Here he is, what is it?"

"The Winner's Class," says the gentleman. "Hurry, please. The Judge is waiting for him."

Nolan tries to get me off the chain onto a showing leash, but he shakes so, he only chokes me. "What is it, Miss?" he says. "What is it?"

"The Winner's Class," says Miss Dorothy. "The Judge wants him with the winners of the other classes—to decide which is the best. It's only a form," says she. "He has the champions against him now."

"Yes," says the gentleman, as he hurries us to the ring. "I'm afraid it's only a form for your dog, but the Judge wants all the winners, puppy class even."

We had got to the gate, and the gentleman there was writing down my number.

"Who won the open?" asks Miss Dorothy.

"Oh, who would?" laughs the gentleman. "The old champion, of course. He's won for three years now. There he is. Isn't he wonderful?" says he, and he points to a dog that's standing proud and haughty on the platform in the middle of the ring.

I never see so beautiful a dog, so fine and clean and noble, so white like he had rolled hisself in flour, holding his nose up and his eyes shut, same as though no one was worth looking at. Aside of him, was other dogs, even though we had a blue ribbon apiece, seemed like lumps of mud. He was a royal gentleman, a king, he was. His Master didn't have to hold his head with no leash. He held it hisself, standing as still as an iron dog on a lawn, like he knew all the people was looking at him. And so they was, and no one around the ring pointed at no other dog but him.

"Oh, what a picture," cried Miss Dorothy; "he's like a marble figure by a great artist—one who loved dogs. Who is he?" says she, looking in her book. "I don't keep up with terriers."

"Oh, you know him," says the gentleman. "He is the Champion of champions, Regent Royal."

The Master's face went red.

"And this is Regent Royal's son," cries he, and he pulls me quick into the ring, and plants me on the platform next my father.

I trembled so that I near fell. My legs twisted like a leash. But my father he never looked at me. He only smiled, the same sleepy smile, and he still keep his eyes half-shut, like as no one, no, not even his son, was worth his lookin' at.

The Judge, he didn't let me stay beside my father, but, one by one, he placed the other dogs next to him and measured and felt and pulled at them. And each one he put down, but he never put my father down. And then he comes over and picks up me and sets me back on the platform, shoulder to shoulder with the Champion Regent Royal, and goes down on his knees, and looks into our eyes.

The gentleman with my father, he laughs, and says to the Judge, "Thinking of keeping us here all day, John?" but the Judge, he doesn't hear him, and goes behind us and runs his hand down my side, and holds back my ears, and takes my jaws between his fingers. The crowd around the ring is very deep now, and nobody says nothing. The gentleman at the score-table, he is leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, and his eyes very wide, and the gentleman at the gate is whispering quick to Miss Dorothy, who has turned white. I stood as stiff as stone. I didn't even

breathe. But out of the corner of my eye I could see my father licking his pink chops, and yawning just a little, like he was bored.

The Judge, he had stopped looking fierce, and was looking solemn. Something inside him seemed a-troubling him awful. The more he stares at us now, the more solemn he gets, and when he touches us he does it gentle, like he was patting us. For a long time he kneels in the sawdust, looking at my father and at me, and no one around the ring says nothing to nobody.

Then the Judge takes a breath and touches me sudden. "It's his," he says, but he lays his hand just as quick on my father. "I'm sorry," says he.

The gentleman holding my father cries: "Do you mean to tell me——"

And the Judge, he answers, "I mean the other is the better dog." He takes my father's head between his hand and looks down at him, most sorrowful. "The King is dead," says he, "long live the King. Good-by, Regent," he says.

The crowd around the railings clapped their hands, and some laughed scornful, and everyone talks fast, and I start for the gate so dizzy that I can't see my way. But my father pushes in front of me, walking very daintily, and smiling sleepy, same as he had just been waked, with his head high, and his eyes shut, looking at nobody.

So that is how I "came by my inheritance," as Miss Dorothy calls it, and just for that, though I couldn't feel where I was any different, the crowd follows me to my bench, and pats me, and coos at me, like I was a baby in a baby-carriage. And the handlers have to hold 'em back so that the gentlemen from the papers can make pictures of me, and Nolan walks me up and down so proud, and the men shakes their heads and says, "He certainly is the true type, he is!" And the pretty ladies asks Miss Dorothy, who sits beside me letting me lick her gloves to show the crowd what friends we is, "Aren't you afraid he'll bite you?" and Jimmy Jocks calls to me, "Didn't I tell you so! I always knew you were one of us. Blood will out, Kid, blood will out. I saw your grandfather," says he, "make his début at the Crystal Palace. But he was never the dog you are!"

After that, if I could have asked for it, there was nothing I couldn't get. You might have thought I was a snow-dog, and they was afeered I'd melt. If I wet my pats, Nolan gave me a hot bath and chained me to the stove; if I couldn't eat my food, being stuffed full by the cook, for I am a house-dog now, and let in to lunch whether there is visitors or not, Nolan would run to bring the vet. It was all tommy-rot, as Jimmy says, but meant most kind. I couldn't scratch myself comfortable, without Nolan giving me nasty drinks, and rubbing me outside till it burnt awful, and I wasn't let to eat bones for fear of spoiling my "beautiful" mouth, what mother used to call my "punishing jaw," and my food was cooked special on a gas-stove, and Miss Dorothy gives me an overcoat, cut very stylish like the champions', to wear when we goes out carriage-driving.

After the next show, where I takes three blue ribbons, four silver cups, two medals, and brings home forty-five dollars for Nolan, they gives me a "Registered" name, same as Jimmy's. Miss Dorothy wanted to call me "Regent Heir Apparent," but I was THAT glad when Nolan says, "No, Kid don't owe nothing to his father, only to you and hisself. So, if you please, Miss, we'll call him Wyndham Kid." And so they did, and you can see it on my overcoat in blue letters, and painted top of my kennel. It was all too hard to understand. For days I just sat and wondered if I was really me, and how it all come about, and why everybody was so kind. But, oh, it was so good they was, for if they hadn't been, I'd never have got the thing I most wished after. But, because they was kind, and not liking to deny me nothing, they gave it me, and it was more to me than anything in the world.

It came about one day when we was out driving. We was in the cart they calls the dog-cart, because it's the one Miss Dorothy keeps to take Jimmy and me for an airing. Nolan was up behind, and me in my new overcoat was sitting beside Miss Dorothy. I was admiring the view, and thinking how good it was to have a horse pull you about so that you needn't get yourself splashed and have to be washed, when I hears a dog calling loud for help, and I pricks up my ears and looks over the horse's head. And I sees something that makes me tremble down to my toes. In the road before us three big dogs was chasing a little, old lady-dog. She had a string to her tail, where some boys had tied a can, and she was dirty with mud and ashes, and torn most awful. She was too far done up to get away, and too old to help herself, but she was making a fight for her life, snapping her old gums savage, and dying game. All this I see in

a wink, and then the three dogs pinned her down, and I can't stand it no longer and clears the wheel and lands in the road on my head. It was my stylish overcoat done that, and I curse it proper, but I gets my pats again quick, and makes a rush for the fighting. Behind me I hear Miss Dorothy cry, "They'll kill that old dog. Wait, take my whip. Beat them off her! The Kid can take care of himself," and I hear Nolan fall into the road, and the horse come to a stop. The old lady-dog was down, and the three was eating her vicious, but as I come up, scattering the pebbles, she hears, and thinking it's one more of them, she lifts her head and my heart breaks open like some one had sunk his teeth in it. For, under the ashes and the dirt and the blood, I can see who it is, and I know that my mother has come back to me.

I gives a yell that throws them three dogs off their legs.

"Mother!" I cries. "I'm the Kid," I cries. "I'm coming to you, mother, I'm coming."

And I shoots over her, at the throat of the big dog, and the other two, they sinks their teeth into that stylish overcoat, and tears it off me, and that sets me free, and I lets them have it. I never had so fine a fight as that! What with mother being there to see, and not having been let to mix up in no fights since I become a prize-winner, it just naturally did me good, and it wasn't three shakes before I had 'em yelping. Quick as a wink, mother, she jumps in to help me, and I just laughed to see her. It was so like old times. And Nolan, he made me laugh too. He was like a hen on a bank, shaking the butt of his whip, but not daring to cut in for fear of hitting me.

"Stop it, Kid," he says, "stop it. Do you want to be all torn up?" says he. "Think of the Boston show next week," says he. "Think of Chicago. Think of Danbury. Don't you never want to be a champion?" How was I to think of all them places when I had three dogs to cut up at the same time? But in a minute two of 'em begs for mercy, and mother and me lets 'em run away. The big one, he ain't able to run away. Then mother and me, we dances and jumps, and barks and laughs, and bites each other and rolls each other in the road. There never was two dogs so happy as we, and Nolan, he whistles and calls and begs me to come to him, but I just laugh and play larks with mother.

"Now, you come with me," says I, "to my new home, and never try to run away again." And I shows her our house with the five red roofs, set on the top of the hill. But mother trembles awful, and says: "They'd never let the likes of me in such a place. Does the Viceroy live there, Kid?" says she. And I laugh at her. "No, I do," I says; "and if they won't let you live there, too, you and me will go back to the streets together, for we must never be parted no more." So we trots up the hill, side by side, with Nolan trying to catch me, and Miss Dorothy laughing at him from the cart.

"The Kid's made friends with the poor old dog," says she. "Maybe he knew her long ago when he ran the streets himself. Put her in here beside me, and see if he doesn't follow."

So, when I hears that, I tells mother to go with Nolan and sit in the cart, but she says no, that she'd soil the pretty lady's frock; but I tells her to do as I say, and so Nolan lifts her, trembling still, into the cart, and I runs alongside, barking joyful.

When we drives into the stables I takes mother to my kennel, and tells her to go inside it and make herself at home. "Oh, but he won't let me!" says she.

"Who won't let you?" says I, keeping my eye on Nolan, and growling a bit nasty, just to show I was meaning to have my way.

"Why, Wyndham Kid," says she, looking up at the name on my kennel.

"But I'm Wyndham Kid!" says I.

"You!" cries mother. "You! Is my little Kid the great Wyndham Kid the dogs all talk about?" And at that, she, being very old, and sick, and hungry, and nervous, as mothers are, just drops down in the straw and weeps bitter.

Well, there ain't much more than that to tell. Miss Dorothy, she settled it.

"If the Kid wants the poor old thing in the stables," says she, "let her stay."

"You see," says she, "she's a black-and-tan, and his mother was a black-and-tan, and maybe that's what makes Kid feel so friendly toward her," says she.

"Indeed, for me," says Nolan, "she can have the best there is. I'd never drive out no dog that asks for a crust nor a shelter," he says. "But what will Mr. Wyndham do?"

"He'll do what I say," says Miss Dorothy, "and if I say she's to stay, she will stay, and I say—she's to stay!"

And so mother and Nolan, and me, found a home. Mother was scared at first—not being used to kind people—but she was so

gentle and loving, that the grooms got fonder of her than of me, and tried to make me jealous by patting of her, and giving her the pick of the vittles. But that was the wrong way to hurt my feelings. That's all, I think. Mother is so happy here that I tell her we ought to call it the Happy Hunting Grounds, because no one hunts you, and there is nothing to hunt; it just all comes to you. And so we live in peace, mother sleeping all day in the sun, or behind the stove in the head-groom's office, being fed twice a day regular by Nolan, and all the day by the other grooms most irregular. And, as for me, I go hurrying around the country to the bench-shows; winning money and cups for Nolan, and taking the blue ribbons away from father.

A Lay of Real Life

By THOMAS HOOD

"Some are born with a wooden spoon in their mouths, and some with a golden ladle."—GOLDSMITH.

"Some are born with tin rings in their noses, and some with silver ones."—SILVERSMITH.

Who ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass or corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was no nurse,
And physicked me and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?
My Grandmother.

Who left me in my seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear,
And Mr. Pope, the overseer?
My Father.

Who let me starve, to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me "ugly little sin"?
My Mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk,
And took me home—and made me work,
But managed half my meals to shirk?
My Aunt.

Who "of all earthly things" would boast,
"He hated others' brats the most,"
And therefore made me feel my post?
My Uncle.

Who got in scrapes, an endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter pang I bore?
My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?
My Stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,
And when I played cried "What a noise!"—
Girls always hector over boys—
My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or took it all, did he incline,
'Cause I was eight, and he was nine?
My Brother.

Who stroked my head, and said "Good lad,"
And gave me sixpence, "all he had";
But at the stall the coin was bad?
My Godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But when misfortune came to pass,
Referr'd me to the pump? Alas!
My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathized with grief,
Or shared my joy—my sole relief?
Myself.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

MY MOTHER: *Original Poems for Infant Minds. By* ANN *and* JANE TAYLOR, *1804.*

A Game of Billiards

By ALPHONSE DAUDET

Translated by Marian McIntyre

EVEN soldiers are exhausted after two days' fighting, especially if they have passed the night, knapsacks upon their backs, torrents of rain descending upon them. And yet for three mortal hours they had been left to wait in the puddles along the highway, in the mire of fields soaked with rain.

Heavy with fatigue, weakened by the effects of previous nights, their uniforms drenched, they pressed closer together for warmth and support. Here and there, leaning upon a neighbour's knapsack, a man had fallen asleep standing; and upon the relaxed faces of these men, overcome by sleep, might be read more plainly than before the traces which weariness and privations had made. In the mud and rain, without fire, without food, overhead a sky heavy and lowering—around them, on every side, the enemy! Dismal indeed!

What are they doing yonder? What is going on?

The guns, their mouths turned towards the woods, seem to be lying in wait. The mitrailleuses from their hiding-places stare fixedly at the horizon. All is ready for an attack. Why is none made? For what are they waiting?

They await orders from headquarters, but none come.

And yet it is only a short distance to headquarters, to that beautiful Louis XIII château whose red-brick walls, washed by the rain, are seen half-way up the hill, glistening through the thickets. Truly a princely dwelling, well worthy of bearing the fanion of a Marshal of France. Separated from the main road by a big trench and a ramp of stone are green, smooth-shaven lawns extending even to the stone steps of the château, and bordered with vases of flowers. On the side of the house farthest away from the road, the daylight darts through the leafage of the arbours, making bright openings in them. Upon an artificial pond which sparkles like a mirror, swans are swimming, and under the pagoda-shaped roof of a large aviary peacocks and golden pheasants strut about, spreading their wings and sending their shrill cries through the foliage. Though the owners of the house have departed, there is nowhere a perceptible sign of that ruin and utter desolation which war brings in its train. Under the oriflamme of the chief of the army not the smallest flower dotting the lawn has been destroyed, and it is indescribably charming to discover, so near the field of battle, that calm and opulence that result from systematic care,—to observe such evenly trimmed shrubberies, such silent avenues of shade. The rain, which in its descent elsewhere has rutted the roads and heaped them with mire, in this quarter has been nothing more than an aristocratic shower. Nothing vulgar about it. It has revived the red tints of the bricks, the verdure of the lawns, it has added fresh luster to the leaves of the orange trees, to the swans' white plumage. Everything glistens. The scene is peaceful. In fact, were it not for the flag floating from the top of the roof, and the sight of two sentinels before the gate, one would never believe headquarters were here.

The horses are resting in the stables; here and there officers' servants are seen, and orderlies in undress, lounging about the kitchens of the château, and now and then a gardener tranquilly dragging his rake through the sand of the grounds.

In the dining-room, whose windows front the entrance of the château, is seen a table partly cleared, bottles uncorked, glasses tarnished, empty and dimmed, resting upon the wrinkled cloth,—in short, every indication that the repast is ended. The guests have departed, but in a side room loud

voices are heard, peals of laughter, the rolling of billiard balls, and the clinking of glasses. The Marshal has just started upon his game, and that is why the army is waiting for orders. Once the Marshal has begun, the heavens might fall, but nothing on earth would hinder him from finishing his game.

For if the mighty soldier has a single weakness, it is his fondness for billiards. There he stands, as grave as though a battle had begun; he is in full uniform, his breast covered with decorations; his repast, the wine he has drunken, and the excitement of the game animate him. His eyes sparkle, and his cheek-bones are flushed. About him gather his aides-de-camp, most assiduous in their attentions, deferential, and overcome with admiration at each of his shots. When the Marshal makes a point, they rush towards the mark. Is the Marshal thirsty? Each one desires to prepare his drink! Such a rustling of epaulettes and panaches, such a rattling of crosses and aiguillettes! How they bow and smile, these courtiers! What elegance and charm of manner! And then to see such embroideries, so many new uniforms, in this lofty chamber carved in oak, opening upon parks and courts of honour! It reminds one of those autumns of Compiègne, and makes him forget for a moment those figures in muddied cloaks, gathered yonder in the roads, making such somber groups, as they wait in the rain.

The Marshal's adversary is an officer of his staff, a little captain who curls and laces and wears light gloves; he is an excellent shot at billiards, and could beat all the marshals on earth, but he understands how to keep at a respectful distance from his chief, and exercises all his skill in playing so that he shall neither win, nor seem to lose, too readily. Evidently an officer with an eye for the future.

Attention, young man, look out! The Marshal is five points ahead. If you can end the game as you have begun it, your promotion is surer than it would be, were you standing outside with the others, beneath those torrents of water that darken the horizon. It would be a pity, too, to soil that fine uniform, and tarnish the gold of its aiguillettes, waiting for orders that never come.

The game is extremely interesting. The balls roll, graze each other, and pass; they rebound. Every moment the play grows more exciting. But suddenly a flash of light is seen in the sky and the report of a cannon is heard. A heavy, rumbling sound shakes the windows. Every one starts and casts an uneasy glance about him. The Marshal alone remains unmoved. He sees nothing, hears nothing, for, leaning over the table, he is about to make a magnificent draw-shot. Draw-shots are his forte!

But again that flash, and again! From the cannon fresh reports, and nearer together now. The aides-de-camp run to the window. Can it be that the Prussians are attacking?

"Let them!" says the Marshal, chalking his cue. "Your turn, captain!"

The staff thrills with admiration. Turenne asleep upon a gun-carriage was nothing compared to this marshal, so calmly absorbed in his game at the moment of action! But all this time the tumult increases. With the shock of the cannon mingles the rattling of the mitrailleuses, and the rumbling of volley upon volley; a reddish cloud, dark at the edge, rises from the further end of the lawn. All the rear of the park is on fire. Frightened peacocks and pheasants clamour in the aviary, Arabian horses, away in the stables, scent the powder and rear in their stalls At headquarters a general commotion begins. Dispatch follows dispatch. Messengers arrive at a gallop. Everywhere they are asking for the Marshal.

But the Marshal is unapproachable. Have I not told you that nothing in the world could hinder him from finishing a game once begun?

"Your play, captain——"

But the captain is distracted. Ah! Youth is youth. He loses his head, forgets what he is about, and makes two successive runs which almost win the game for him. And now the Marshal is furious. Surprize and indignation are visible upon his manly features. At this very moment a horse rushes into the courtyard at full speed and drops exhausted. An aide-de-camp, covered with mud, forces the sentry, makes one bound over the stone steps, crying, "Marshal, Marshal!" And this is his reception: the Marshal, red as a cock, and swelling with anger, appears at the window, cue in hand.

"Who is there? What is it? Is there no sentry here?"

"But, Marshal——"

"Oh, yes, yes—later—let them wait for my orders—in God's name!"

And the window closes with a bang.

Let them wait for his orders! And that is exactly what they are doing, these poor fellows. The wind drives rain and grapeshot in their faces. Whole battalions are slaughtered, whilst others, perfectly useless, stand bearing arms, unable to understand why they remain inactive. Nothing else to do. They wait for orders. But men may die without word of command, and these men die in hundreds, falling behind bushes, dropping in trenches in front of that great silent château. And even after death, the grapeshot continues to lacerate their bodies, and from those gaping wounds flows a silent stream,—the generous blood of France. And above, yonder, in the billiard-room, all is as excited as upon the battle-field, for the Marshal has regained his advantage, and the little captain is playing like a lion.

Seventeen! eighteen! nineteen! Scarcely time to mark the points. The sound of battle grows nearer and nearer. The Marshal has but one more point to play for. Already shells are falling in the park. One has burst in the pond. Its glassy sheet reddens, and a terrified swan is seen swimming amid a whirl of bloody plumage. And now the last shot.

And then—deep silence. Only the sound of rain falling upon the leafage of the arbours, only an indistinct rumbling noise at the foot of the hill, and along the muddy roads a sound like the tramping of hurrying herds. The army is utterly routed. The Marshal has won his game.

News from Babylon

By DON MARQUIS

"Archæologists have discovered a love-letter among the ruins of Babylon."
Newspaper report.

The world hath just one tale to tell, and it is very old,
A little tale—a simple tale—a tale that's easy told:
"There was a youth in Babylon who greatly loved a maid!"
The world hath just one song to sing, but sings it unafraid,
A little song—a foolish song—the only song it hath:
"There was a youth in Ascalon who loved a girl in Gath!"

Homer clanged it, Omar twanged it, Greece and Persia knew!—
Nimrod's reivers, Hiran's weavers, Hindu, Kurd, and Jew—
Crowning Tyre, Troy afire, they have dreamed the dream;
Tiber-side and Nilus-tide brightened with the gleam—
Oh the suing, sighing, wooing, sad and merry hours,
Blisses tasted, kisses wasted, building Babel's towers!
Hearts were aching, hearts were breaking, lashes wet with dew,
When the ships touched the lips of islands Sappho knew;
Yearning breasts and burning breasts, cold at last, are hid
Amid the glooms of carven tombs in Khufu's pyramid—
Though the sages, down the ages, smile their cynic doubt,
Man and maid, unafraid, put the schools to rout;
Seek to chain love and retain love in the bonds of breath,
Vow to hold love, bind and fold love even unto death!

The dust of forty centuries has buried Babylon,
And out of all her lovers dead rises only one;
Rises with a song to sing and laughter in his eyes,
The old song—the only song—for all the rest are lies!
For, oh, the world has just one dream, and it is very old—
'Tis youth's dream—a silly dream—but it is flushed with gold!

The Two-Handed Sword

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

Achmed Abdullah

HE JUDGED each act of the passing days by three pictures in the back cells of his brain. These pictures never weakened, never receded; neither during his meals, which he shared with the other students at Frau Grosser's *pension* in the Dahlmannstrasse, nor during his hours of study and research spent over glass tubes and crucibles and bottles and retorts in the Royal Prussian Chemical Laboratory overlooking Unter den Linden, with Professor Kreutzer's grating, sarcastic voice at his left ear, the rumbling basso of the professor's German assistants at his right.

There was one picture which showed him the island of Kiushu rising from the cloudy gray of the China Sea, black-green with cedar and scarlet with autumn maple, and the pink snow of cherry fluffing April and early May; the island which stood to him for princely Satsuma, and Satsuma—since he was a samurai, permitted to wear two swords, the *daito* and the *shoto*—for the whole of Japan.

There was the picture of his grandfather, the Marquis Takagawa—his father had gone down fighting his ship against the Russians under Makarov—who in his youth had drawn the sword for the Shogun against the Mikado in the train of Saigo, the rebel chief, who had finally made his peace with his sovereign lord and had given honourable oath that he would lay the lives, the courage, and the brains of his descendants for all time to come on the altar of Nippon to atone for the sin of his hot youth.

There was, thirdly, the memory of his old tutor, Komoto, a bonze of the Nichiren sect who had made *senaji* pilgrimages to the thousand shrines, who had taught him the Chinese classics from the Diamond Sutra to the King-Kong-King, later on the wisdom of Ogawa and Kimazawa and the *bushi no ichi-gon*—the lessons of Bushido, the lore of the two-handed sword, the ancient code of Nippon chivalry.

"The spiritual light of the essential being is pure," Komoto had said to the marquis when the governors of the cadet school at Nagasaki had decided that the young samurai's body was too weak, his eyes too short-sighted, his blood too thin to stand the rigorous military training of modern Japan. "It is not affected by the will of man. It is written in the book of Kung Tzeu that not only the body but also the brain can raise a levy of shields against the enemy."

"Yes," the marquis had replied; for he, too, was versed in the Chinese classics. "Ships that sail the ocean, drifting clouds, the waning moon, shores that are washed away—these are symbolic of change. These, and the body. But the human mind is essential, absolute, changeless, and everlasting. O Taka-mori-san!" He had turned to his grandson. "You will go to Europe and learn from the foreigners, with your brain, since your body is too weak to carry the burden of the two-handed sword. You will learn with boldness, with patience, and with infinite trouble. You will learn not for reward and merit, not for yourself, but for Nippon. Every grain of wisdom and knowledge that falls from the table of the foreigners you will pick up and store away for the needs of the Rising Sun. You will learn—and learn. But you will learn honourably. For you are a samurai, O Taka-mori-san!"

And so the young samurai took ship for Europe. He was accompanied by Kaguchi, an old family servant, short, squat, flat-nosed, dark of skin and long of arm. A low-caste he was who had sunk his personality in that of the family whom his ancestors had been serving for generations, who had never considered his personal honour, but only that of his master's clan, which to him stood for the whole of Nippon.

If Takagawa Takamori had been small among the short, sturdy daimios of Kiushu, he seemed wizened and diminutive among the long-limbed, well-fleshed men of Prussia and Mecklenburg and Saxony who crowded the chemical laboratory of Professor Kreutzer. Gentlemen according to the stiff, angular, ramrod German code, they recognized that the little parchment-skinned, spectacled Asian was a gentleman according to his own code, and so, while they pitied him after the manner of big blond men, lusty of tongue, hard of thirst and greedy of meat, they sympathized with him. They even liked him; and they tried to help him when they saw his narrow-lidded, myopic eyes squint over tomes and long-necked glass retorts in a desperate attempt to assimilate in six short semesters the chemical knowledge which Europe had garnered in the course of twice a hundred years.

Professor Kreutzer, who had Semitic blood in his veins and was thus in the habit of leaping at a subject from a flying start and handling it with consciously dramatic swiftness, was frequently exasperated at Takagawa's slowness of approach and comprehension. On the other hand, his German training and traditions made him appreciate and admire the student's Asiatic tenacity of purpose, his steel-riveted thoroughness and efficiency which made it impossible for him to forget a fact which he had once mastered and stored away. Perhaps his method of learning was parrotlike. Perhaps his memory was mechanical, automatic, the fruit of his early schooling when, with the mountain wind blowing icy through the flimsy shoji walls, he had knelt in front of Komoto and had laboriously learned by heart long passages from the Yuen-Chioh and the erudite commentaries of Lao-tse. Whatever the basic cause, whatever his method, the result was peculiar—and startling to his fellow students. Given a certain discussion, a certain argument which sent his German classmates scuttling for library and reference books, the young samurai seemed to turn on a special spigot in his brain and give forth the desired information like a sparkling stream.

"*Sie sind ja so'n echter Wunderknabe, Sie Miniatur gelbe Gefahr!*" (for that's what he called him: a "miniature yellow peril") the professor would exclaim; and he would give him a resounding slap on the back which would cause the little wizened body to shake and smart.

But, sensing the kindliness beneath rough words and rougher gesture, Takagawa would bow old-fashionedly, with his palms touching his knees, and suck in his breath noisily.

He was learning—learning honourably; and at night, when he returned to his rooms in the *pension*, he would go over the garnered wisdom of the day together with Kaguchi, his old servant. Word for word he would repeat to him what he had learned, until the latter, whose brain was as that of his master—persistent, parrot-like, mechanical—could reel off the chemical formulæ with the ease and fluency of an ancient professor gray in the craft. He had no idea what the barbarous foreign sounds meant. But they amused him. Also he was proud that his young master understood their meaning—his young master who stood to him for Kiushu and the whole of Nippon.

Summer of the year 1914 found Takagawa still at work under Professor Kreutzer, together with half a dozen German students who like himself were using the Long Vacations for a post-graduate course in special chemical research, and a Prussian officer, a Lieutenant Baron Horst von Eschingen, who on his arrival was introduced by the professor as "a *rara avis* indeed—pardon me, baron!" with a lopsided, sardonic grin—"a brass-buttoned, much-gallooned, spurred, and booted East-Elbian Junker who is graciously willing to descend into the forum of sheepskin and learned dust and stinking chemicals, and imbibe knowledge at the feet of as humble a personage as myself."

The German students laughed boisterously, while the baron smiled. For it was well known throughout the empire that Professor Kreutzer was a *Liberaler*, who disliked bureaucratic authority, sneered at the military, and was negligent of imperial favour.

From the first Takagawa felt a strong liking and even kinship for Baron von Eschingen. He understood him. The man, tall, lean, powerful, red-faced, ponderous of gesture and raucous of speech, was nevertheless a samurai like himself. There was no doubt of it. It showed in his stiff punctiliousness and also in his way of learning—rather of accepting teaching. For the professor, who welcomed the opportunity of bullying with impunity a member of the hated ruling classes, took a delight in deviling the baron's soul, in baiting him, in putting to him sudden questions hard to solve and pouncing on him when the answer did not come swift enough, with such

remarks as: "Of course, *lieber Herr Leutnant*, what can I expect? This is not a hollow square, nor a firing squad, nor anything connected with martingale or rattling scabbard. This is science—the humble work of the proletariat—and, by God, it needs the humble brain of the proletariat to understand it."

Another time—the baron was specializing in poisonous gases and their effect on the human body—the professor burst out with: "I can't get it through my head why you find it so terribly difficult to master the principles of gas. I have always thought that the army is making a specialty of—gas bags!"

Von Eschingen would bite his mustache and blush. But he would not reply to the other's taunts and gibes; and Takagawa knew that the baron, too, was learning; learning honourably; nor because of reward and merit.

They worked side by side through the warm, soft July afternoons—while the sun blazed his golden panoply across a cloudless sky and the scent of the linden trees, drifting in through the open windows, cried them out to field and garden—cramming their minds with the methodical devices of exact science, staining their hands with sharp acids and crystals, with the professor wielding his pedagogic whip, criticizing, sneering, mercilessly driving. More than once, when Kreutzer's back was turned, Takagawa would help the baron, whisper him word or chemical formula from the fund of his tenacious Oriental brain, and then the two would laugh like naughty schoolboys, the German with short, staccato bursts of merriment, the Japanese discreetly, putting his hand over his mouth.

Finally one afternoon as they were leaving the laboratory together and were about to go their separate ways at the corner of the Dorotheenstrasse, Takagawa bowed ceremoniously before the officer and, painfully translating in his mind from the Chinese book of etiquette into Japanese and thence into the harsh vagaries of the foreign tongue, begged him to tie the strings of his traveling cloak and deign to set his honourable feet in the miserable dwelling of Takagawa Takamori, there to partake of mean food and entirely worthless hospitality.

Baron von Eschingen smiled, showing his fine, white teeth, clicked his heels, and accepted; and the following evening found the curious couple in Takagawa's room: the former in all the pale-blue and silver glory of his regimentals, the latter, having shed his European clothes, wrapped in a cotton crêpe robe embroidered on the left shoulder with a single pink chrysanthemum, queer and hieratic—the *mon*, the coat of arms of his clan.

To tell the truth, the baron had brought with him a healthy, meat-craving German appetite, and he felt disappointed when all his host offered him was a plate of paper-thin rice wafers and some very pale, very tasteless tea served in black celadon cups. His disappointment changed to embarrassment when the Japanese, before filling the cups, went through a lengthy ceremony, paying exaggerated compliments in halting German, extolling his guest's nobility, and laying stress on his own frightful worthlessness.

"And the funny little beggar did it with all the dignity of a hidalgo," the baron said the next morning to a major in his regiment who had spent some years as military attaché in Japan. "Positively seemed to enjoy it."

The major laughed. "Why," he replied, "you ought to feel highly honoured. For that Jap paid you no end of a compliment. He has initiated you into the *cha-no-yu*, the honourable ceremony of tea sipping, thus showing you that he considers you his equal."

"His—equal?" flared up the other, who, away from the laboratory, was inclined to be touchy on points of family and etiquette.

"To be sure. Didn't you say his name is Takagawa Takamori?"

"Yes."

"Well—the Takagawas are big guns in their own land. They don't make 'em any bigger. They are relatives of the Mikado, cousins to all the feudal houses of Satsuma, descendants of the gods, and what not——"

It was not altogether snobbishness which caused the German to cultivate the little Asiatic after that. He really liked him. At the end of a few weeks they were friends—strangely assorted friends who had not much in common except chemistry, who had not much to talk about except acids and poisonous gases. But they respected each other, and many a sunny afternoon found them strolling side by side through the crowded thoroughfares of Berlin, the baron swinging along with his long, even step, the tip of his scabbard smartly bumping against the asphalt, while Takagawa tripped along very much like a small, owlish child, peering up at the big man through the concave lenses of his spectacles.

Only once did the samurai mention the reasons which had brought him to Europe. They were passing the Pariser Platz at the time, and stopped and turned to look at the half company of Grenadiers of the Guard who were marching through the Brandenburger Thor to change the castle watch, shoulders squared, rifles at the carry, blue-clad legs shooting forth at right-angles, toes well down, the spotless metal on spiked helmet and collar and belt mirroring the afternoon sun, while the drum-major shook his horse-tailed bell tree and a mounted captain jerked out words of command:

"Achtung! Augen—links! Vorwärts! Links an! Links an! Marsch!"

Takagawa pointed a lean, brown finger.

"'The scabbard of my blue steel spear is the liver of my enemy,'" he quoted softly, translating from the Japanese. "I carry the red life on my finger-tips; I have taken the vow of a hero!" and when the baron looked down, uncomprehending, asking astonishedly: "Hero? Hero?" the other gave a little, crooked smile.

"The mind, too, fights when the body is too weak to carry the burden of the two-handed sword," he explained. "The mind, too, can be a hero. Mine is!" he added, with utter simplicity. "For my body aches for the touch of steel, while I force my mind to drink the learning of books. My mind bends under the strain of it. But I do it—for Japan."

The baron's hand descended on his friend's lean shoulder.

"Yes," he said. "I understand, old boy. I have an older brother. No good for the King's coat—lost a leg when he was a kid. Family shot him into the Foreign Ministry. Works like a slave. But, *auf Ehrenwort*, he hates it, the poor old beggar!"—and, seeing a drop of moisture in the other's oblique eyes, he went on hurriedly: "Now, as to that gas—that new one Kreutzer is driveling about—with some unearthly, jaw-breaking Greek name and that fine, juicy stink to it—do you remember how—" And a moment later they were deep once more in the discussion of poison gases.

July swooned into August and, overnight, it seemed, the idyl of peace was spattered out by a brushful of blood. Excitement struck Berlin like a crested wave. People cheered. People laughed. People wept. A conjurer's wand swung from Spandau to Köpenick, thence east to Posen, and north and northwest in a semicircle, touching Kiel, Hamburg, Cologne, and Mayence. A forest of flags sprang up. Soldiers marched in never-ending coils down the streets, horse and foot, foot again, and the low, dramatic rumbling of the guns. They crowded the railway stations from Lehrter Bahnhof to Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof. They entrained, cheered, were cheered, leaned from carriage windows, floppy, unstarched fatigue caps set jauntily on close-cropped heads, singing sentimental songs:

Lebt wohl, ihr Frauen und ihr Mädchen,
Und schafft euch einen And'ren an. . . .

The cars pulled away, bearing crudely chalked legends on their brown sides—"This car for Paris!" "This car for Brussels!" "This car for Calais"—and, twenty-four hours later, the world was startled from stupid, fattening sleep through the news that Belgium had been invaded by the gray-green hordes, led by generals who had figured out each chance of victory and achievement with logarithmic, infallible cunning, and that already the Kaiser had ordered the menu which should be served him when he entered Paris.

The wave of war struck the laboratory and the *pension* in the Dahlmannstrasse together with the rest of Berlin.

People assumed new duties, new garb, new language, new dignity—and new psychology. The old Germany was gone. A new Germany had arisen—a colossus, a huge, crunching animal of a country, straddling Europe on massive legs, head thrown back, shoulders flung wide; proud, defiant! And sullen!

Takagawa did not understand. He had come to Berlin to learn honourably. He was not familiar with European politics, and Belgium was only a geographical term to him.

War? Of course! War! It meant honour and strength and sacrifice. But——

There was Hans Grosser, the only son of Frau Grosser, the comfortable, stout Silesian widow who kept the *pension*. Long, lean, pimply, clumsy, an underpaid clerk in the Dresdner Bank, he had been heretofore the butt of his mother's boarders. When at the end of the meal the *Kompottschale*, filled with stewed fruit, was passed down the table, he was the last to help himself, and then apologetically. The day after war was declared he came to dinner—his last dinner before leaving for the front—in gray-green, with a narrow gold braid on his buckram-stiffened collar, gold insignia on his epaulet, a straight saber dragging behind his clicking spurs like a steel-forged tail. Overnight the negligible clerk had

become *Herr Leutnant*—second lieutenant in the reserves, detailed to the 124th Infantry. The butt had become the potential hero. He was listened to, bowed to. He was the first to dip the battered silver spoon into the *Kompottschale.*

Dinner over, cigars and cigarettes lit, he held court, leaning over the piano in all his gray-green glory. He received congratulations which he accepted with a yawn. But when Takagawa bowed to him, saying something very kindly and very stiltified in his awkward German, Grosser looked him up and down as he might some exotic and nauseating beetle, and it was clear that the other boarders approved of his strange conduct.

It was the same in the laboratory. When he entered the students who were already there turned stony eyes upon him.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said. A harsh, rasping sound, something between a cough and a snort, was the reply.

Only the professor seemed unchanged.

"Good morning, miniature yellow peril!" he said, while the German students formed into a group near the window whence they could see the soldiers file down Unter den Linden, with the hollow tramp-tramp-tramp of drilled feet, the brasses braying out their insolent call.

They seemed silent and grave and stolid, though at times given to unreasonable, hectic fits of temper. They talked excitedly among themselves about "*Weltpolitik*," about "*Unser Platz in der Sonne*" and "*Deutsche Ideale.*" Every once in a while one of them would whisper something about "*die Engländer*," pronouncing the word as if it were a dread talisman. Another would pick up the word: "*die Engländer*," with a tense, minatory hiss. Then again they would all talk together, excitedly; and once Takagawa, busy with a brass crucible and a handful of pink crystals, could hear: "Japan —the situation in the Far East—Kiau-chau——"

Baron von Eschingen, usually punctual to the minute, did not make an appearance at the laboratory that morning.

"Getting ready for the wholesale butchery," the professor explained to Takagawa in an undertone. "Sharpening his cleaver and putting a few extra teeth in his meat-saw, I've no doubt."

Takagawa felt disappointed. He would have liked to say good-by to his friend ceremoniously. For he remembered how his father had gone forth at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War. He had only been a small child at the time, but he recollected everything: how his mother and grandmother had bowed low and had spoken unctuously of *naijo*, of inner help; how the little girls of the household had brought their *kai-ken* dirks to be blessed by the departing warrior; how Komoto had quoted long passages from the *Po-ro-po-lo-mi*, reenforcing them with even lengthier quotations from the *Fuh-ko;* how his father had taken him to his arms with the true *bushi no nasaké*, the true tenderness of a warrior, and how immediately after his father had left the women had put on plain white linen robes, without hems, as the ancient rites prescribe for widows.

"You—you don't think he'll come back here before he leaves for the front?" he asked the professor.

"Certainly," laughed the other. "He isn't through yet with these!" indicating a wizardly array of tubes and pipes whence acrid, sulphurous fumes were rising to be caught, yellow, cloudy, whirling, in a bulb-shaped retort which hung from the ceiling.

"But—he is a samurai, a soldier!" stammered Takagawa. "What have these—these gases to do with——"

"With war?" Kreutzer gave a cracked laugh. "Don't you know?"

"I know the ingredients. I know how the gas is produced."

"Oh, you do; do you?"

"Yes."

And Takagawa, turning on the right spigot in his fact-gathering brain, reeled off the correct formula in all its intricacies.

The professor laughed again. "And you mean to say," he asked in the same sibilant undertone, "that you have no idea what the gas is for—that you have no idea why Baron von Eschingen has honoured us these six weeks with his spurred and booted presence?"

"Why—no!"

Kreutzer slapped his knees. "Blessed innocence!" he chuckled. "Blessed, spectacled, yellow-skinned, Asiatic innocence! It is— Well, never mind!"

He turned to the German students who were still talking excitedly among themselves.

"Silentium!" he thundered. "War is all very well, gentlemen. But we are not here to kill, or to remake the map of Europe. We are here to learn about—" And then a lengthy Greek word and the hush of the classroom.

The baron, who had shed his pale-blue and silver regimentals for a uniform of

gray-green, came in toward the end of the lesson. He spoke courteously to the students, who instinctively stood at attention, shook hands with Takagawa with his usual friendliness, and drew the professor into a corner where he engaged him in a low, heated conversation.

"I won't do it!" Takagawa could hear Kreutzer's angry hiss. "The lesson is over. I insist on my academic freedom! I am a free burgess of the university. I—," and the baron's cutting reply: "This is war, *Herr Professor!* I am here by orders of the Ministry of War. I order you to——"

Takagawa smiled. Here was the real samurai speaking; and he was still smiling ecstatically when, a moment later, the professor turned to the class.

"Go downstairs, *meine Herren,*" he said. "I have a private lesson to give to—to"—he shot out the word venomously—"to our army dunce! To our saber-rattling gray-green hope! To our so intelligent East-Elbian Junker! To——"

"Shut up!" came the baron's harsh voice. "Don't you dare, you damned—" At once he controlled himself. He forced himself to smile. "I am sorry, gentlemen," he said, "to disturb you and to interfere with your lessons in any way. But I have some private business with the professor. War—you know—the necessities of war——"

"Yes—yes——"

"*Natürlich!*"

"*Selbstverständlich!*"

"*Sie haben ganz Recht, Herr Leutnant!*" came the chorus of assent, and the students left the laboratory together with Takagawa, who went last.

"Wait for me downstairs, old boy," the baron called after him as he was about to close the door.

Arrived in the street, without civil words or touching their hats, the German students turned to the left to take their "second breakfast" at the Café Victoria, while Takagawa paced up and down in front of the building to wait for his friend.

Troops were still marching in never-ending files, like a long, coiling snake with innumerable, bobbing heads, and crowds of people were packing the sidewalks in a dense mass, from the Brandenburger Thor to beyond the Schloss.

They whirled about Takagawa. A few noticed him—only a few, since he was so small—but these few glared at him. They halted momentarily, mumbling: "A Japanese!"

"*Ein Ausländer!*" ("A foreigner!")

There was sullen, brooding hatred in the word where, only yesterday, it had held kindliness and hospitality and tolerance.

Takagawa stepped back into a doorway. Not that he was afraid. He did not know the meaning of the complicated emotion called fear, since he was a samurai. But something intangible, something nauseating and hateful, seemed to float up from the crowd, like a veil in the meeting of winds—the air, the people, the music, everything, suddenly shot through with peculiar, disturbing, prismatic diffractions.

He was glad when the baron's tall form came from the laboratory building.

"Sorry I kept you waiting," said the officer, slipping his white-gloved hand through the other's arm. "I've only a minute for you at that. Got to rush back to headquarters, you know. But—a word to the wise—is your passport in order?"

"Yes. Why?"

The baron did not seem to hear the last question. He took a visiting card from his pocketbook and scribbled a few rapid words. "Here you are," he said, giving the card to Takagawa. "Take this to my friend Police Captain von Wilmowitz, at the Presidency of Police—you know—near the Spittelmarkt. He'll see to it that you get away all right before it's too late—you, and your old servant, Kaguchi——"

"Get away? Too late? You mean that——"

"That you'd better wipe your feet on the outer doormat of the German Empire. Get out of the country, in other words. Go to Holland, Switzerland—anywhere."

"Why?"

"War!" came the baron's laconic reply.

"Yes, but Japan and Germany are not at war!"

The baron had put back his pocketbook and was buttoning his tunic. "I know," he said. "But England declared war against us three hours ago, and Japan is England's ally. Hurry up. Do what I tell you. I'll drop in on you to-night or to-morrow and see how you're making out." He turned and came back again.

"By the way," he went on, "be careful about any papers you take along. Destroy them. Your chemistry notebooks—the notes you made during class. There's that poison gas, for instance." He was silent, hesitated, and continued: "I'm sorry about that, Takawaga. Puts both you and me in a devilishly embarrassing position. You see, I had no idea—honestly—that war was due when the powers that be detailed me

on that chemistry course. I thought it was all a tremendous bluff. Otherwise I would never have dreamt of working side by side with you, comparing notes on these poison-gas experiments, and all that. Well"—he shrugged his shoulders—"what's the use of crying over spilt milk? Burn your notebooks—chiefly those dealing with the gas." And he was off.

Takagawa looked after him, uncomprehending. The poison gas! Here it was again. The same mysterious allusion. First Professor Kreutzer had spoken of it, and now the baron.

But what did they mean? What did it signify?

Finally, obeying the suggestion of the dusty laboratory windows looking down on him from their stone frames, Takagawa reentered the building and went straight to Professor Kreutzer's lecture room.

He found the latter seated at his desk, his chin cupped in his hands, his haggard face flushed and congested. The man seemed to be labouring under an excitement which played on every quivering nerve of his body; the hand supporting the lean chin showed the high-swelling veins, and trembled.

He looked up as Takagawa entered, and broke into a harsh bellow of laughter. "Come back, have you, you stunted yellow peril!"

"Yes. I want to ask you about—about the gas."

Again the professor laughed boisterously.

"The gas!" he cried. "The poison gas! To be sure! Not quite as innocent as you made yourself out to be a while back, are you? Well, by God, I'll tell you about the poison gas! Got a remarkable sort of brain, haven't you? Retentive faculty abnormally developed—don't need written notes or any other sort of asses' bridge, eh? Just as good! Couldn't take anything written out of Germany. But your brain—your tenacious Oriental brain—they can't put that to the acid test! All right! Listen to me!"

Professor Kreutzer did not stop to dissect himself or his motives. He obeyed, not a feeling, a sudden impulse, but a pathological mood which was the growth of forty years. For forty years he had hated autocractic, imperial Germany. For forty years he had battled with his puny strength against militarism. Now the steel-clad beast had won. The shadow of war had fallen over the land. His gods lay shattered about him.

Forty years of ill-suppressed hatred—brought to a head, half an hour earlier, by Baron von Eschingen's curt command: "This is war, *Herr Professor*. I am here by orders of the Ministry of War. I order you to——"

That uniformed, gold-braided jackanapes to order him, a scientist, a thinker!

Kreutzer swore wickedly under his breath. He turned to the Japanese, and talked to him at length, going with minute care over the whole process of making poison gas, from the first innocuous-looking pink crystal to the final choking cloudy yellow fumes. He made Takagawa repeat it, step by step, formula by formula. Finally he declared himself satisfied. "You know it now, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"You'll never forget it?"

"No, sir."

"All right. You have what you came here to get. In one respect at least you know as much as the German War Office. Go back to Japan—as soon as you can." He returned to his desk and picked up a book.

Takagawa went after him "*Herr Professor!*" he said timidly.

"Well? What is it now?"

"I———" the samurai hesitated. "I know the gas. I know how it is produced, how it is projected, how it affects the human body. I understand all that. But what is it for?"

"You—you mean to say you don't know?"

The professor twirled in his chair, utter incredulity in his accents. Then, reading the question in Takagawa's oblique eyes, sensing that the man was asking in perfect good faith, in perfect innocence, he rose, took him by the arm, and led him to the window. He pointed. Afternoon had melted into a soft evening of glowing violet with a pale moon growing faintly in the north. The linden trees stood stiff and motionless as if forged out of a dark-green metal. But still the soldiers tramped. Still there was the glitter of rifle barrel and sword tip and lance point. Still crowds packed the sidewalks, cheering. The professor made a great gesture. It was more than a mere waving of hand and arm. It seemed like an incident which cut through the air like a tragic shadow.

"They are going out to kill—with bullet and steel. But gas, too, can kill—poison gas, projected from iron tanks on an unsuspecting, unprepared enemy! It can win a battle, a campaign, a war! It can change the course of world history! It can ram

imperial Germany's slavery down the throat of a free world! Poison gas—it is a weapon—the newest, most wicked, most effective weapon!" The professor was getting slightly hysterical. "Take it back with you to Japan—to France, to England—anywhere! Fight us with our own weapons! Fight us—and give us freedom—freedom!" And, with an inarticulate cry, he pushed the Japanese out of doors.

Takagawa walked down the Dorotheenstrasse like a man in a dream. His feelings were tossed together into too violent confusion for immediate disentanglement. "You will learn, not for reward and merit, not for yourself, but for Japan!" his grandfather, the old marquis, had told him. And he had learned a great secret—for Japan. And Japan would need it. For, passing the newspaper kiosk at the corner of the Wilhelmstrasse, he had glanced at the headlines of the evening edition of the "*Vossische Zeitung*":

"*Japan Stands by England. Sends Ultimatum. War Inevitable!*"

War inevitable—and he was a samurai, a man entitled to wield the two-handed sword, though his body was too weak to carry the burden of it.

What of it? The professor had told him that poison gas, too, was a weapon, the most modern, most effective weapon in the world; and he had its formula tucked snugly away in his brain.

The poison gas! It was his sword! But first he must get out of the country. He hailed a taxicab and drove straight to the Presidency of Police. A crowd of foreigners of all nationalities—anxious, nervous, shouting, gesticulating—was surging in the lower entrance hall of the square, baroque building. But the baron's card proved a talisman, and in less than half an hour Takagawa had seen Police Captain von Wilmowitz, had had his passport viséed and had received permission for himself and his servant Kaguchi to leave Berlin for Lake Constance on the following day.

Captain von Wilmowitz repeated the baron's warning: "Take nothing written out of Germany. Neither yourself nor your servant. They'll examine you both thoroughly at the Swiss frontier. Be careful," and Takawaga had hidden a smile.

Let them search his person, his clothes, his baggage. They would not be able to search his brain. He started figuring rapidly. He would go to Switzerland, thence via Paris to London. The Japanese ambassador there was a second cousin of his. He would give him the precious formula, and then——

He returned to the *pension* in the Dahlmannstrasse, settled his bill, and ordered Kaguchi to pack. Notebook after notebook he burned, and as he worked he was conscious of a feeling of power. There was no actual presentiment, no psychic preliminaries. It simply was there, this feeling of power, as if it had always been there. He was a samurai, and his was the two-handed sword—a two-handed sword forged in a stinking, bulb-shaped glass retort and shooting forth yellow, choking, sulphurous fumes.

In the next room a half dozen Germans were smoking and drinking and singing. He could hear Hans Grosser's excited voice, and now and then a snatch of song, sentimental, patriotic, boastful, and he thought that he too would soon again hear the songs of his fatherland, back in the island of Kiushu, in the rocky feudal stronghold of the Takagawas. The bards would be there singing the old heroic epics; the *uguisus* would warble the old melodies. Komoto would be there, and he himself, and his grandfather, the marquis.

"You will learn honourably!" his grandfather had told him. And he had learned. He was bringing back the fruit of it to Nippon.

He turned to Kaguchi with a laugh.

"I have learned, Kaguchi, eh?"

"Yes," replied the old servant, "you have learned indeed, O Takamori-san!"

"And"—he said it half to himself—"I have learned honourably."

Honourably?

He repeated the word with a mental question mark at the end of it.

Had he learned—honourably?

He stood suddenly quite still. An ashen pallor spread to his very lips. He dropped the coat which he was folding. Doubt floated upon him imperceptibly, like the shadow of a leaf through summer dusk. Something reached out and touched his soul, leaving the chill of an indescribable uneasiness, and indescribable shame.

"Honourably!" He whispered the word.

He sat down near the window, looking out into the street. Night had fallen with a trailing cloak of gray and lavender. The tall, stuccoed apartment houses on the Kurfürstendamm, a block away, rose above the line of street lamps like a smudge of sooty black beyond a glittering yellow band. Still people were cheering, soldiers tramping.

Kaguchi spoke to him. But he did not hear. He stared unseeing.

He said to himself that he had come to Germany, to Berlin, as a guest, to partake of the fruit of wisdom and knowledge. Richly the foreigners, the Germans, had spread the table for him. Generously they had bidden him eat. And he had dipped his hands wrist-deep into the bowl and had eaten his fill in a friend's house, giving thanks according to the law of hospitality.

Then war had come. Belgium, France, England, Russia—and to-morrow Japan. To-morrow the standard of the Rising Sun would unfurl. To-morrow the trumpets would blow through the streets of Nagasaki. Peasants and merchants and samurai would rush to arms.

And he was a samurai; and he had a weapon, a weapon of Germany's own forging—the formula for the poison gas, safely tucked away in his brain.

They had taught him in good faith. And he had learned. Nor would he be able to forget.

Professor Kreutzer? He did not count. He was a traitor. But his friend, Baron von Eschingen, the Prussian samurai who had worked side by side with him, who had even helped him get away?

Takagawa walked up and down. His laboured, sibilant breathing sounded terribly distinct. From the next room there still came excited voices, the clink of beer steins, maudlin singing:

Von allen den Mädchen so blink und so blank . . .

winding up in a tremendous hiccup. But he did not hear. In his brain something seemed to flame upward, illuminating all his thoughts.

They were very clear. He could not stay here, in the land of the enemy, while Nippon was girding her loins. Nor could he go home. For at home he was a samurai, entitled to wield the two-handed sword. And he carried that sword in his brain, the formula for the poison gas. He would be forced—forced by himself, forced by his love of country—to give it to Nippon, and thus he would break the law of hospitality, his own honour.

He had learned the formula honourably. But there was no way of using it honourably.

A great, tearing sob rose in his throat. Then he heard a voice at his elbow: "O Takamori-san!"

He turned. "Yes, Kaguchi?"—and, suddenly, the answer to the riddle came to him. He looked at the old servant.

"You love me, Kaguchi?" he asked.

"My heart is between your hands!"

"You trust me?"

Kaguchi drew himself up.

"You are a samurai, O Takamori-san. The sword of Kiushu is unsullied."

"And unsullied it shall remain! And so," he added incongruously, "you will speak after me the foreign words which I shall now teach you, syllable for syllable, intonation for intonation"; and, step by step, formula by formula, he taught Kaguchi the meaningless German words.

For hours he worked with him until the old man reeled off the strange sounds without hitch or error.

"You know now?" he asked him finally, even as the professor had asked him earlier in the afternoon.

"Yes."

"You'll never forget it?"

"No."

Takamori Takagawa smiled.

"Kaguchi," he said, "you will go from here to London, using this passport." He gave him the official paper which Herr von Wilmowitz had viséed. "In London you will seek out the ambassador of Nippon, who is my cousin. You will tell him word for word what I have just taught you, adding that it is the formula of a poison gas and that this gas is mightier than the two-handed sword and will, perhaps, win the war for Nippon and her allies. You will furthermore tell him—and let this message be transmitted by him to my respected grandfather—that I learned this formula honourably, but that I could not take it back with me to Nippon without sullying the law of hospitality, since the foreigners taught me in good faith. I myself, being thus caught between the dagger of my honour and the dagger of my country, have tried to make a compromise with fate. Honourably I tried to do my duty by Nippon, honourably I tried to keep the law of hospitality untainted. I do not know if I have succeeded. Thus—" he made a gesture, and was silent.

Kaguchi bowed. His rugged old face was motionless. But he understood—and approved.

"You! Ah—" the word choked him.

"Yes." Takamori inclined his head. He used the old Chinese simile which his tutor had taught him. "I shall ascend the dragon."

He put his hand on Kaguchi's shoulder. "Come back here in half an hour," he said. "Fold my hands as the ancient customs

demand. Then notify my friend, the German samurai. He will help you get over the frontier—with the formula safe in your brain."

And the servant bowed and left the room without another word.

The young samurai smiled slowly. An old quotation came back to him: "I will open the seat of my soul with a dagger of pain and show you how it fares with it. See for yourself whether it is polluted or clean."

He walked across the room, opened the mirror wardrobe, and took from the top shelf a dirk—a splendid, ancient blade in a lacquer case, whose guard was of wrought iron shaped like a chrysanthemum. Then he took off his European clothes and put on a voluminous white hemless robe with long, trailing sleeves. Very slowly he knelt. Carefully, according to the rites, he tucked the sleeves under his knees, to prevent himself falling backward, since a samurai should die falling forward. He took the dirk from the scabbard.

The next moment it had disappeared beneath the flowing draperies. He made a hardly perceptible movement. One corner of his mouth was slightly twisted, the first sign of great suffering heroically borne. His right leg was bent back, his left knee too. Then he drew the dirk slowly across to his right side and gave a cut upward.

Crimson stained his white robe. His eyes, glazed, staring, held a question—a question, a doubt to the last. Had he acted honourably? Had he——?

He fell forward. . . .

It was thus that Baron von Eschingen, ushered in by Kaguchi, found him.

"Hara-kiri!" he said, drawing a sheet across the dead man's face; and then, quite suddenly: "Yes—yes. I understand—honourable little beggar!"

July 4. Statistics show that we lose more fools on this day than in all the other days of the year put together. This proves, by the number left in stock, that one Fourth of July per year is now inadequate, the country has grown so.

Pudd'n'head Wilson. MARK TWAIN.

A centipede was happy quite
Until a frog in fun
Said: "Pray which leg comes after which?"
This raised her mind to such a pitch
She lay distracted in a ditch!
Considering how to run! ANONYMOUS.

UGLINESS *n.* A gift of the gods to certain women, entailing virtue without humility.
UXORIOUSNESS *n.* A perverted affection that has strayed to one's own wife.
WITCH *n.* (1) An ugly and repulsive old woman, in a wicked league with the devil. (2) A beautiful and attractive young woman, in wickedness a league beyond the devil.

Devil's Dictionary. AMBROSE BIERCE.

A woman never quite recovers from being her first husband's wife. For one thing, she knows where he is. CORRA HARRIS.

Colonel Carter of Cartersville

By

F. HOPKINSON SMITH

Illustrations by E. W. Kemble

CHAPTER I

THE COLONEL'S HOUSE IN BEDFORD PLACE

THE dinner was at the colonel's—an old-fashioned, partly furnished, two-story house nearly a century old which crouches down behind a larger and more modern dwelling fronting on Bedford Place within a stone's throw of the tall clock tower of Jefferson Market.

The street entrance to this curious abode is marked by a swinging wooden gate opening into a narrow tunnel which dodges under the front house. It is an uncanny sort of passageway, mouldy and wet from a long-neglected leak overhead, and is lighted at night by a rusty lantern with dingy glass sides.

On sunny days this gruesome tunnel frames from the street a delightful picture of a bit of the yard beyond, with the quaint colonial door and its three steps let down in a welcoming way.

Its retired location and shabby entrance brought it quite within the colonel's income, and as the rent was not payable in advance, and the landlord patient, he had surrounded himself not only with all the comforts but with many of the luxuries of a more pretentious home. In this he was assisted by his negro servant Chad—an abbreviation of Nebuchadnezzar—who was chambermaid, cook, butler, body-servant, and boots, and who by his marvelous tales of the magnificence of "de old fambly place in Caartersville" had established a credit among the shopkeepers on the avenue which would have been denied a much more solvent customer.

To this hospitable retreat I wended my way in obedience to one of the colonel's characteristic notes:—

No. 51 Bedford Place,
Friday.

Everything is booming—Fitz says the scheme will take like the measles—dinner to-morrow at six—don't be late. Carter.

The colonel had written several similar notes that week—I lived but a few streets away—all on the spur of the moment, and all expressive of his varying moods and wants; the former suggested by his unbounded enthusiasm over his new railroad scheme, and the latter by such requests as these: "Will you lend me half a dozen napkins—mine are all in the wash, and I want enough to carry me over Sunday. Chad will bring, with your permission, the extra pair of andirons you spoke of." Or, "Kindly hand Chad the two magazines and a corkscrew."

Of course Chad always tucked them under his arm, and carried them away, for nobody ever refused the colonel anything—nobody who loved him. As for himself, he would have been equally generous in return, and have emptied his house, and even his pocketbook, in my behalf, had that latter receptacle been capable of further effort. Should this have been temporarily overstrained—and it generally was—he would have promptly borrowed the amount

of the nearest friend, and then have rubbed his hands and glowed all day with delight at being able to relieve my necessity.

"I am a Virginian, suh. Command me," was his way of putting it.

So to-night I pushed open the swinging door, felt my way along the dark passage, and crossed the small yard choked with snow at the precise minute when the two hands of the great clock in the tall tower pointed to six.

The door was opened by Chad.

"Walk right in, suh; de colonel's in de dinin'-room."

Chad was wrong. The colonel was at that moment finishing his toilet upstairs, in what he was pleased to call his "dressing-room," his cheery voice announcing that fact over the balusters as soon as he heard my own, coupled with the additional information that he would be down in five minutes.

What a cosy charming interior, this dining-room of the colonel's! It had once been two rooms, and two very small ones at that, divided by folding doors. From out the rear one there had opened a smaller room answering to the space occupied by the narrow hall and staircase in front. All the interior partitions and doors dividing these three rooms had been knocked away at some time in its history, leaving an L interior having two windows in front and three in the rear.

Some one of its former occupants, more luxurious than the others, had paneled the walls of this now irregular-shaped apartment with a dark wood running half way to the low ceiling badly smoked and blackened by time, and had built two fireplaces —an open wood fire which laughed at me from behind my own andirons, and an old-fashioned English grate set into the chimney with wide hobs—convenient and necessary for the various brews and mixtures for which the colonel was famous.

Midway, equally warmed by both fires, stood the table, its center freshened by a great dish of celery white and crisp, with covers for three on a snow-white cloth resplendent in old India blue, while at each end shone a pair of silver coasters,—heirlooms from Carter Hall,—one holding a cut-glass decanter of Madeira, the other awaiting its customary bottle of claret.

On the hearth before the wood fire rested a pile of plates, also India blue, and on the mantel over the grate stood a row of bottles adapting themselves, like all good foreigners, to the rigours of our climate. Add a pair of silver candelabra with candles,—the colonel despised gas,—dark red curtains drawn close, three or four easy chairs, a few etchings and sketches loaned from my studio, together with a modest sideboard at the end of the L, and you have the salient features of a room so inviting and restful that you wanted life made up of one long dinner, continually served within its hospitable walls.

But I hear the colonel calling down the back stairs:—

"Not a minute over eighteen, Chad. You ruined those ducks last Sunday."

The next moment he had me by both hands.

"My dear Major, I am pa'alized to think I kep' you waitin'. Just up from my office. Been workin' like a slave, suh. Only five minutes to dress befo' dinner. Have a drop of sherry and a dash of bitters, or shall we wait for Fitzpatrick? No? All right! He should have been here befo' this. You don't know Fitz? Most extraord'nary man; a great mind, suh; literature, science, politics, finance, everything at his fingers' ends. He has been of the greatest service to me since I have been in New York in this railroad enterprise, which I am happy to say is now reachin' a culmination. You shall hear all about it after dinner. Put yo' body in that chair and yo' feet on the fender—my fire and yo' fender! No, Fitz's fender and yo' andirons! Charmin' combination!"

It is always one of my delights to watch the colonel as he busies himself about the room, warming a big chair for his guests, punching the fire, brushing the sparks from the pile of plates, and testing the temperature of the claret lovingly with the palms of his hands.

He is perhaps fifty years of age, tall and slightly built. His iron gray hair is brushed straight back from his forehead, overlapping his collar behind. His eyes were deep-set and twinkling; nose prominent; cheeks slightly sunken; brow wide and high; and chin and jaw strong and marked. His moustache droops over a firm, well-cut mouth and unites at its ends with a gray goatee which rests on his shirt front.

Like most Southerners living away from great cities his voice is soft and low, and tempered with a cadence that is delicious.

He wears a black broadcloth coat,—a double-breasted garment, — with similar coloured waistcoat and trousers, a turn-down collar, a shirt of many plaits which is under-starched and over-wrinkled but

always clean, large cuffs very much frayed, a narrow black or white tie, and low shoes with white cotton stockings.

This black broadcloth coat, by the way, is quite the most interesting feature of the colonel's costume. So many changes are constantly made in its general make-up that you never quite believe it is the same ill-buttoned, shiny garment until you become familiar with its possibilities.

When the colonel has a funeral or other serious matter on his mind, this coat is buttoned close up under his chin showing only the upper edge of his white collar, his gaunt throat and the stray end of a black cravat. When he is invited to dinner he buttons it lower down, revealing as well a bit of his plaited shirt, and when it is a wedding this old stand-by is thrown wide open discovering a stiff, starched, white waistcoat with ivory buttons and snowy neck-cloth.

These several make-ups used once to surprise me, and I often found myself insisting that the looseness and grace with which this garment flapped about the colonel's thin legs was only possible in a brand-new coat having all the spring and lightness of youth in its seams. I was always mistaken. I had only to look at the mismated buttons and the raveled edge of the lining fringing the tails. It was the same coat.

The colonel wore to-night the lower-button style with the white tie. It was indeed the adjustment of this necessary article which has consumed the five minutes passed in his dressing-room, slightly lengthened by the time necessary to trim his cuffs—a little nicety which he rarely overlooked and which it mortified him to forget.

What a frank, generous, tender-hearted fellow he is: happy as a boy; hospitable to the verge of beggary; enthusiastic as he is visionary; simple as he is genuine. A Virginian of good birth, fair education, and limited knowledge of the world and of men, proud of his ancestry, proud of his State, and proud of himself; believing in states' rights, slavery, and the Confederacy; and away down in the bottom of his soul still clinging to the belief that the poor white trash of the earth includes about everybody outside of Fairfax County.

With these antecedents it is easy to see that his "reconstruction" is as hopeless as that of the famous Greek frieze, outwardly whole and yet always a patchwork. So he chafes continually under what he believes to be the tyranny and despotism of an undefined autocracy, which, in a general way, he calls "the Government," but which really refers to the distribution of certain local offices in his own immediate vicinity.

When he hands you his card it bears this unabridged inscription:—

Colonel George Fairfax Carter,
of Carter Hall,
Cartersville, Virginia.

He omits "United States of America," simply because it would add nothing to his identity or his dignity.

"There's Fitz," said the colonel as a sharp double knock sounded at the outer gate; and the next instant a stout, thick-set, round-faced man of forty, with merry, bead-like eyes protected by big-bowed spectacles, pushed open the door, and peered in good-humouredly.

The colonel sprang forward and seized him by both shoulders.

"What the devil do you mean, Fitz, by comin' ten minutes late? Don't you know, suh, that the burnin' of a canvasback is a crime?

"Stuck in the snow? Well, I'll forgive you this once, but Chad won't. Give me yo' coat—bless me! it is as wet as a setter dog. Now put yo' belated carcass into this chair which I have been warmin' for you, right next to my dearest old friend, the Major. Major, Fitz!—Fitz, the Major! Take hold of each other. Does my heart good to get you both together. Have you brought a copy of the prospectus of our railroad? You know, I want the Major in with us on the groun' flo'. But after dinner—not a word befo'."

This railroad was the colonel's only hope for the impoverished acres of Carter Hall, but lately saved from foreclosure by the generosity of his aunt, Miss Nancy Carter, who had redeemed it with almost all her savings, the house and half of the outlying lands being, thereupon, deeded to her. The other half reverted to the colonel.

I explained to Fitz immediately after his hearty greeting that I was a humble landscape painter, and not a major at all, having not the remotest connection with any military organization whatever; but that the colonel always insisted upon surrounding himself with a staff, and that my promotion was in conformity with this habit.

The colonel laughed, seized the poker, and rapped three times on the floor. A voice from the kitchen rumbled up:—

"Comin', sah!"

It was Chad "dishin' the dinner" below, his explanations increasing in distinctness as he pushed the rear door open with his foot,—both hands being occupied with the soup tureen which he bore aloft and placed at the head of the table.

In a moment more he retired to the outer hall and reappeared brilliant in white jacket and apron. Then he ranged himself behind the colonel's chair and with great dignity announced that dinner was served.

"Come, Major! Fitz, sit where you can warm yo' back—you are not thawed out yet. One minute, gentlemen,—an old custom of my ancestors which I never omit."

The blessing was asked with becoming reverence; there was a slight pause, and then the colonel lifted the cover of the tureen and sent a savoury cloud of incense to the ceiling.

The soup was a cream of something with baby crabs. There was also a fish,—boiled,—with slices of hard boiled eggs fringing the dish, ovaled by a hedge of parsley and supplemented by a pyramid of potatoes with their jackets ragged as tramps. Then a ham, brown and crisp, and bristling all over with cloves.

Then the ducks!

It was beautiful to see the colonel's face when Chad, with a bow like a folding jackknife, held this dish before him.

"Lay 'em here, Chad—right under my nose. Now hand me that pile of plates sizzlin' hot, and give that caarvin' knife a turn or two across the hearth. Major, dip a bit of celery in the salt and follow it with a mou'ful of claret. It will prepare yo' palate for the kind of food we raise gentlemen on down my way. See that red blood, suh, followin' the knife!"

"Suit you, marsa?" Chad never forgot his slave days.

"To a turn, Chad,—I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for you," replied the colonel, relapsing as unconsciously into an old habit.

It was not to be wondered at that the colonel loved a good dinner. To dine well was with him an inherited instinct; one of the necessary preliminaries to all the important duties in life. To share with you his last crust was a part of his religion; to eat alone, a crime.

"There, Major," said the colonel as Chad laid the smoking plate before me, "is the breast of a bird that fo' days ago was divin' for wild celery within fo'ty miles of Caarter Hall. My dear old aunt Nancy sends me a pair every week, bless her sweet soul! Fill yo' glasses and let us drink to her health and happiness." Here the colonel rose from his chair: "Gentlemen, the best thing on this earth—a true Southern lady!

"Now, Chad, the red pepper."

"No jelly, Colonel?" said Fitz, with an eye on the sideboard.

"Jelly? No, suh; not a suspicion of it. A pinch of salt, a dust of cayenne, then shut yo' eyes and mouth, and don't open them 'cept for a drop of good red wine. It is the salt marsh in the early mornin' that you are tastin', suh,—not molasses candy. You Nawtherners don't really treat a canvasback with any degree of respect. You ought never to come into his presence when he lies in state without takin' off yo' hats. That may be one reason why he skips over the Nawthern States when he takes his annual fall outin'." And he laughed heartily.

"But you use it on venison?" argued Fitz.

"Venison is diff'rent, suh. That game lives on moose buds, the soft inner bark of the sugar maple, and the tufts of sweet grass. There is a propriety and justice in his endin' his days smothered in sweets; but the wild duck, suh, is bawn of the salt ice, braves the storm, and lives a life of peyil and hardship. You don't degrade a' oyster, a soft-shell crab, or a clam with confectionery; why a canvasback duck?

"Now, Chad, serve coffee."

The colonel pushed back his chair, and opened a drawer in a table on his right, producing three small clay pipes with reed stems and a buckskin bag of tobacco. This he poured out on a plate, breaking the coarser grains with the palms of his hands, and filling the pipes with the greatest care.

Fitz watched him curiously, and when he reached for the third pipe, said:—

"No, Colonel, none for me; smoke a cigar—got a pocketful."

"Smoke yo' own cigars, will you, and in the presence of a Virginian? I don't believe you have got a drop of Irish blood left in yo' veins, or you would take this pipe."

"Too strong for me," remonstrated Fitz.

"Throw that villainous device away, I say, Fitz, and surprise yo' nostrils with a whiff of this. Virginia tobacco, suh—raised at Caartersville—cured by my own servants. No? Well, you will, Major. Here, try that; every breath of it is a nosegay," said the colonel, turning to me.

"But, Colonel," continued Fitz, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "your tobacco pays no tax. With a debt like ours it is the duty of every good citizen to pay his share of it. Half the cost of this cigar goes to the Government."

It was a red flag to the colonel, and he laid down his pipe and faced Fitz squarely.

"Tax! On our own productions, suh! Raised on your own land! Are you again forgettin' that you are an Irishman and becomin' one of these money-makin' Yankees? Haven't we suffe'd enough—robbed of our property, our lands confiscated, our slaves torn from us; nothin' left but our honour and the shoes we stand in!"

The colonel on cross-examination could not locate any particular wholesale robbery, but it did not check the flow of his indignation.

"Take, for instance, the town of Caartersville: look at that peaceful village which for mo' than a hundred years has enjoyed the privileges of free government; and not only Caartersville, but all our section of the State."

"Well, what's the matter with Cartersville?" asked Fitz, lighting his cigar.

"Mattah, suh! Just look at the degradation it fell into hardly ten years ago. A Yankee jedge jurisdictin' our laws, a Yankee sheriff enfo'cin' 'em, and a Yankee postmaster distributin' letters and sellin' postage stamps."

"But they were elected all right, Colonel, and represented the will of the people."

"What people? Yo' people, not mine. No, my dear Fitz; the Administration succeeding the war treated us shamefully, and will go down to postehity as infamous."

The colonel here left his chair and began pacing the floor, his indignation rising at every step.

"To give you an idea, suh," he continued, "of what we Southern people suffe'd immediately after the fall of the Confederacy, let me state a case that came under my own observation.

"Colonel Temple Talcott of F'okeer County, Virginia, came into Talcottville one mornin', suh—a town settled by his ancestors—ridin' upon his horse—or rather a mule belongin' to his overseer. Colonel Talcott, suh, belonged to one of the vehy fust families in Virginia. He was a son of Jedge Thaxton Talcott, and grandson of General Snowden Stafford Talcott of the Revolutionary War. Now, suh, let me tell you right here that the Talcott blood is as blue as the sky, and that every gentleman bearin' the name is known all over the county as a man whose honour is dearer to him than his life, and whose word is as good as his bond. Well, suh, on this mornin' Colonel Talcott left his plantation in charge of his overseer—he was workin' it on shares—and rode through his estates to his ancestral town, some five miles distant. It is true, suh, these estates were no longer in his name, but that had no bearin' on the events that followed; he ought to have owned them, and would have done so but for some vehy ungentlemanly fo'closure proceedin's which occurred immediately after the war.

"On arriving at Talcottville the colonel dismounted, handed the reins to his servant—or perhaps one of the niggers around the do'—and entered the post-office. Now, suh, let me tell you that one month befo', the Government, contrary to the express wishes of a great many of our leadin' citizens, had sent a Yankee postmaster to Talcottville to administer the postal affairs of that town. No sooner had this man taken possession than he began to be exclusive, suh, and to put on airs. The vehy fust air he put on was to build a fence in his office and compel our people to transact their business through a hole. This in itself was vehy gallin', suh, for up to that time the mail had always been dumped out on the table in the stage office and every gentleman had he'ped himself. The next thing was the closin' of his mail bags at a' hour fixed by himself. This became a great inconvenience to our citizens, who were often late in finishin' their correspondence, and who had always found our former postmaster willin' either to hold the bag over until the next day, or to send it across to Drummondtown by a boy to catch a later train.

"Well, suh, Colonel Talcott's mission to the post-office was to mail a letter to his factor in Richmond, Virginia, on business of the utmost importance to himself—namely, the raisin' of a small loan upon his share of the crop. Not the crop that was planted, suh, but the crop that he expected to plant.

"Colonel Talcott approached the hole, and with that Chesterfieldian manner which has distinguished the Talcotts for mo' than two centuries asked the postmaster for the loan of a three-cent postage stamp.

"To his astonishment, suh, he was refused.

"Think of a Talcott in his own county town bein' refused a three-cent postage

stamp by a low-lived Yankee, who had never known a gentleman in his life! The colonel's first impulse was to haul the scoundrel through the hole and caarve him; but then he remembered that he was a Talcott and could not demean himself, and drawin' himself up again with that manner which was grace itself he requested the loan of a three-cent postage stamp until he should communicate with his factor in Richmond, Virginia; and again he was refused. Well, suh, what was there left for a high-toned Southern gentleman to do? Colonel Talcott drew his revolver and shot that Yankee scoundrel through the heart, and killed him on the spot.

"And now, suh, comes the most remarkable part of this story. If it had not been for Major Tom Yancey, Jedge Kerfoot, and myself there would have been a lawsuit."

Fitz lay back in his chair and roared.

"And they did not hang the colonel?"

"Hang a Talcott! No, suh; we don't hang gentlemen down our way. Jedge Kerfoot vehy properly charged the coroner's jury that it was a matter of self-defense, and Colonel Talcott was not detained mo' than haalf an hour."

The colonel stopped, unlocked a closet in the sideboard, and produced a black bottle labeled in ink, "Old Cherry Bounce, 1848."

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, but the discussion of these topics has quite unnerved me. Allow me to share with you a thimbleful."

Fitz drained his glass, cast his eyes upward, and said solemnly, "To the repose of the postmaster's soul."

CHAPTER II

THE GARDEN SPOT OF VIRGINIA SEEKS AN OUTLET TO THE SEA

CHAD was just entering the small gate which shut off the underground passage when I arrived opposite the colonel's cozy quarters. I had come to listen to the details of that booming enterprise with the epidemic proclivities, the discussion of which had been cut short by the length of time it had taken to kill the postmaster the night before.

It was quite evident that the colonel expected guests, for Chad was groaning under a square wicker basket, containing, among other luxuries and necessities, half a dozen bottles of claret, a segment of cheese, and some heads of lettuce; the whole surmounted by a clean leather-covered passbook inscribed with the name and avenue number of the confiding and accommodating grocer who supplied the colonel's daily wants.

"De colonel an' Misser Fizpat'ic bofe waitin' for you, sah," said that obsequious darky, preceding me through the dark passage. I followed, mounted the old-fashioned wooden steps, and fell into the outstretched arms of the colonel before I could touch the knocker.

"Here he is, Fitz!" and the next instant I was sharing with that genial gentleman the warmth of the colonel's fire.

"Now then, Chad," called out the colonel, "take this lettuce and give it a dip in the snow for five minutes; and here, Chad, befo' you go hand me that claret. Bless my soul! it is as cold as a dog's nose; Fitz, set it on the mantel. And hurry down to that mutton, Chad. Never mind the basket. Leave it where it is."

Chad chuckled out to me as he closed the door: "'Spec' I know mo' 'bout dat saddle den de colonel. It ain't a-burnin' none." And the colonel, satisfied now that Chad's hand had reached the oven door below, made a vigorous attack on the blazing logs with the tongs, and sent a flight of sparks scurrying up the chimney.

There was always a glow and breeze and sparkle about the colonel's fire that I found nowhere else. It partook to a certain extent of his personality—open, bright, and with a great draft of enthusiasm always rushing up a chimney of difficulties, buoyed up with the hope of the broad clear of the heaven of success above.

"My fire," he once said to me, "is my friend; and sometimes, my dear boy, when you are all away and Chad is out, it seems my only friend. After it talks to me for hours we both get sleepy together, and I cover it up with its gray blanket of ashes and then go to bed myself. Ah, Major! when you are gettin' old and have no wife to love you and no children to make yo' heart glad, a wood fire full of honest old logs, every one of which is doing its best to please you, is a great comfort."

"Draw closer, Major; vehy cold night, gentlemen. We do not have any such weather in my State. Fitz, have you thawed out yet?"

Fitz looked up from a pile of documents spread out on his lap, his round face aglow with the firelight, and compared himself to half a slice of toast well browned on both sides.

"I am glad of it. I was worried about you when you came in. You were chilled through."

Then turning to me: "Fact is, Fitz is a little overworked. Enormous strain, suh, on a man solving the vast commercial problems that he is called upon to do every day."

After which outburst the colonel crossed the room and finished unpacking the basket, placing the cheese in one of the empty plates on the table, and the various other commodities on the sideboard. When he reached the pass-book he straightened himself up, held it off admiringly, turned the leaves slowly, his face lighting up at the goodly number of clean pages still between its covers, and said thoughtfully:—

"Very beautiful custom, this pass-book system, gentlemen, and quite new to me. One of the most co'teous attentions I have received since I have taken up my residence Nawth. See how simple it is. I send my servant to the sto' for my supplies. He returns in haalf an hour with everything I need, and brings back this book which I keep,—remember, gentlemen, which I *keep*, —a mark of confidence which in this degen'rate age is refreshin'. No vulgar bargainin', suh; no disagreeable remarks about any former unsettled account. It certainly is delightful."

"When are the accounts under this system generally paid, Colonel," asked Fitz.

With the exception of a slight tremor around the corners of his mouth Fitz's face expressed nothing but the idlest interest.

"I have never inquired, suh, and would not hurt the gentleman's feelin's, by doin' so for the world," he replied with dignity. "I presume, when the book is full."

Whatever might have been Fitz's mental workings, there was no mistaking the colonel's. He believed every word he said.

"What a dear old trump the colonel is," said Fitz, turning to me, his face wrinkling all over with suppressed laughter.

All this time Chad was passing in and out, bearing dishes and viands, and when all was ready and the table candles were lighted, he announced that fact softly to his master and took his customary place behind his chair.

The colonel was as delightful as ever, his talk ranging from politics and family blood to 'possum hunts and modern literature, while the mutton and its accessories did full credit to Chad's culinary skill.

In fact, the head of the colonel's table was his throne. Nowhere else was he so charming, and nowhere else did the many sides to his delightful nature give out such varied hues.

Fitz, practical business man as he was, would listen to his many schemes by the hour, charmed into silence and attentive appreciation by the sublime faith that sustained his host, and the perfect honesty and sincerity underlying everything he did.

But it was not until the cheese had completely lost its geometrical form, the coffee served, and the pipes lighted, that the subject which of all others absorbed him was broached. Indeed, it was a rule of the colonel's, never infringed upon, that, no matter how urgent the business, the dinner-hour was to be kept sacred.

"Salt yo' food, suh, with humour," he would say. "Season it with wit, and sprinkle it all over with the charm of good-fellowship, but never poison it with the cares of yo' life. It is an insult to yo' digestion, besides bein', suh, a mark of bad breedin'."

"Now, Major," began the colonel, turning to me, loosening the string around a package of papers, and spreading them out like a game of solitaire, "draw yo' chair closer. Fitz, hand me the map."

A diligent search revealed the fact that the map had been left at the office, and so the colonel proceeded without it, appealing now and then to Fitz, who leaned over his chair, his arm on the table.

"Befo' I touch upon the financial part of this enterprise, Major, let me show you where this road runs," said the colonel, reaching for the casters. "I am sorry I haven't the map, but we can get along very well with this"; and he unloaded the cruets.

"This mustard-pot, here, is Caartersville, the startin'-point of our system. This town, suh, has now a population of mo' than fo' thousand people; in five years it will have fo'ty thousand. From this point the line follows the bank of the Big Tench River—marked by this caarvin'-knife—to this salt-cellar, where it crosses its waters by an iron bridge of two spans, each of two hundred and fifty feet. Then, suh, it takes a sharp bend to the southard and stops at my estate, the road-bed skirtin' within a convenient distance of Caarter Hall.

"Please move yo' arm, Fitz. I haven't room enough to lay out the city of Fairfax. Thank you.

"Just here," continued the colonel, utilizing the remains of the cheese, "is to be the future city of Fairfax, named after my ancestor, suh, General Thomas Wilmot

Fairfax of Somerset, England, who settled here in 1680. From here we take a course due nawth, stopping at Talcottville eight miles, and thence nawthwesterly to Warrentown and the broad Atlantic; in all fifty miles."

"Any connecting road at Warrentown?" I asked.

"No suh, nor anywhere else along the line. It is absolutely virgin country, and this is one of the strong points of the scheme, for there can be no competition"; and the colonel leaned back in his chair, and looked at me with the air of a man who had just informed me of a legacy of half a million of dollars and was watching the effect of the news.

I preserved my gravity, and followed the imaginary line with my eye, bounding from the mustard-pot along the carving-knife to the salt-cellar and back in a loop to the cheese, and then asked if the Big Tench could not be crossed higher up, and if so why was it necessary to build twelve additional miles of road.

"To reach Carter Hall," said Fitz quietly.

"Any advantage?" I asked in perfect good faith.

The colonel was on his feet in a moment.

"Any advantage? Major, I am surprised at you! A place settled mo' than one hundred years ago, belongin' to one of the vehy fust fam'lies of Virginia, not to be of any advantage to a new enterprise like this! Why, suh, it will give an air of respectability to the whole thing that nothin' else could ever do. Leave out Caarter Hall, suh, and you pa'alize the whole scheme. Am I not right, Fitz?"

"Unquestionably, Colonel. It is really all the life it has," replied Fitz, solemn as a graven image, blowing a cloud of smoke through his nose.

"And then, suh," continued the colonel with increasing enthusiasm, oblivious to the point of Fitz's remark, "see the improvements. Right here to the westward of this cheese we shall build a round-house marked by this napkin-ring, which will accommodate twelve locomotives, construct extensive shops for repairs, and erect large foundries and caar-shops. Altogether, suh, we shall expend at this point mo' than—mo' than—one million of dollars"; and the colonel threw back his head and gazed at the ceiling, his lips computing imaginary sums.

"Befo' these improvements are complete it will be necessary, of course, to take care of the enormous crowds that will flock in for a restin'-place. So to the left of this napkin-ring, on a slightly risin' ground,—just here where I raise the cloth,—is where the homes of the people will be erected. I have the refusal"—here the colonel lowered his voice—"of two thousand acres of the best private-residence land in the county, contiguous to this very spot, which I can buy for fo' dollars an acre. It is worth fo' dollars a square foot if it is worth a penny. But, suh, it would be little short of highway rob'ry to take this property at that figger, and I shall arrange with Fitz to include in his prospectus the payment of one hundred dollars an acre for this land, payable either in the common stock of our road or in the notes of the company, as the owners may elect."

"But, colonel," said I, with a sincere desire to get at the facts, "where is the Golconda—the gold mine? Where do I come in?"

"Patience, my dear Major; I am coming to that.

"Fitz, read that prospectus."

"I have," said Fitz, turning to the colonel, "somewhat modified your rough draft, to meet the requirements of our market; but not materially. Of course I cannot commit myself to any fixed earning capacity until I go over the ground, which we will do together shortly. But"—raising the candle to the level of his nose—"this is as near as I can come to your ideas with any hopes of putting the loan through here. I have, as you will see, left the title of the bond as you wished, although the issue is a novel one to our Exchange." Then turning to me: "This of course is only a preliminary announcement."

THE CARTERSVILLE AND WARRENTOWN AIR LINE RAILROAD.

THE GARDEN SPOT OF VIRGINIA SEEKS AN OUTLET TO THE SEA.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION DOLLARS, DIVIDED INTO

50,000 Founders' shares at.....$10.00 each
5,000 Ordinary shares at.....100.00 each

BONDED DEBT FOR PURPOSES OF CONSTRUCTION ONLY.

ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS
IN
1,000 FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS OF $1000.00 EACH.

FULL PROTECTION GUARANTEED.

The undersigned, Messrs. ..... offer for sale $500,000.00 of the 6% Deferred Debenture Bonds of the C. & W. Air Line Railroad at par and

accrued interest, together with a limited amount of the ordinary shares at 50%.

Subscription books close.....
Promoters reserve the right to advance prices without further notice.

"There, Major, is a prospectus that caarries conviction on its vehy face," said the colonel, reaching for the document.

I complimented the eminent financier on his skill, and was about to ask him what it all meant, when the colonel, who had been studying it carefully, broke in with:—

"Fitz, there is one thing you left out."

"Yes, I know, the name of the banker; I haven't found him yet."

"No, Fitz; but the words, '*Subscriptions opened Simultaneously in New York, London, Richmond,*' and——"

"Cartersville?" suggested Fitz.

"Certainly, suh."

"Any money in Cartersville?"

"No, suh, not much; but we can *subscribe*, can't we? The name and influence of our leadin' citizens would give tone and dignity to any subscription list. Think of this, suh!" and the colonel traced imaginary inscriptions on the back of Fitz's prospectus with his forefinger, voicing them as he went on:—

The Hon. JOHN PAGE LOWNES,
Member of the State Legislature.... 1,000 shares
The Hon. I. B. KERFOOT,
Jedge of the District Court of
Fairfax County.....1,000 shares
Major THOMAS C. YANCEY,
Late of the Confederate Army..... 500 shares

"These gentlemen are my friends, suh, and would do anythin' to oblige me."

Fitz sharpened a lead pencil and without a word inserted the desired amendment.

The colonel studied the document for another brief moment and struck another snag.

"And, Fitz, what do you mean, by 'full protection guaranteed'?"

"To the bondholder, of course,—the man who pays the money."

"What kind of protection?"

"Why, the right to foreclose the mortgage when the interest is not paid, of course," said Fitz, with a surprised look.

"Put yo' pencil through that line, quick —none of that for me. This fo'closure business has ruined haalf the gentlemen in our county, suh. But for that foolishness two-thirds of our fust families would still be livin' in their homes. No, suh, strike it out!"

"But, my dear Colonel, without that protecting clause you couldn't get a banker to touch your bonds with a pair of tongs. What recourse have they?"

"What reco'se? Reorganization, suh! A boilin'-down process which will make the stock—which we practically give away at fifty cents on the dollar—twice as valuable. I appreciate, my dear Fitz, the effo'ts which you are makin' to dispose of these secu'ities, but you must remember that this plan is *mine*.

"Now, Major," locking his arm in mine, "listen; for I want you both to understand exactly the way in which I propose to forward this enterprise. Chad, bring me three wine-glasses and put that Madeira on the table—don't disturb that railroad!—so.

"My idea, gentlemen," continued the colonel, filling the glasses himself, "is to start this scheme honestly in the beginnin', and avoid all dissatisfaction on the part of these vehy bondholders thereafter.

"Now, suh, in my experience I have always discovered that a vehy general dissatisfaction is sure to manifest itself if the coupons on secu'ities of this class are not paid when they become due. As a gen'ral rule this interest money is never earned for the fust two years, and the money to pay it with is inva'ably stolen from the principal. All this dishonesty I avoid, suh, by the issue of my Deferred Debenture Bonds."

"How?" I asked, seeing the colonel pause for a reply.

"By cuttin' off the fust fo' coupons. Then everybody knows exactly where they stand. They don't expect anythin' and they never get it."

Fitz gave one of his characteristic roars and asked if the fifth would ever be paid.

"I can't at this moment answer, but we hope it will."

"It is immaterial," said Fitz, wiping his eyes. "This class of purchasers are all speculators, and like excitement. The very uncertainty as to this fifth coupon gives interest to the investment, if not to the investor."

"None of yo' Irish impudence, suh. No, gentlemen, the plan is not only fair, but reasonable. Two years is not a long period of time in which to foster a great enterprise like the C. & W. A. L. R. R., and it is for this purpose that I issue the Deferred Debentures. Deferred—put off; Debenture—owed. What we owe we put off. Simple, easily understood, and honest.

"Now, suh," turning to Fitz, "if after

this frank statement any graspin' banker seeks to trammel this enterprise by any fo'closure clauses, he sha'n't have a bond, suh. I'll take them all myself fust."

Fitz agreed to the striking out of all such harassing clauses, and the colonel continued his inspection.

"One mo' and I am done, Fitz. What do you mean by Founders' shares?"

"Shares for the promoters and the first subscribers. They cost one-tenth of the ordinary shares and draw five times as much dividend. It is quite a popular form of investment. They, of course, are not sold until all the bonds are disposed of."

"How many of these Founders' shares are there?"

"Fifty thousand at ten dollars each."

The colonel paused a moment and communed inwardly with himself.

"Put me down for twenty-five thousand, Fitz. Part cash, and the balance in such po'tion of my estate as will be required for the purposes of the road."

The colonel did not specify the proportions, but Fitz made a pencil memorandum on the margin of the prospectus with the same sort of respectful silence he would have shown the Rothschilds in a similar transaction, while the colonel refilled his glass and held it between his nose and the candle.

"And now, Major, what shall we reserve for you?" said he, laying his hand on my shoulder. Before I could reply Fitz raised his finger, looked at me significantly over the rims of his spectacles, and said:—

"With your permission, Colonel, the Major and I will divide the remaining twenty-five thousand between ourselves." Then seeing my startled look, "I will give you ample notice, Major, before the first partial payment is called in."

"You overwhelm me, gentlemen," said the colonel, rising from his seat and seizing us by the hands. "It has been the dream of my life to have you both with me in this enterprise, but I had no idea it would be realized so soon. Fill yo' glasses and join me in a sentiment that is dear to me as my life—'The Garden Spot of Virginia in search of an Outlet to the Sea.'"

Nothing could have been more exhilarating than the colonel's manner after this. His enthusiasm became so contagious that I began to feel something like a millionaire myself, and to wonder whether this were not the opportunity of my life. Fitz was so far affected that he recanted to a certain extent his disbelief in the omission of the foreclosure clause, and even expressed himself as being hopeful of getting around it in some way.

As for the colonel, the railroad was to him already a fixed fact. He could really shut his eyes at any time and hear the whistle of the down train nearing the bridge over the Tench. Such trifling details as the finding of a banker who would attempt to negotiate the loan, the subsequent selling of the securities, and the minor items of right of way, construction, etc., were matters so light and trivial as not to cause him a moment's uneasiness. Cartersville was to him the center of the earth, hampered and held back by lack of proper connections with the outlying portions of the universe. What mattered the rest?

"Make a memorandum, Fitz, to have me send for a bridge engineer fust thing after I get to my office in the mornin'. There will be some difficulty in gettin' a proper foundation for the center-pier of that bridge, and some one should be sent at once to make a survey. We can't be delayed at this point a day. And, Fitz, while I think of it, there should be a wagon bridge at or near this iron structure, and the timber might as well be gotten out now. It will facilitate haulin' supplies into Fairfax city."

Fitz thought so too, and made a second memorandum to that effect, recording the suggestion very much as a private secretary would an order from his railroad magnate.

The colonel gave this last order with coat thrown open—thumbs in his vest—back to the fire—an attitude never indulged in except on rare occasions, and then only when the very weight of the problem necessitated a corresponding bracing up, and more breathing room.

These attitudes, by the way, were very suggestive of the colonel's varying moods. Sometimes, when he came home, tired out with the hard pavements of the city, so different from the soft earth of his native roads, I would find him bunched up in his chair in the twilight; face in hands, elbows on knees, crooning over the fire, the silver streaks in his hair glistening in the flickering firelight, building castles in the glowing coals,—the old manor house restored and the barns rebuilt, the gates rehung, the old quarters repaired, the little negroes again around the doors; and he once more catching the sound of the yellow-painted coach on the gravel, with Chad helping the dear old aunt down the porch steps. This,

deep down in the bottom of his soul, was really the dream and purpose of his life.

It never seemed nearer of realization than now. The very thought suffused his whole being with a suppressed joy, visible in his face even when he began loosening the two lower buttons of his old threadbare coat, throwing back the lapels and slowly extending his fingers fan-like over his dilating chest.

I always knew what suddenly sweetened his smile from one of triumphant pride to one of tenderness.

"And the old home, Fitz, something must be done there; we must receive our friends properly."

Fitz agreed to everything, offering an amendment here, and a suggestion there, until our host's enthusiasm reached fever heat.

It was nearly midnight before the colonel had confided to Fitz all the pressing necessities of the coming day. Even then he followed us both to the door, with parting instructions to Fitz, saying over and over again that it had been the happiest night of his life. And he would have gone bareheaded to the outer gate had not Chad caught him half-way down the steps, thrown a coat over his head and shoulders, and gently led him back with:—

"'Clar to goodness, Marsa George, what kind foolishness dis yer? Is you tryin' to ketch yo' death?"

Once on the outside and the gate shut, Fitz's whole manner changed. He became suddenly thoughtful, and did not speak until we reached the tall clock tower with its full moon of a face shining high up against the black winter night.

Then he stood still, looked out over the white street, dotted here and there with belated wayfarers trudging home through the snow, and said with a tremor in his voice which startled me:—

"I couldn't raise a dollar in a lunatic asylum full of millionaires on a scheme like the colonel's, and yet I keep on lying to the dear old fellow day after day, hoping that something will turn up by which I can help him out."

"Then tell him so."

Fitz laid his hand on my shoulder, looked me straight in the face and said:—

"I cannot. It would break his heart."

CHAPTER III

AN OLD FAMILY SERVANT

THE Colonel's front yard, while as quaint and old-fashioned as his house, was not—if I may be allowed—quite so well bred.

This came partly from the outdoor life it had always led and from its close association with other yards that had lost all semblance of respectability, and partly from the fact that it had never felt the refining influences of the friends of the house; for nobody ever lingered in the front yard who by any possibility could get into the front door—nobody, except perhaps now and then a stray tramp, who felt at home at once and went to sleep on the steps.

That all this told upon its character and appearance was shown in the remnants of whitewash on the high wall, scaling off in discoloured patches; in the stagger of the tall fence opposite, drooping like a drunkard between two policemen of posts; and in the unkempt, bulging rear of the third wall,—the front house,—stuffed with rags and tied up with clothes-lines.

If in the purity of its youth it had ever seen better days as a garden—but then no possible stretch of imagination, however brilliant, could ever convert this miserable quadrangle into a garden.

It contained, of course, as all such yards do, one lone plant,—this time a honeysuckle,—which had clambered over the front door and there rested as if content to stay; but which later on, frightened at the surroundings, had with one great spring cleared the slippery wall between, reached the rain-spout above, and by its helping arm had thus escaped to the roof and the sunlight.

It is also true that high up on this same wall there still clung the remains of a criss-cross wooden trellis supporting the shivering branches of an old vine, which had spent its whole life trying to grow high enough to look over the tall fence into the yard beyond; but this was so long ago that not even the landlord remembered the colour of its blossoms.

Then there was an old-fashioned hydrant, with a half-spiral crank of a handle on its top and the curved end of a lead pipe always a-leak thrust through its rotten side, with its little statues of ice all winter and its spattering slop all summer.

Besides all this there were some broken flower-pots in a heap in one corner,—suicides from the window-sills above,—and some sagging clothes-lines, and a battered watering-pot, and a box or two that might once have held flowers; and yet with all this circumstantial evidence against me I cannot conscientiously believe that this forlorn courtyard ever could have risen to the dignity of a garden.

But of course nothing of all this can be seen at night. At night one sees only the tall clock tower of Jefferson Market with its one blazing eye glaring high up over the fence, the little lantern hung in the tunnel, and the glow through the curtains shading the old-fashioned windows of the house itself, telling of warmth and comfort within.

To-night when I pushed open the swinging door—the door of the tunnel entering from the street—the lantern was gone, and in its stead there was only the glimmer of a mysterious light moving about the yard,—a light that fell now on the bare wall, now on the front steps, making threads of gold of the twisted iron railings, then on the posts of the leaning fence, against which hung three feathery objects—grotesque and curious in the changing shadows, —and again on some barrels and boxes surrounded by loose straw.

Following this light, in fact, guiding it, was a noiseless, crouching figure peering under the open steps, groping around the front door, creeping beneath the windows; moving uneasily with a burglar-like tread.

I grasped my umbrella, advanced to the edge of the tunnel, and called out:—

"Who's that?"

The figure stopped, straightened up, held a lantern high over its head, and peered into the darkness.

There was no mistaking that face.

"Oh, that's you, Chad, is it? What the devil are you doing?"

"Lookin' for one ob dese yer tar'pins Miss Nancy sent de colonel. Dey was seben ob 'em in dis box, an' now dey ain't but six. Hole dis light, Major, an' lemme fumble round dis rain-spout."

Chad handed me the lantern, fell on his knees, and began crawling around the small yard like an old dog hunting for a 'possum, feeling in among the roots of the honeysuckle, between the barrels that had brought the colonel's china from Carter Hall, under the steps, way back where Chad kept his wood ashes—but no "brer tar'pin."

"Well, if dat don't beat de lan'! Dey was two ba'els—one had dat wild turkey an' de pair o' geese you see hangin' on de fence dar, an' de udder ba'el I jest ca'aed down de cellar full er oishters. De tar'pins was in dis box—seben ob 'em. Spec' dat rapscallion crawled ober de fence?" And Chad picked up the basket with the remaining half dozen, and descended the basement steps on his way through the kitchen to the front door above. Before he reached the bottom step I heard him break out with:—

"Oh, yer you is, you black debbil! Tryin' to git in de door, is ye? De pot is whar you'll git!"

At the foot of the short steps, flat on his back, head and legs wriggling like an overturned roach, lay the missing terrapin. It had crawled to the edge of the opening and had fallen down in the darkness.

Chad picked him up and kept on grumbling, shaking his finger at the motionless terrapin, whose head and legs were now tight drawn between its shells.

"Gre't mine to squash ye! Wearin' out my old knees lookin' for ye. Nebber mine, I'm gwine to bile ye fust an' de longest—hear dat?—de longest!" Then looking up at me, "I got him, Major—try dat do'. Spec' it's open. Colonel ain't yer yit. Reckon some ob dem moonshiners is keepin' him down town. 'Fo' I forgit it, dar's a letter for ye hangin' to de mantelpiece."

The door and the letter were both open, the latter being half a sheet of paper impaled by a pin, which alone saved it from the roaring fire that Chad had just replenished.

I held it to the light and learned, to my disappointment, that business of enormous importance to the C. & W. A. L. R. R. might preclude the possibility of the colonel's leaving his office until late. If such a calamity overtook him, would I forgive him and take possession of his house and cellar and make myself as comfortable as I could with my best friend away? This postscript followed:—

"Open the new Madeira; Chad has the key."

Chad wreaked his vengeance upon the absconding terrapin by plunging him, with all his sins upon him, headlong into the boiling pot, and half an hour later was engaged at a side table in removing, with the help of an iron fork, the upper shell of the steaming vagabond, for my special comfort and sustenance.

"Tar'pin jes like a crab, Major, on'y got mo' meat to 'em. But you got to know 'em fust to eat 'em. Now dis yer shell is de hot plate, an' ye do all yo' eatin' right inside it," said Chad, dropping a spoonful of butter, the juice of a lemon, and a pinch of salt into the impromptu dish.

"Now, Major, take yo' fork an' pick out all dat black meat an' dip it in de sauce, an' wid ebery mou'ful take one o' dem little

yaller eggs. Dat's de way *we* eat tar'-pin. Dis yer stewin' him up in pote wine is scand'lous. Can't taste nuffin' but de wine. But dat's *tar'pin.*"

I followed Chad's directions to the word, picking the terrapin as I would a crab and smothering the dainty bits in the hot sauce, until only two empty shells and a heap of little bones were left to tell the tale of my appetite.

"Gwine to crawl ober de fence, was ye?" I heard him say with a chuckle as he bore away the débris. "What I tell ye? Whar am ye now?"

"Did Miss Nancy send those terrapin?" I asked, watching the old darky drawing the cork of the new Madeira referred to in the colonel's note.

"Ob co'se, Major; Miss Nancy gibs de colonel eberytin'. Didn't ye know dat? She's de on'y one what's got anythin' to gib, an' she wouldn't hab dat on'y frough de war her money was in de bank in Baltimo'. I know, 'cause I went dar once to git some for her. De Yankee soldiers searched me; but some 'possums got two holes."

"And did she sent him the Madeira too?"

"No, sah; Mister Grocerman gib him dat."

As he pronounced this name his voice fell, and for some time thereafter he kept silent, brushing the crumbs away, replacing a plate or two, or filling my wine-glass, until at last he took his place behind my chair as was his custom with his master. It was easy to see that Chad had something on his mind.

Every now and then a sigh escaped him, which he tried to conceal by some irrelevant remark, as if his sorrow were his own and not to be shared with a stranger. Finally he gave an uneasy glance around, and, looking into my face with an expression of positive pain, said:—

"Don't tell de colonel I axed, but when is dis yer railroad gwineter fotch some money in?"

"Why?" said I, wondering what extravagance the old man had fallen into.

"Nuffin', sah; but if it don't putty quick dar's gwineter be trouble. Dese yer gemmen on de av'nue is gittin' ugly. When I got dar Madary de udder day de tall one warn't gwineter gib it to me, pass-book or no pass-book. On'y de young one say he'd seen de colonel, an' he was a gemmen an' all right, I wouldn't 'a' got it at all. De tall gemmen was comin' right around hisself—what he wanted to see, he said, was de colour ob de colonel's money. Been mo' den two months, an' not a cent.

"Co'se I tole same as I been tellin' him, dat de colonel's folks is quality folks; but he say dat don't pay de bills."

"Did you tell the colonel?"

"No sah; ain't no use tellin' de colonel; on'y worry him. He's got de pass-book, but I ain't yerd him say nuffin' yit 'bout payin' him. I been spectin' Miss Nancy up here, an' de colonel says she's comin' putty soon. She'll fix 'em; but dey ain't no time to waste."

While he spoke there came a loud knock at the door, and Chad returned trembling with fear, his face the very picture of despair.

"Dat's de tall man hisself, sah, an' his dander's up. I knowed dese Yankees in de war, an' I don't like 'em when dey's ris'. When I tole him de colonel ain't home he look at me pizen-like, same as I was a-lyin'; an' den he stop an' listen an' say he come back to-night. Trouble comin'; old coon smells de dog. Wish we was home an' out ob dis!"

I tried to divert his attention into other channels and to calm his fears, assuring him that the colonel would come out all right; that these enterprises were slow, etc.; but the old man only shook his head.

"You know, Major, same as me, dat de colonel ain't nuffin' but a chile, an' about his bills he's *wuss*. But I'm yer, an' I'm 'sponsible. 'Chad,' he says, 'go out an' git six mo' bottles of dat old Madary'; an' 'Chad, don't forgit de sweet ile'; an' 'Chad, is we got claret enough to last over Sunday?'—an' not a cent in de house. I ain't slep' none for two nights, worritin' ober dis business, an' I'm mos' crazy."

I laid down my knife and fork and looked up. The old man's lip was quivering, and something very like a tear stood in each eye.

"I can't hab nuffin' happen to de fambly, Major. You know our folks is quality, an' always was, an' I dassent look my mistress in de face if anythin' teches Marsa George." Then bending down he said in a hoarse whisper: "See dat old clock out dar wid his eye wide open? Know what's down below dat in de cellar? De jail!" And two tears rolled down his cheeks.

It was some time before I could quiet the old man's anxieties and coax him back into his usual good humour, and then only when I began to ask him of the old plantation days.

Then he fell to talking about the colonel's father, General John Carter, and the high days at Carter Hall when Miss Nancy was a young lady and the colonel a boy home from the university.

"Dem was high times. We ain't never seed no time like dat since de war. Git up in de mawnin' an' look out ober de lawn, an' yer come fo'teen or fifteen couples ob de fustest quality folks, all on horseback ridin' in de gate. Den such a scufflin' round! Old marsa an' missis out on de po'ch, an' de little pickaninnies runnin' from de quarters, an' all hands helpin' 'em off de horses, an' dey all smokin' hot wid de gallop up de lane.

"An' den sich a breakfast an' sich dancin' an' co'tin'; ladies all out on de lawn in der white dresses, an' de gemmen in fair-top boots, an' Mammy Jane runnin' round same as a chicken wid its head off,—an' der heads was off befo' dey knowed it, an' dey a-br'ilin' on de gridiron.

"Dat would go on a week or mo', an' den up dey'll all git an' away dey'd go to de nex' plantation, an' take Miss Nancy along wid 'em on her little sorrel mare, an' I on Marsa John's black horse, to take care bofe of 'em. Dem *was* times!

"My old marsa,"—and his eyes glistened,—"my old Marsa John was a gemman, sah, like dey don't see nowadays. Tall sah, an' straight as a cornstalk; hair white an' silky as de tassel; an' a voice like de birds was singin', it was dat sweet.

"'Chad,' he use' ter say,—you know I was young den, an' I was his body servant,—'Chad, come yer till I bre'k yo' head'; an' den when I come he'd laugh fit to kill hisself. Dat's when you do right. But when you was a low-down nigger an' got de debbil in yer, an' ole marsa hear it an' send de oberseer to de quarters for you to come to de little room in de big house whar de walls was all books an' whar his desk was, 't wa'n't no birds about his voice den,—mo' like de thunder."

"Did he whip his negroes?"

"No, sah; don't reckelmember a single lick laid on airy nigger dat de marsa knowed of; but when dey got so bad—an' some niggers is dat way—den dey was sold to de swamp lan's. He wouldn't hab 'em round 'ruptin' his niggers, he use' ter say.

"Hab coffee, sah? Won't take I a minute to bile it. Colonel ain't been drinkin' none lately, an' so I don't make none."

I nodded my head, and Chad closed the door softly, taking with him a small cup and saucer, and returning in a few minutes followed by that most delicious of all aromas, the savory steam of boiling coffee.

"My Marsa John," he continued, filling the cup with the smoking beverage, "never drank nuffin' but tea, eben at de big dinners when all de gemmen had coffee in de little cups—dat's one ob 'em you's drinkin' out ob now; dey ain't mo' dan fo' on 'em left. Old marsa would have his pot ob tea: Henny use' ter make it for him; makes it now for Miss Nancy.

"Henny was a young gal den, long 'fo' we was married. Henny b'longed to Colonel Lloyd Barbour, on de next plantation to ourn.

"Mo' coffee, Major?" I handed Chad the empty cup. He refilled it, and went straight on without drawing breath.

"Wust scrape I eber got into wid old Marsa John was ober Henny. I tell ye she was a harricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen one time where I was helpin' git de dinner ready an' de cook had gone to de spring house, an' she says:—

"'Chad, what ye cookin' dat smells so nice?'

"'Dat's a goose,' I says, 'cookin' for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality,' says I, pointin' to de dinin'-room do'.

"'Quality!' she says. 'Spec' I know what de quality is. Dat's for you an' de cook.'

"Wid dat she grabs a caarvin' knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big oven, cuts off a leg ob de goose, an' dis'pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf.

"'Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' an' says, 'Gittin' late, Chad; bring in de dinner.' You see, Major, dey ain't no up an' down stairs in de big house, like it is yer; kitchen an' dinin'-room all on de same flo'.

"Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an' laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom of de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin' an' stuffin' ober him, an' shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an' de hominy an' put 'em on de table, an' den I went back in de kitchen to git de baked ham. I put on de ham an' some mo' dishes, an' marsa says, lookin' up:—

"'I t'ought dere was a roast goose, Chad?'

"'I ain't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose,' I says. 'I'll ask de cook.'

"Next minute I yerd old marsa a-hollerin':—

"'Mammy Jane, ain't we got a goose?'

"'Lord-a massy! yes, marsa. Chad, you

wu'thless nigger, ain't you tuk dat goose out yit?'

"'Is we got a goose?' said I.

"'*Is we got a goose?* Didn't you help pick it?'

"I see whar my hair was short, an' I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do', an' slide de goose in jes as he was, an' lay him down befo' Marsa John.

"'Now see what de ladies'll have for dinner,' says old marsa, pickin' up his caarvin' knife.

"'What'll you take for dinner, miss?' says I. 'Baked ham?'

"'No,' she says, lookin' up to whar Marsa John sat; 'I think I'll take a leg ob dat goose'—jes so.

"Well, marsa cut off de leg an' put a little stuffin' an' gravy on wid a spoon, an' says to me, 'Chad, see what dat gemman'll have.'

"'What'll you take for dinner, sah?' says I. 'Nice breast o' goose, or slice o' ham?'

"'No; I think I'll take a leg of dat goose,' he says.

"I didn't say nuffin', but I knowed bery well he wa'n't a-gwine to git it.

"But, Major, you oughter seen ole marsa lookin' for der udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an' dat way, an' den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled caarvin' fork in him an' hel' him up ober de dish an' looked under him an on top ob him, an' den he says, kinder sad like:—

"'Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?'

"'It didn't hab none,' says I.

"'You mean ter say, Chad, dat de gooses on my plantation on'y got one leg?'

"'Some ob 'em has an' some ob 'em ain't. You see, marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an' we was a little boddered to-day, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one 'cause I cotched it fust.'

"'Well,' said he, lookin' like he look when he send for you in de little room, 'I'll settle wid ye after dinner.'

"Well, dar I was shiverin' an' shakin' in my shoes, an' droppin' gravy an' spillin' de wine on de table-cloth, I was dat shuck up; an' when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an' gemmen, an' says, 'Now come down to de duck pond. I'm gwineter show dis nigger dat all de gooses on my plantation got mo' den one leg.'

"I followed 'long, trapesin' after de whole kit an' b'ilin', an' when we got to de pond"—here Chad nearly went into a convulsion with suppressed laughter—"dar was de gooses sittin' on a log in de middle of dat ole green goose-pond wid one leg stuck down—so—an' de udder tucked under de wing."

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself by my chair, the tears running down his cheeks.

"'Dar, marsa,' says I, 'don't ye see! Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat's de berry match ob de one we had to-day.'

"Den de ladies all hollered an' de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd 'em at de big house.

"'Stop, you black scoun'rel!' Marsa John says, his face gittin' white an' he a-jerkin' his handkerchief from his pocket. 'Shoo!'

"Major, I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if every one ob dem gooses didn't put down de udder leg!

"'Now, you lyin' nigger,' he says, raisin' his cane ober my head, 'I'll show you'—

"'Stop, Marsa John!' I hollered; ''t ain't fair, 't ain't fair.'

"'Why ain't it fair?' says he.

"''Cause,' says I, 'you didn't say "Shoo!" to de goose what was on de table.'"[1]

Chad laughed until he choked

"And did he thrash you?"

"Marsa John? No, sah. He laughed loud as anybody; an' den dat night he says to me as I was puttin' some wood on de fire:—

"'Chad, where did dat leg go?' An' so I ups an' tells him all about Henny, an' how I was lyin' 'cause I was 'feared de gal would git hurt, an' how she was on'y a-foolin', thinkin' it was my goose; an' den de ole marsa look in de fire for a long time, an' den he says:—

"'Dat's Colonel Barbour's Henny, ain't it, Chad?'

"'Yes, marsa,' says I.

"Well, de next mawnin' he had his black horse saddled, an' I held the stirrup for him to git on, an' he rode ober to de Barbour plantation, an' didn't come back till plumb black night. When he come up I held de lantern so I could see his face, for I wa'n't easy in my mine all day. But it was all bright an' shinin' same as a' angel's.

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[1]This story, and the story of the "Postmaster" in a preceding chapter, I have told for so many years and to so many people, and with such varied amplifications, that I have long since persuaded myself that they are creations of my own. I surmise, however, that the basis of the "Postmaster" can be found in the corner of some forgotten newspaper, and I know that the "One-Legged Goose" is as old as the "Decameron." F. H. S.

"'Chad,' he says, handin' me de reins, 'I bought yo' Henny dis arternoon from Colonel Barbour, an' she's comin' ober tomorrow, an' you can bofe git married next Sunday.'"

A cheerful voice at the yard door, and the next moment the colonel was stamping his feet on the hall mat, his first word to Chad an inquiry after my comfort, and his second an apology to me for what he called his brutal want of hospitality.

"But I couldn't help it, Major. I had some letters, suh, that could not be postponed. Has Chad taken good care of you? No dinner, Chad; I dined down-town. How is the Madeira, Major?"

I expressed my entire approbation of the wine, and was about to fill the colonel's glass when Chad leaned over with the same anxious look in his face.

"De grocerman was here, Colonel, an' lef' word dat he was comin' agin later."

"You don't say so, Chad, and I was out: most unfortunate occurrence! When he calls again show him in at once. It will give me great pleasure to see him."

Then turning to me, his mind on the pass-book and its empty pages,—"I'll lay a wager, Major, that man's father was a gentleman. The fact is, I have not treated him with proper respect. He has shown me every courtesy since I have been here, and I am ashamed to say that I have not once entered his doors. His calling twice in one evening touches me deeply. I did not expect to find yo' tradespeople so polite."

Chad's face was a study while his master spoke, but he was too well trained, and still too anxious over the outcome of the expected interview, to do more than bow obsequiously to the colonel,—his invariable custom when receiving an order,—and to close the door behind him.

"That old servant," continued the colonel, watching Chad leave the room, and drawing his chair nearer the fire, "has been in my fam'ly ever since he was bawn. But for him and his old wife, Mammy Henny, I would be homeless to-night." And then the colonel, with that soft cadence in his voice which I always noticed when he spoke of something that touched his heart, told me with evident feeling how, in every crisis of fire, pillage, and raid, these two faithful souls had kept unceasing watch about the old house; refastening the wrenched doors, replacing the shattered shutters, or extinguishing the embers of abandoned bivouac fires. Indeed, for months at a time they were its only occupants, outside of strolling marauders and bands of foragers, and but for their untiring devotion its tall chimneys would long since have stood like tombstones over the grave of its ashes. Then he added, with a break in his voice that told how deeply he felt it:—

"Do you know, Major, that when I was a prisoner at City Point that darky tramped a hundred miles through the coast swamps to reach me, crossed both lines twice, hung around for three months for his chance, and has carried in his leg ever since the ball intended for me the night I escaped in his clothes, and he was shot in mine.

"I tell you, suh, the colour of a man's skin don't make much diffe'ence sometimes. Chad was bawn a gentleman, and he'll never get over it."

As he was speaking, the object of his eulogy opened the hall door, and the next instant a tall, red-headed man with closely trimmed side-whiskers, and wearing a brown check suit and a blue necktie, ran the gauntlet of Chad's profound but anxious bow, and advanced towards the colonel, hat in hand.

"Which is Mr. Carter?"

The colonel arose gracefully. "I am Colonel Carter, suh, and I presume you are the gentleman to whom I am indebted for so many courtesies. My servant tells me that you called earlier in the evenin'. I regret, suh, that I was detained so late at my office, and I have to thank you for perseve'in' the second time. I assure you, suh, that I esteem it a special honour."

The tall gentleman with the auburn whiskers wiped his face with a handkerchief, which he took from his hat, and stated with some timidity that he hoped he did not intrude at that late hour. He had sent his pass-book, and——

"I have looked it over, suh, repeatedly, with the greatest pleasure. It is a custom new to us in my county, but it meets with my hearty approval. Give yo' hat to my servant, suh, and take this seat by the fire."

The proprietor of the hat after some protestations suffered Chad to bear away that grateful protection to his slightly bald head,—retaining his handkerchief, which he finally rolled up into a little wad and kept tightly clenched in the perspiring palm of his left hand,—and then threw out the

additional hope that everything was satisfactory.

"Delicious, suh; I have not tasted such Madeira since the wah. In my cellar at home, suh, I once had some old Madeira of '28 that was given to my father, the late General John Caarter, by old Judge Thornton. You, of course, know that wine, suh. Ah! I see that you do."

And then followed one of the colonel's delightful monologues descriptive of all the vintages of that year, the colonel constantly appealing to the dazed and delighted groceryman to be set right in minor technical matters,—the grocer understanding them as little as he did the Aztec dialects,—the colonel himself supplying the needed data and then thanking the auburn gentleman for the information so charmingly that for the moment that worthy tradesman began to wonder why he had not long before risen from the commonplace level of canned vegetables to the more sublime plane of wines in the wood.

"Now the Madeira you sent me this mornin', suh, is a trifle too fruity for my taste. Chad, open a fresh bottle."

The owner of the pass-book instantly detected a very decided fruity flavour, but thought he had another wine, which he would send in the morning, that might suit the colonel's palate better.

The colonel thanked him, and then drifted into the wider field of domestic delicacies,—the preserving of fruits, the making of pickles as practiced on the plantations by the old Virginia cooks,—the colonel waxing eloquent over each production, and the future wine merchant becoming more and more enchanted as the colonel flowed on.

When he rose to go the grocer had a mental list of the things he would send the colonel in the morning all arranged in his commercial head, and so great was his delight that, after shaking hands with me once and with the colonel three times, he would also have extended that courtesy to Chad had not that perfectly trained servant checkmated him by filling his extended palm with the rim of his own hat.

When Chad returned from bowing him through the tunnel, the lines in his face a tangle of emotions, the colonel was standing on the mat, in his favourite attitude—back to the fire, coat thrown open, thumbs in his armholes, his outstretched fingers beating woodpecker tattooes on his vest.

Somehow the visit of the grocer had lifted him out of the cares of the day. How, he could not tell. Perhaps it was the fragrance of the Madeira; perhaps the respectful, overawed bow,—the bow of the tradesman the world over to the landed proprietor,—restoring to him for one brief moment that old feudal supremacy which above all else his soul loved. Perhaps it was only the warmth and cheer and comfort of it all.

Whatever it was, it buoyed and strengthened him. He was again in the old dining-hall at home: the servants moving noiselessly about; the cut-glass decanters reflected in the polished mahogany; the candles lighted; his old, white-haired father, in his high-backed chair, sipping his wine from the slender glass.

Ah, the proud estate of the old plantation days! Would they ever be his again?

(To be continued)

The Life Tenant

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

I HAD remained the night at Randolph Mason's house. It was very warm, and at daybreak Pietro opened all the doors and windows to invite in what little breeze there was. I was disturbed by this, and presently arose and took a cold shower-bath, after which Pietro brought me a Continental breakfast served on a tray.

It was early, then, doubtless not later than six o'clock, when I left my bedchamber. As I turned the landing of the stair, I noticed a man standing in the street door. He was a tall, slender young man, rather well-dressed; the lower part of his face was hidden by a handkerchief, which he held pressed against his mouth; there were blood spots, widening on the handkerchief, and an unmistakable expression of fear was in the eyes. It was evident that he had met with some injury.

I led him at once into the office and rang for Pietro. In a moment the latter was at the door, and I directed him to bring a bowl of water as quickly as possible. So far, the injured man had not spoken. I doubted if he could speak, the wound being evidently in the mouth or throat. The moment he got into the room he lay down at full length on the floor, perfectly motionless, his head back, his eyes closed, still pressing the bloody handkerchief to his lips. When Pietro set the bowl of water on the floor beside him, he dipped the handkerchief into it, squeezed out the blood and returned the damp cloth to his mouth. I saw the blood coming slowly from between his lips; it was very bright—arterial blood, a little frothy.

I turned to Pietro and directed him to call a surgeon. At the word the bleeding man shook his head and opened his eyes with an expression of protest. This refusal of medical attendance in one so desperately hurt was to me highly significant; it subjected him instantly to suspicion. I determined to see if he could speak.

"Do you want a physician?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"Are you badly hurt?"

Again he replied with the same negative sign.

"What is the matter with you then?" I purposely phrased the question so that a nodding would not answer it.

"A ruby," he said thickly behind the handkerchief. The reply was unintelligible to me. It was doubtless some term current among criminals. I was now convinced that the man belonged to the criminal classes. He was certainly injured and he refused a surgeon—yet I could not leave him to die on the floor. In this quandary, I turned to find Randolph Mason standing behind me.

"Pietro," he said, "this man is having a hemorrhage. Leave him alone."

Then he went back into the next room.

Instantly the mystery cleared. The poor fellow was merely a consumptive, doing the only thing possible for a slight bleeding—to lie stretched out motionless. The hemorrhage had doubtless come on him in the street, and he had noticed our open door and come in. The flow of blood had now about ceased, and I went to my table to examine the morning's mail.

Presently the man got up and sat down in a chair by my table.

"Was that Randolph Mason?" he said.

"Yes," I replied.

"I thought so," said the man. "I came to New York to see two great specialists, Dr. Ashby Clark and Randolph Mason."

He tapped his breast with his finger.

"Clark says no good. I wonder what Mason will say."

"You were looking for this house, then?"

"Yes; I was coming up the steps to it when I got the 'ruby.'" Then he explained: "That's what we call the hemorrhage, the blood is so bright, you know—a technical term of the 'lunger.'"

"I thought you were a wounded burglar," I said. "If you wish to talk with Mr. Mason, you would better go in now while there is an opportunity."

The man arose and went into the private office. I heard Mason direct him to be seated and order Pietro to give him a glass of whiskey.

"I came over to see you and Dr. Clark," began the visitor; "Clark, because I have consumption; you, because no man ever has simple consumption. He always has another trouble with it—a bad heart that won't stand high altitudes, a wife who won't leave the home-folks, or no funds. My fix is the latter. Clark says I will last six months in an American climate; but if I will go at once to the Marquesas Islands, my lung will probably heal and I will hang on until some native pinks me with a fish spear.

"I guess the place isn't so bad; it's under the French and quite a garden of Eden, Clark says. But it is away off in the South Seas. It would take a thousand dollars to get there and a check arriving regularly every pay day to keep me going. I have read about the beach-combers on these Pacific Islands—there's no hobo worse off. And no way to make a cent there. Copra is the only trade stuff, and the natives have that. Everything fit for a white man to eat is tinned. Youv'e got to buy it when the ship lands. You've got to be a government Johnny, a missionary or a native, otherwise you live on money from home or the French deport you for a convict. That's Clark's garden of Eden. I got the facts at a tourist's joint uptown. So, there I am! I can't live if I don't go; I can't go; I can't live if I could go! Nice, comfortable bunch of alternatives that! I had a little money, but a court down in West Virginia skinned me out of it. Now I haven't enough to pay a doctor. That's why I shook my head on the floor awhile ago."

"You mean," said Randolph Mason, "a legal decision rendered against you in a suit of law?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the man; "I mean what I say—skinned out of it. I had no law-suit. I was standing in a crowd of rubes before a court-house when the blindfold lady stepped out with a little shell game and lifted my wad."

"This," said Mason, "is the jargon of a cab driver. What do you mean?"

"I'll cut it out," replied the man, "I will begin over. When my father died he left me ten thousand dollars in bank stocks. It paid a dividend of about four per cent., and no taxes. Being naturally smarter than my father, I at once determined to take that money and get rich. I sold the stock, pocketed a check-book and got busy. One bright morning, in a little town on the Monongahela River, a commissioner was selling a tract of land before the court house. In my hunt for good things I happened by accident to know about that land. It is a rough mountain tract, not worth ten dollars an acre; but it is underlaid with the Pittsburg vein of coal, standing up eight feet thick, clean and solid like a ledge of sandstone. A corner of the land comes down to the railroad and there is a little mine, opened and operated by the old farmer who lived on the place. He had a pole-tipple, wheeled the coal out by hand, and got off about a car a day. The tract contains some two hundred acres.

"I stepped up to the commissioner and inquired about the sale. He told me that the owner was broke and the court was selling the land. I inquired if the coal was included and he said, 'Yes; from the sky to the center of the earth.' Then I asked the bid. When he answered fifteen dollars, I nearly threw a fit! Fifteen dollars! The coal was worth two hundred an acre. Now, I had been knocking about the coal country for a good bit and I was no greenhorn. I knew that this was the Pittsburg vein and I knew what it was worth. The court was selling the land, so there could be no doubt about the title. I would not have trusted any dealer about a land title if it had been a private sale; but here was the court—the old blind lady herself—selling the land, so the game was bound to be straight. I bid twenty. The commissioner called it a moment, and a big man, out a little way in the crowd, with a nose like your elbow, bid twenty-five. I let the thing hang to see if there was another bidder; then, just before the 'going,' I bid thirty. Nosy looked me over, snorted and finally bid thirty-five, and 'five more,' I said. He stamped around awhile and finally lifted it to forty-five.

"'All right, Nosy,' I said to myself, 'I'll just throw a good, stiff bluff into you and end it.' 'An' five,' I said, 'an' five more

every time you raise it.' He looked at me for a good minute.

"'You're a damned fool!' he said, and then he walked out of the crowd. Nosy was right about that; but I didn't know it just then. The land was knocked down to me at fifty dollars an acre. I paid cash and got my deed, all signed, sealed and delivered.

"When I got home and opened my package, I had as nice a box of sawdust as you ever saw. The old girl in the blinkers had double-crossed me like an expert. No street fakir could have cleaned a smoother job. My title to this land proved to be only a life estate. I hunted up a lawyer. He said that a court did not guarantee a title when it sold land. I remember his language—it cost me money and I shall always remember it. He said, 'The doctrine of *caveat emptor* obtained at judicial sales; the purchaser bought at his peril.' That is, 'Your eyes are your market.' The court sells land through its officer to the public, sells the title for a good one, takes your money; and, if the title is defective, you are stuck, you can't get your money back. The old lady comes out to her door and sells you a pig in a poke. If there's no pig in it, the joke's on you. If it's somebody else's pig, the joke's still on you. I've been up against the shell and the little pea, the five-dollar bill and the soap box, the glad gent who knew my Uncle Ephraim in Potunk, and all kinds of crooked faro, but for the real thing, give me the old blind girl in the court house."

I leaned my elbow on the table and looked through the open door at the narrator of this tale, indifferently sipping his glass of whiskey and flippantly spinning out his story like a tipsy sailor. This sanguine temperament goes surely with this disease; no other dying men whistle thus cheerily in the face of death.

"So there I was," the man continued, "no money, no land. I had bought only the right to see this ground as long as the old farmer lived. A goat with creepers on his feet would have starved on the top of it. I tried to sell out to Nosy. I discovered then that he was a capper for the Union Fuel Company, a little branch of one of the two soft coal trusts of America.

"'Nothin' doing,' he said. 'Our company put up that little job to catch just such suckers as you are. We bought the fee simple title to that land; then we picked up the debts of the old farmer, who was supposed to own it, but had only a life estate, as we knew. We got the debts for ten cents on the dollar, when we showed the creditors that the rube had no title. Then we brought a creditor's suit to sell the land. I expected to buy it in for the face amount of our debts, but when you butted in and bid it over our debts, I side-stepped. We made about nine thousand dollars on your cut-in. No, we will not pay out any good money for your little old life estate. Not us; our heading won't get up to this land for the next ten years. I guess we'll just set back on our hunkers and wait till the old man dies. So long! I may not see you again. You're a lunger, ain't you?'

"That was two years ago. The bugs haven't knocked off any time, Clark says, and, unless I can get to the South Seas, I'm all in."

Randolph Mason leaned over and made a little calculation with his pencil on the corner of the writing-pad.

"In your condition of health," he said, "ten thousand dollars should easily buy a six per cent. annuity. Could you live in the Marquesas on six hundred a year?"

The consumptive's eyes snapped.

"With all the comforts of home, and money to invest in the funds, as the French say. Outside the grub, you only need a sleeping mat and a pair of pajamas. Fifty plunks a month? I should say yes."

"Very well," said Mason; "you shall have twelve hundred dollars down for expenses, and six hundred payable semi-annually as long as you live."

The facetious youth made a wide, ludicrous gesture with both arms as though gathering up a great heap of bundles.

"An' a motor, an' a private car, an' an insurance directorship, an' the young princess, my daughter, for a wife, an' twelve she-asses laden with gold—where from?"

Randolph Mason looked down at him as one does at a pert, gibing bootblack.

"From the Union Fuel Company," he answered.

The cheerful consumptive snapped his fingers.

"Stuff's off," he said. "You might get it from the Fresh Air Fund or Uncle Abdul of Turkey, but not the coal trust."

"We shall get it from the Union Fuel Company," said Mason. "Mr. Parks, have Pietro call a carriage, and come with us."

The young man arose, waved his right arm in a great gesture of assent.

"All right, Governor," he said, "have it your own way; but when you wake up, don't take it out on me."

Then he cocked his hat on one side of his head and followed out to the carriage behind Randolph Mason.

The offices of the Union Fuel Company are at the foot of Broadway, an entire floor, reached by a great semicircle of elevators, banging, rattling, clicking, in their amphitheater of cages. The business carried on here is of necessity stupendous. It has to do with modifying the temperature of the whole country. The forces, too, that labour everywhere under a man's fingers, are sold here, stored in a block of carbon. The companies housed under this roof, and the rival ones occupying as great a building across Broadway, practically own the available coal beds of America, the virgin sources of all the energy used commonly by man, from the fire cooking his egg to the fire driving his steamship. That there should be two well-defined groups of such companies thus in rivalry, standing like duelists with the street between them, arises from the fact that there are two great railroad systems, as yet uncombined, leading into the storehouses of America's coal, each railroad greater in its authority than an empire, having its retinue of operating companies attached like feudal dependencies bound to the overlord under penalty of ruin, and coming and going at its beck like servants of the centurion. The two buildings are thus packed with the chief offices of coal companies having mines on the thoroughfare of these roads. Anyone of these companies would find an alert rival across the street.

It was quite an hour before we got into the office of Andrew Flint, the president of the Union Fuel Company, although it was one of the smallest companies in the trust. He was a man magnetized by the rubbing of gold coins; he seemed to point constantly to the financial North; no matter how the needle were flung, it swung finally back there. The very physical type of the man was metallic. He was thin and sharp, with iron hair, eyes blue like the points of a drill, and a manner as of a constant clicking. He had abridged the courtesies of life to a formula of brief conventions; but in the discussion of dollars he was almost voluble, his voice raced. He waited, seemingly hung on a string like a suspended pendulum, while Randolph Mason in a dozen sentences stated the gist of the consumptive's story.

Mr. Flint spoke a monosyllable to a clerk, who brought a case of papers and laid it open on a table before him. For a moment he ran his eyes through the file.

"Correct," he said; "your Mr. Hopkins owns a life estate in these lands. We own the remainder. What do you want?"

"I want you to buy the life estate."

Mr. Flint looked again at his papers.

"The advice here is against it," he answered. "This trace is a patch attaching to the eastern corner of our field. Our main openings are four miles west; the coal won't be available to us for ten years. This life estate may be terminated then. Why should we buy it now?"

"For the very reason that it may be terminated then," answered Randolph Mason.

A smile flitted across the face of Mr. Andrew Flint like the sun over gun metal.

"You have come to the wrong place," he said. "This is not a charity bureau."

"Pardon me, sir," replied Randolph Mason; "we have come to the right place. By the use of the machinery of the law, you have taken this man's money. You must now purchase his title to the land, pay him in cash the two years' interest already due on his purchase money, that is, twelve hundred dollars, and the interest semi-annually hereafter, that is, six hundred dollars per year until his death. This is not an unreasonable proposition, because, in the present condition of Mr. Hopkins' health, it is not likely that he will live for a longer period than the farmer at whose death the estate terminates."

The president of the Union Fuel Company laughed, his voice cackling like a spinning cog-wheel.

"Really," he said, "you amuse me."

An ugly sneer gathered in the corners of Mason's mouth.

"You do not amuse me," he said; "you annoy me."

Mr. Andrew Flint flushed and turned sharply in his chair.

"I believe this conference is ended," he said.

"Not quite ended," replied Randolph Mason. "Listen a moment, if you please. It is the law of the State of West Virginia that a life tenant—that is, one owning a life estate in lands—cannot open mines and remove coal or minerals from such lands during his life, but must get his living from the surface and pass over all the wealth beneath his feet to his successor. He may be sick, weighted with debt, starving, the wealth of the Indies may lie beneath the sod of his lands like a buried treasure, yet it is held in certain decisions that he cannot touch it. Does such a rule of law seem to you to be justice?"

It was now Andrew Flint's turn to sneer.

"I am not interested," he replied, "in the justice of it."

"Perhaps," continued Mason, "you may be interested in a further provision of that doctrine, quite as curious. It is also the law of the State of West Virginia that, if at the time the life tenant comes into his estate there is a mine opened on the land and in operation, then this person with the life estate cannot only continue the operation of the mine, but he can also work it to exhaustion. He can get the land of every ounce of value. If a way be but cut to the door of the storehouse, he can rifle it to the last penny. He can disembowel the land and leave his successor only a worthless shell. Does this seem to you to be any sounder justice?"

The president of the Union Fuel Company fell back into his attitude of business interest, as by the snapping of a lever.

"What! what!" he said. "Let me understand you?"

"You shall understand me exactly," replied Mason. "There is a little mine in operation on this land. If you do not choose to make this contract with Mr. Hopkins, I shall take him to the coal company across the street, which also operates in this region. I shall lease the land to it for any royalty it suggests, even a cent a ton. This Pittsburg vein is eight feet thick. It will yield ten thousand tons to the acre. At one cent a ton that would net Mr. Hopkins a royalty of one hundred dollars per acre. Ordinarily any company would take out ten acres every year. Under the existing conditions, this company will take out twenty. This will yield Mr. Hopkins some twenty thousand dollars in the end, and the company a profit of a hundred thousand; and you at the farmer's death will have a shell of broken rocks to inherit as your estate. Does my proposition seem now a matter of such much amusement?"

Mr. Flint saw that the matter had reached that practical status which he called business, and, after his custom, he prepared instantly to meet it.

"Just a moment, please," he said.

He turned to his telephone on the table and called up one of the great law firms of the city. He stated in a few rapid words the legal question involved. We could not, of course, hear the answer, but the jerky expletives of Mr. Flint were eloquent.

Presently he placed the receiver on its horn.

"We will take Mr. Hopkins' title at your figure," he said.

But just then the consumptive emphatically thrust into the conference.

"No, you don't!" he cried, bouncing out of his chair. "I've got the harpoon in you, an' I'm goin' to jump on it. You pay me a thousand dollars a year, and every minute I raise it five hundred!"

Randolph Mason reached over his hand, caught the excited Mr. Hopkins by the arm, and replaced him in his chair.

"Your silence," he said, "will oblige me. You shall receive exactly the sum I have named, neither a dollar more nor less. I do not intend that either you or this company shall take an advantage."

I do not know which regarded Mason with a greater wonder, the humbled consumptive or Mr. Andrew Flint. The one, no less than the other, expected an advantage to be pressed home; it was the first law of commerce, as they knew it; all else was a theory of churches.

I think the sick man would have broken into protest, but the manner of Randolph Mason was not to be misread, and, too, in the consumptive's eye he was something of the magician in the fairy-book, and not to be set in anger lest the gold in sight vanish.

A deed was swiftly written, executed, and a check for twelve hundred dollars passed over to Mr. Hopkins.

I shall always remember the comment of that erratic but cheerful person as we left the building. He walked along through the corridor beside me, his eye traveling in sort of childish wonder over Randolph Mason, who strode before him, doubtless like a Providence. Finally, as we were coming to the door, he plucked my sleeve and spoke his comment, which, phrased differently, was, indeed, the comment of us all.

"The old boy's hell! ain't he?"

For the legal principle involved in this story see The Law of Mines and Mining in the United States (Barringer & Adams, page 15), also the following cases: Koen v. *Bartlett, 41 W. Va., 559; especially 567; Williamson* v. *Jones, 39 W. Va., 231; Wilson* v. *Yost, 43 W. Va., 834.*

"The rule is well settled that a tenant for life, when not precluded by restraining words, may not only work open mines, but may work them to exhaustion," pa. 567, Koen v. *Bartlett,* supra. *Opinion.*

Treasure

Part II

Montezuma's "Gift" to His Conquerors

Wherever we went it was our custom to examine everything about us, and consequently we searched every corner and nook in our quarters; and so it happened, as we were looking for a proper spot to erect our altar, that two of our men . . . found the traces of a doorway in the wall of one of the apartments, which had been carefully walled up and neatly plastered over; and as we all very well knew that the treasure of Montecusuma's father was secreted somewhere in our quarters, these two men soon conjectured that this doorway might be the entrance to the treasury. . . . The consequence was, that the doorway was in all secrecy broken open, and Cortes, with some of our officers, entered the hidden apartment.

Their expectations were fully realized; for they found here such a vast quantity of trinkets, thick and thin plates of gold, chalchihuis, and other precious things heaped up together, that they were perfectly astounded, and were almost speechless at the sight of such immense riches. This matter soon became known to all of our men, who now also paid a visit to this secret treasure. I also followed their example, and as at that time I was still a young man, and had never before beheld such vast treasures, I concluded that the whole of the remaining part of the world, put together, could not produce such a vast collection of riches. However, all our officers and soldiers unanimously agreed to leave everything untouched, and that the doorway should be walled up again as before, nor was Montecusuma to be informed of our discovery. . . .

After the lapse of twenty days, all the officers whom Montecusuma had sent out into the provinces to collect the tribute, had returned to Mexico. He then sent for Cortes, his officers, and several of us who had been accustomed to stand sentinel in his apartment, and spoke to us as follows: "Malinche, and you other officers and soldiers, I consider myself greatly indebted to your emperor for his having thought it worth his while to send from such distant countries to make inquiries after me; but what more deeply occupies my thoughts is the tradition of our ancestors, which has been fully confirmed by the oracles of our gods, that, namely, the dominion of these countries was destined to devolve upon him. Receive, therefore, this gold for him; I have no more at present, as the notice to collect it was too short. With regard to myself, I have destined the whole of my father's treasure for him as my share of the tribute, which lies secreted in your quarters. I am well aware that you have inspected it, but closed up the opening as before. When, however, you transmit this treasure to your emperor, you must say in your letter, this is sent you by our faithful vassal Montecusuma. To this I will also add a few chalchihuis, of such enormous value that I would not consent to give them to any one save to such a powerful emperor as yours: each of these stones is worth two loads of gold. I further think of sending him three blowing-tubes, with the small balls, and bag which contains them, all richly ornamented with jewels, which will certainly please him much. I should like to give him all I possess; now I have very little left, as I have from time to time given you the greater portion of my gold and jewels."

Cortes and all of us were astonished at this generosity and great goodness of the monarch, and we took off our caps very respectfully, and thanked him. Cortes, at the same time, assured him he would send our majesty an accurate description of all these splendid presents. Montecusuma did not delay one instant to fulfil his promise, for that very same hour his house-stewards arrived to hand us over all the treasures contained in the secret chamber. There was such a vast heap of it that we were occupied three days in taking all out of the different corners of this secret room, and in looking them over;

we were even obliged to send for Montecusuma's goldsmiths from Escapuzalco to assist us. The reader may form some notion of this treasure when I tell him that, when all the articles were set apart in three heaps and weighed, the gold alone, not counting the silver and other precious things, was found to be worth above 600,000 pesos: in this are not included the gold plates, bars, and the gold dust contributed by the other provinces. All this treasure we ordered the goldsmiths of Escapuzalco to smelt into bars three inches square.

Besides all this, Montecusuma brought another present, consisting in gold and jewels of enormous value. There were also chalchihuis stones of extreme beauty and size, which were considered of immense value among the caziques of the country. Further, there were three blowing-tubes, with their cases set in jewels and pearls, besides a number of pictures made of feathers and small pearls, all of great value: indeed, it would be no easy task to describe all these splendid things one by one. *Memoirs of Bernal Diaz del Castillo.*

The Treasury of the Carthaginian Suffete

They passed along other passages and halls, until at last they reached a door, where, the better to guard it, a man was fastened by the waist to a long chain embedded in the wall, a Roman custom recently introduced at Carthage. . . Hamilcar . . . clapped his hands. Three men appeared, and the four of them, all stiffening their arms at the same time, withdrew from its rings the huge bar which closed the door, Hamilcar took a torch and vanished in the darkness.

The chamber, commonly supposed to be the funeral vault of the family, revealed nothing but a wide well. This had been excavated solely in order to mislead robbers, and was empty. Hamilcar passed close beside it; then, stooping down, caused a millstone of great weight to move upon its rollers, and through the opening so made entered an apartment built in the form of a cone.

The walls were covered with scales of brass; in the midst, on a granite pedestal, rose the statue of one of the Kabiri named Aletes, the discoverer of mines in Celtiberia. Ranged on the ground at its base, in the form of a cross, were broad, golden shields and huge silver vases closed at the neck, of outlandish shape, and entirely useless; for it was the custom thus to cast large quantities of metal, so that shrinkage and even removal might be practically impossible.

With his torch he lighted a miner's lamp fixed in the idol's head-dress; and in a moment the chamber was illuminated with lights—green, yellow, blue, violet, wine-coloured, and red as blood. It was full of precious stones contained in golden calabashes attached like lamp-holders to lengths of brass wire, or disposed at the foot of the wall in blocks of native ore. There were chrysolites chipped from the mountain scarp by means of slings, carbuncles formed from the urine of the lynx, glossopetrae which had fallen from the moon, tyanos, diamonds, sandastrum, and beryls, with the three varieties of ruby, the four of sapphire, and the twelve of emerald. They gleamed like splashes of milk, like blue icicles, like silver dust, and shed their light in sheets, in rays, and in stars. Besides chalcedonies which cure poisons sparkled stones engendered by the thunder. There were topazes from Mount Zabarca to render proof against terrors, opals from Bactriana as preventives of abortion, and horns of Ammon which men place beneath their beds that they may cause them to dream.

The luster of the stones and the blaze of the lamp were reflected in the great shields of gold. Hamilcar stood smiling, with folded arms, revelling not so much in the spectacle as in the knowledge of his wealth. Gustave Flaubert.

The Riches of the King of Maabar

It is a fact that the King goes as bare as the rest, only round his loins he has a piece of fine cloth, and round his neck he has a necklace entirely of precious stones,—rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and the like, insomuch that this collar is of great value. He wears also hanging in front of his chest from the neck downwards, a fine silk thread strung with 104 large pearls and rubies of great price. . . .

The King aforesaid also wears on his arms three golden bracelets thickly set with

pearls of great value, and anklets also of like kind he wears on his legs, and rings on his toes likewise. So let me tell you that what this King wears, between gold and gems and pearls, is worth more than a city's ransom. And 'tis no wonder; for he hath great store of such gear; and besides they are found in his kingdom. Moreover nobody is permitted to take out of the kingdom a pearl weighing more than half a *saggio*, unless he manages to do it secretly. This order has been given because the King desires to reserve all such to himself; and so in fact the quantity he has is something almost incredible. . . .

Furthermore, this King hath some five hundred wives, for whenever he hears of a beautiful damsel he takes her to wife. Indeed he did a very sorry deed as I shall tell you. For seeing that his brother had a handsome wife, he took her by force and kept her for himself. His brother, being a discreet man, took the thing quietly and made no noise about it. The King hath many children. . . .

When the King dies none of his children dares to touch his treasure. For they say, "as our father did gather together all this treasure, so we ought to accumulate as much in our turn." And in this way it comes to pass that there is an immensity of treasure accumulated in this kingdom.

SER MARCO POLO (YULE).

PIRATE LOOT ON "TREASURE ISLAND"

In a far corner, only duskily flickered over by the blaze, I beheld great heaps of coin and quadrilaterals built of bars of gold. . . . Two of the bars, slung in a rope's end, made a good load for a grown man—one that he was glad to walk slowly with. For my part, as I was not much use at carrying, I was kept busy all day in the cave, packing the minted money into bread bags. It was a strange collection, like Billy Bones's hoard for the diversity of coinage, but so much larger and so much more varied that I think I never had more pleasure than in sorting them. English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Georges and Louises, doubloons and double guineas and moidores and sequins, the pictures of all the kings of Europe for the last hundred years, strange Oriental pieces stamped with what looked like wisps of string or bits of spider's web, round pieces and square pieces, and pieces bored through the middle, as if to wear them round your neck—nearly every variety of money in the world must, I think, have found a place in that collection; and for number, I am sure they were like autumn leaves, so that my back ached with stooping and my fingers with sorting them out.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MONTE CRISTO FINDS THE CHEST

Dantes seized the chest by the handles, and tried to lift it; he found it impossible to do so. He tried to open it, but the lock and the hinges held fast; those faithful guardians seemed unwilling to yield the treasure which they protected. He inserted the sharp edge of his pickaxe between the lid and the chest, and the lid flew open with a loud crack. The heavy ironwork no longer resisted; it yielded, carrying away with it some fragments of the wood. The coffer was open. A feverish dizziness seized Dantes. He reached for his gun, cocked it, and placed it near at hand. Then he closed his eyes, bringing the eyelids tightly together as do children when they wish to call before themselves more stars than were ever beheld in the brightest skies. He reopened them, and stood petrified with astonishment.

The treasure chest was divided into three compartments. In the first blazed a heap of golden coins, emitting the dazzling reflection of their precious metal. In the second compartment were piled ingots of gold—not shining, and betraying their value only by their weight and number. They were garnered there in orderly profusion. Into the third and last compartment Dantes plunged his two hands, time and time again. It was half full of sparkling gems! He withdrew his fists, filled with diamonds, pearls and rubies, only to let them fall back in a glittering cascade. As they dropped, they gave forth a sound like hail striking against a window-pane.

With trembling fingers, Edmond touched and handled the gold and the gems, plunging his hands to the very bottoms of the piles of treasure. Then he left the cave, shaking with the excitement of a man whose mind verges on madness. He climbed upon the rock from which he could behold the sea, and perceived no one near him; he was quite alone

with his treasure, incalculable, unheard of, fabulous! It was all his; but was he waking or in a dream? Was it but a fleeting vision, or did he grasp a reality to his bosom?

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

HE WAS "ASTONISHED AT HIS OWN MODERATION"

The shower of wealth now fell copiously on the Company and its servants. A sum of eight hundred thousand pounds sterling, in coined silver, was sent down the river from Moorshedabad to Fort William. The fleet which conveyed this treasure consisted of more than a hundred boats, and performed its triumphal voyage with flags flying and music playing. Calcutta, which a few months before had been desolate, was now more prosperous than ever. Trade revived; and the signs of affluence appeared in every English house. As to Clive, there was no limit to his acquisitions but his own moderation. The treasury of Bengal was thrown open to him. There were piled up, after the usage of Indian princes, immense masses of coin, among which might not seldom be detected the florins and byzants with which, before any European ship had turned the Cape of Good Hope, the Venetians purchased the stuffs and spices of the East. Clive walked between heaps of gold and silver, crowned with rubies and diamonds, and was at liberty to help himself. He accepted between two and three hundred thousand pounds. . . .

[*A committee was chosen by ballot to inquire into the affairs of India, and Clive was subjected to the most unsparing examination and cross-examination, during the course of which:*]

He described in vivid language the situation in which his victory had placed him: great princes dependent upon his pleasure: an opulent city afraid of being given up to plunder; wealthy bankers bidding against each other for his smiles; vaults piled with gold and jewels thrown open to him alone. "By God, Mr. Chairman," he exclaimed, "at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation." MACAULAY.

MOWGLI IN THE FORGOTTEN STOREHOUSE OF THE KING OF TWENTY KINGS

He stared with puckered-up eyes round the vault, and then lifted up from the floor a handful of something that glittered.

"Oho!" said he, "this is like the stuff they play with in the Man-Pack; only this is yellow and the other was brown."

He let the gold pieces fall, and moved forward. The floor of the vault was buried some five or six feet deep in coined gold and silver that had burst from the sacks it had been originally stored in, and, in the long years, the metal had packed and settled as sand packs at low tide. On it and in it, and rising through it, as wrecks lift through the sand, were jewelled elephant-howdahs of embossed silver, studded with plates of hammered gold, and adorned with carbuncles and turquoises. There were palanquins and litters for carrying queens, framed and braced with silver and enamel, with jade-handled poles and amber curtain-rings; there were golden candlesticks hung with pierced emeralds that quivered on the branches; there were studded images, five feet high, of forgotten gods, silver with jewelled eyes; there were coats of mail, gold inlaid on steel, and fringed with rotted and blackened seed-pearls; there were helmets, crested and beaded with pigeon's-blood rubies; there were shields of lacquer, of tortoise-shell and rhinoceros-hide, strapped and bossed with red gold and set with emeralds at the edge; there were sheaves of diamond-hilted swords, daggers, and hunting-knives; there were golden sacrificial bowls and ladles, and portable altars of a shape that never sees the light of day; there were jade cups and bracelets; there were incense-burners, combs, and pots for perfume, henna, and eye-powder, all in embossed gold; there were nose-rings, armlets, head-bands, finger-rings, and girdles past any counting; there were belts, seven fingers broad, of square-cut diamonds and rubies, and wooden boxes, trebly clamped with iron, from which the wood had fallen away in powder, showing the pile of uncut star-sapphires, opals, cat's-eyes, sapphires, rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and garnets within.

The White Cobra was right. No mere money would begin to pay the value of this treasure, the sifted pickings of centuries of war, plunder, trade, and taxation. The coins alone were priceless, leaving out of count all the precious stones; and the dead weight of the gold and silver alone might be two or three hundred tons. Every native ruler in India to-

day, however poor, has a hoard to which he is always adding; and though, once in a long while, some enlightened prince may send off forty or fifty bullock-cart loads of silver to be exchanged for Government securities, the bulk of them keep their treasure and the knowledge of it very closely to themselves. RUDYARD KIPLING.

WHAT THE GOLD BUG LED TO

Never did I pass ten minutes in more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process, perhaps that of the bichloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted, and forming a kind of open trellis work over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron—six in all, by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavours served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily, the sole fastening of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back, trembling and panting with anxiety.

In an instant, a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit, there flashed upward a glow and a glare, from a confused heap of gold and jewels, that also dazzled our eyes. . . . Jupiter fell upon his knees in the pit, and, burying his naked arms up to the elbows in the gold, let them there remain as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN NUGGET

"Now we ARE here, give it a fair trial; let us set to and break every boulder in the thundering heap."

They went to work and picked the quartz boulders; full two hours they worked, and by this time they had made a considerable heap of broken quartz; it glittered in the sun, but it glittered white, not a speck of yellow came to light. George was vexed. Robinson grinned; expecting nothing, he was not disappointed. Besides, he was winning an argument, and we all alike to turn prophets. Presently a little cackle from Jacky.

"I find 'um!"

"Find what?" asked Robinson without looking up.

"A good deal yellow stone," replied Jacky, with at least equal composure.

"Let me see that," said George with considerable curiosity, and they both went to Jacky.

Now the fact is that this heap of quartz stones was in reality much larger than they thought, only the greater part of it had been overgrown with moss and patches of grass a few centuries of centuries ago.

Jacky, seated on what seemed a grassy mound, was in reality perched upon a part of the antique heap; his keen eye saw a little bit of yellow protruding through the moss, and he was amusing himself clipping it with his tomahawk, cutting away the moss and chipping the stone, which made the latter glitter more and yellower.

"Hallo!" cried George, "this looks better."

Robinson went on his knees without a word.

"It is all right," said he in a great flutter, "it is a nugget—and a good-sized one—a pound weight, I think. Now then, my lad, out you come," and he dug his fingers under it to jerk it out.

But the next moment he gave a screech and looked up amazed.

"Why, this is the point of the nugget; it lies the other way, not flat, George! I can't move it! The pick! Oh, Lord, oh, Lord! The Pick! The Pick!"

"Stand clear," shouted George, and he drove the point of the pick down close by the prize, then he pressed on the handle. "Why, Tom, it is jammed somehow."

"No, it is not jammed—it is its own weight. Why, George!"

"Don't be a fool," cried the other, trembling all over; "there is no such thing in nature."

The nugget now yielded slowly to the pressure, and began to come up into the world

again, inch by inch, after so many thousand years. Of course, before it could come all out, the soil must open first, and when Robinson, glaring down, saw a square foot of earth part and gape as the nugget came majestically up, he gave another cry, and with trembling hands laid hold of the prize, and pulled and tugged and rolled it on to the clean moss—to lift it was not so easy. They fell down on their knees by the side of it like men in a dream. Such a thing had never been seen or heard of—a hundred-weight of quartz and gold, and beautiful as it was great. It was like honeycomb, the cells of which had been sliced by a knife; the shining metal brimmed over in the delicate quartz cells.

They lifted it. Yes, full a hundred-weight; half the mass was quartz, but four-fifths of the weight they knew must be gold. Then they jumped up and each put a foot on it, and shook hands over it.

"Oh, you beauty!" cried George, and he went on his knees and kissed it; "that is not because you are gold, but because you take me to Susan. Now Tom, let us thank Heaven for its goodness to us, and back to camp this very day."

"Ay! but stop, we must wrap it in our wipes, or we shall never get back alive. The very honest ones would turn villains at sight of it. It is the wonder of the world."

CHARLES READE.

CAPTAIN NEMO'S PET PEARL

At this moment there opened before us a vast grotto, hollowed in a picturesque cluster of rocks, and carpeted with seaweed. . . . Captain Nemo entered. We followed him. My eyes soon became accustomed to the relative darkness. I saw the springing of the vault so capriciously distorted, supported by natural pillars, widely seated on their granitic bases, like the heavy columns of Tuscan architecture. . . .

After descending a rather steep incline we were at the bottom of a sort of circular well. Then Captain Nemo stopped and pointed to an object we had not perceived before.

It was an oyster of extraordinary dimensions, a gigantic tridacna, a font that would have contained a lake of holy water, a vase more than two yards across, and consequently larger than the one in the saloon of the Nautilus.

. . . Captain Nemo evidently knew of the existence of this bivalve. It was not the first visit he had paid to it, and I thought that in conducting us to that place he merely wished to show us a natural curiosity. I was mistaken. Captain Nemo had an interest in seeing the actual condition of this tridacna.

The two valves of the mollusc were half-open. The captain went up to them and put his dagger between them to prevent them shutting, then with his hand he raised the membranous tunic, fringed at the border, that formed the animal's mantle.

There, amidst its foliated pleats, I saw a pearl as large as a cocoanut. Its globular form, perfect limpidity, and admirable water made it a jewel of inestimable price. . . .

I then understood the purpose of Captain Nemo. By leaving this pearl wrapped up in the mantle of the tridacna he allowed it to grow insensibly. With each year the secretion of the mollusc added fresh concentric layers to it. The captain alone knew of this grotto where this admirable fruit of Nature was ripening; he alone was raising it, thus to speak, in order one day to transport it to his precious museum. . . . Comparing this pearl with those I already knew, and those that shone in the captain's collection, I estimated its value at ten millions of francs at least. It was a superb natural curiosity, and not a jewel *de luxe*, for I do not know what feminine ears could have supported it.

JULES VERNE.

MOVING THREE BILLION DOLLARS THROUGH NEW YORK STREETS

The Federal Reserve Bank . . . successfully completed the removal of $3,000,000,000 in cash and negotiable securities from its old vaults to its new quarters. The treasure was the largest ever moved through the streets of New York, and, according to W. R. Huntington, traffic manager of the Adams Express Company, which did the work, the greatest ever transported in the history of the world. Deadlines were established by the police three blocks away from each of the bank buildings, machine-guns were mounted, and more than three hundred armed men guarded the progress of the bank's treasure.

NEW YORK *Times*.

The Darling

By ANTON P. TCHEKHOV

Translated by Constance Garnett

OLENKA, the daughter of the retired collegiate assessor, Plemyanniakov, was sitting in her back porch, lost in thought. It was hot, the flies were persistent and teasing, and it was pleasant to reflect that it would soon be evening. Dark rain-clouds were gathering from the east, and bringing from time to time a breath of moisture in the air.

Kukin, who was the manager of an open-air theater called the Tivoli, and who lived in the lodge, was standing in the middle of the garden looking at the sky.

"Again!" he observed despairingly. "It's going to rain again! Rain every day, as though to spite me. I might as well hang myself! It's ruin! Fearful losses every day."

He flung up his hands, and went on, addressing Olenka:

"There! that's the life we lead, Olga Semyonovna. It's enough to make one cry. One works and does one's utmost; one wears oneself out, getting no sleep at night, and racks one's brain what to do for the best. And then what happens? To begin with, one's public is ignorant, boorish. I give them the very best operetta, a dainty masque, first rate music-hall artists. But do you suppose that's what they want! They don't understand anything of that sort. They want a clown; what they ask for is vulgarity. And then look at the weather! Almost every evening it rains. It started on the tenth of May, and it's kept it up all May and June. It's simply awful! The public doesn't come, but I've to pay the rent just the same, and pay the artists."

The next evening the clouds would gather again, and Kukin would say with an hysterical laugh:

"Well, rain away, then! Flood the garden, drown me! Damn my luck in this world and the next! Let the artists have me up! Send me to prison!—to Siberia!—the scaffold! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the next day the same thing.

Olenka listened to Kukin with silent gravity, and sometimes tears came into her eyes. In the end his misfortunes touched her; she grew to love him. He was a small thin man, with a yellow face, and curls combed forward on his forehead. He spoke in a thin tenor; as he talked his mouth worked on one side, and there was always an expression of despair on his face; yet he aroused a deep and genuine affection in her. She was always fond of some one, and could not exist without loving. In earlier days she had loved her papa, who now sat in a darkend room, breathing with difficulty; she had loved her aunt who used to come every other year from Bryansk; and before that, when she was at school, she had loved her French master. She was a gentle, soft-hearted, compassionate girl, with mild, tender eyes and very good health. At the sight of her full rosy cheeks, her soft white neck with a little dark mole on it, and the kind, naïve smile, which came into her face when she listened to anything pleasant, men thought, "Yes, not half bad," and smiled too, while lady visitors could not refrain from seizing her hand in the middle of a conversation, exclaiming in a gush of delight, "You darling!"

The house in which she had lived from her birth upwards, and which was left her in her father's will, was at the extreme end of the town, not far from the Tivoli. In the evenings and at night she could hear the band playing, and the crackling and banging of fireworks, and it seemed to her that it was Kukin struggling with his destiny, storming the entrenchments of his chief foe, the indifferent public; there was a sweet thrill at her heart, she had no desire to sleep, and when he returned home at daybreak, she tapped softly at her bedroom window, and showing him only her face and one shoulder through the curtain, she gave him a friendly smile. . . .

He proposed to her, and they were married. And when he had a closer view of her neck and her plump, fine shoulders, he threw up his hands, and said:

"You darling!"

He was happy, but as it rained on the day and night of his wedding, his face still retained an expression of despair.

They got on very well together. She used to sit in his office, to look after things in the Tivoli, to put down the accounts and pay the wages. And her rosy cheeks, her sweet, naïve, radiant smile, were to be seen now at the office window, now in the refreshment-bar or behind the scenes of the theater. And already she used to say to her acquaintances that the theater was the chief and most important thing in life, and that it was only through the drama that one could derive true enjoyment and become cultivated and humane.

"But do you suppose the public understands that?" she used to say. "What they want is a clown. Yesterday we gave 'Faust Inside Out,' and almost all the boxes were empty; but if Vanitchka and I had been producing some vulgar thing, I assure you the theater would have been packed. To-morrow Vanitchka and I are doing 'Orpheus in Hell.' Do come."

And what Kukin said about the theater and the actors she repeated. Like him she despised the public for their ignorance and their indifference to art; she took part in the rehearsals, she corrected the actors, she kept an eye on the behaviour of the musicians, and when there was an unfavourable notice in the local paper, she shed tears, and then went to the editor's office to set things right.

The actors were fond of her and used to call her "Vanitchka and I," and "the darling"; she was sorry for them and used to lend them small sums of money, and if they deceived her, she used to shed a few tears in private, but did not complain to her husband.

They got on well in the winter too. They took the theater in the town for the whole winter, and let it for short terms to a Little Russian company, or to a conjurer, or to a local dramatic society. Olenka grew stouter, and was always beaming with satisfaction, while Kukin grew thinner and yellower, and continually complained of their terrible losses, although he had not done badly all the winter. He used to cough at night, and she used to give him hot raspberry tea or lime-flower water, to rub him with eau-de-Cologne and to wrap him in her warm shawls.

"You're such a sweet pet!" she used to say with perfect sincerity, stroking his hair. "You're such a pretty dear!"

Toward Lent he went to Moscow to collect a new troupe, and without him she could not sleep, but sat all night at her window, looking at the stars, and she compared herself with the hens, who are awake all night and uneasy when the cock is not in the hen-house. Kukin was detained in Moscow, and wrote that he would be back at Easter, adding some instructions about the Tivoli. But on the Sunday before Easter, late in the evening, came a sudden ominous knock at the gate; some one was hammering on the gate as though on a barrel —boom, boom, boom! The drowsy cook went flopping with her bare feet through the puddles, as she ran to open the gate.

"Please open," said some one outside in a thick bass. "There is a telegram for you."

Olenka had received telegrams from her husband before, but this time for some reason she felt numb with terror. With shaking hands she opened the telegram and read as follows:

"Ivan Petrovitch died suddenly to-day. Awaiting immate instructions fufuneral Tuesday."

That was how it was written in the telegram—"fufuneral," and the utterly incomprehensible word "immate." It was signed by the stage manager of the operatic company.

"My darling!" sobbed Olenka. "Vanitchka, my precious, my darling! Why did I ever meet you! Why did I know you and love you! Your poor heart-broken Olenka is all alone without you!"

Kukin's funeral took place on Tuesday in Moscow, Olenka returned home on Wednesday, and as soon as she got indoors she threw herself on her bed and sobbed so loudly that it could be heard next door, and in the street.

"Poor darling!" the neighbours said, as they crossed themselves. "Olga Semyonovna, poor darling! How she does take on!"

Three months later Olenka was coming home from mass, melancholy and in deep mourning. It happened that one of her neighbours, Vassily Andreitch Pustovalov, returning home from church, walked back beside her. He was the manager at Babakayev's, the timber merchant's. He wore a straw hat, a white waistcoat, and a gold watch-chain, and looked more like a country gentleman than a man in trade.

"Everything happens as it is ordained, Olga Semyonovna," he said gravely, with a sympathetic note in his voice; "and if any of our dear ones die, it must be because it is

the will of God, so we ought to have fortitude and bear it submissively."

After seeing Olenka to her gate, he said good-bye and went on. All day afterwards she heard his sedately dignified voice, and whenever she shut her eyes she saw his dark beard. She liked him very much. And apparently she had made an impression on him too, for not long afterwards an elderly lady, with whom she was only slightly acquainted, came to drink coffee with her, and as soon as she was seated at table began to talk about Pustovalov, saying that he was an excellent man whom one could thoroughly depend upon, and that any girl would be glad to marry him. Three days later Pustovalov came himself. He did not stay long, only about ten minutes, and he did not say much, but when he left, Olenka loved him—loved him so much that she lay awake all night in a perfect fever, and in the morning she sent for the elderly lady. The match was quickly arranged, and then came the wedding.

Pustovalov and Olenka got on very well together when they were married.

Usually he sat in the office till dinner-time, then he went out on business, while Olenka took his place, and sat in the office till evening making up accounts and booking orders.

"Timber gets dearer every year; the price rises 20 per cent.," she would say to her customers and friends. "Only fancy we used to sell local timber, and now Vassitchka always has to go for wood to the Mogilev district. And the freight!" she would add, covering her cheeks with her hands in horror. "The freight!"

It seemed to her that she had been in the timber trade for ages and ages, and that the most important and necessary thing in life was timber; and there was something intimate and touching to her in the very sound of words such as "baulk," "post," "beam," "pole," "scantling," "batten," "lath," "plank," etc.

At night when she was asleep she dreamed of perfect mountains of planks and boards, and long strings of wagons, carting timber somewhere far away. She dreamed that a whole regiment of six-inch beams forty feet high, standing on end, was marching upon the timber-yard; that logs, beams, and boards knocked together with the resounding crash of dry wood, kept falling and getting up again, piling themselves on each other. Olenka cried out in her sleep, and Pustovalov said to her tenderly: "Olenka, what's the matter, darling? Cross yourself!"

Her husband's ideas were hers. If he thought the room was too hot, or that business slack, she thought the same. Her husband did not care for entertainments, and on holidays he stayed at home. She did likewise.

"You are always at home or in the office," her friends said to her. "You should go to the theater, darling, or to the circus."

"Vassitchka and I have no time to go to theaters," she would answer sedately. "We have no time for nonsense. What's the use of these theaters?"

On Saturdays Pustovalov and she used to go to the evening service; on holidays to early mass, and they walked side by side with softened faces as they came home from church. There was a pleasant fragrance about them both, and her silk dress rustled agreeably. At home they drank tea, with fancy bread and jams of various kinds, and afterwards they ate pie. Every day at twelve o'clock there was a savoury smell of beet-root soup and of mutton or duck in their yard, and on fast-days of fish, and no one could pass the gate without feeling hungry. In the office the samovar was always boiling, and customers were regaled with tea and cracknels. Once a week the couple went to the baths and returned side by side, both red in the face.

"Yes, we have nothing to complain of, thank God," Olenka used to say to her acquaintances. "I wish every one were as well off as Vassitchka and I."

When Pustovalov went away to buy wood in the Mogilev district, she missed him dreadfully, lay awake and cried. A young veterinary surgeon in the army, called Smirnin, to whom they had let their lodge, used sometimes to come in the evening. He used to talk to her and play cards with her, and this entertained her in her husband's absence. She was particularly interested in what he told her of his home life. He was married and had a little boy, but was separated from his wife because she had been unfaithful to him, and now he hated her and used to send her forty roubles a month for the maintenance of their son. And hearing of all this, Olenka sighed and shook her head. She was sorry for him.

"Well, God keep you," she used to say to him at parting, as she lighted him down the stairs with a candle. "Thank you for coming to cheer me up, and may the Mother of God give you health."

And she always expressed herself with the same sedateness and dignity, the same reasonableness, in imitation of her husband.

As the veterinary surgeon was disappearing behind the door below, she would say:

"You know, Vladimir Platonitch, you'd better make it up with your wife. You should forgive her for the sake of your son. You may be sure the little fellow understands."

And when Pustovalov came back, she told him in a low voice about the veterinary surgeon and his unhappy home life, and both sighed and shook their heads and talked about the boy, who, no doubt, missed his father, and by some strange connection of ideas, they went up to the holy ikons, bowed to the ground before them and prayed that God would give them children.

And so the Pustovalovs lived for six years quietly and peaceably in love and complete harmony.

But behold one winter day after drinking hot tea in the office, Vassily Andreitch went out into the yard without his cap on to see about sending off some timber, caught cold and was taken ill. He had the best doctors, but he grew worse and died after four months' illness. And Olenka was a widow once more.

"I've nobody, now you've left me, my darling," she sobbed, after her husband's funeral. "How can I live without you, in wretchedness and misery! Pity me, good people, all alone in the world!"

She went about dressed in black with long "weepers," and gave up wearing hat and gloves for good. She hardly ever went out, except to church, or to her husband's grave, and led the life of a nun. It was not till six months later that she took off the weepers and opened the shutters of the windows. She was sometimes seen in the morning, going with her cook to market for provisions, but what went on in her house and how she lived now could only be surmised. People guessed, from seeing her drinking tea in her garden with the veterinary surgeon, who read the newspaper aloud to her, and from the fact that, meeting a lady she knew at the post-office, she said to her:

"There is no proper veterinary inspection in our town, and that's the cause of all sorts of epidemics. One is always hearing of people's getting infection from the milk supply, or catching diseases from horses and cows. The health of domestic animals ought to be as well cared for as the health of human beings."

She repeated the veterinary surgeon's words, and was of the same opinion as he about everything. It was evident that she could not live a year without some attachment, and had found new happiness in the lodge. In any one else this would have been censured, but no one could think ill of Olenka; everything she did was so natural. Neither she nor the veterinary surgeon said anything to other people of the change in their relations, and tried, indeed, to conceal it, but without success, for Olenka could not keep a secret. When he had visitors, men serving in his regiment, and she poured out tea or served the supper, she would begin talking of the cattle plague, of the foot and mouth disease, and of the municipal slaughter-houses. He was dreadfully embarrassed, and when the guests had gone, he would seize her by the hand and hiss angrily:

"I've asked you before not to talk about what you don't understand. When we veterinary surgeons are talking among ourselves, please don't put your word in. It's really annoying."

And she would look at him with astonishment and dismay, and ask him in alarm: "But Voloditchka, what *am* I to talk about?"

And with tears in her eyes she would embrace him, begging him not to be angry, and they were both happy.

But this happiness did not last long. The veterinary surgeon departed, departed forever with his regiment, when it was transferred to a distant place—to Siberia, it may be. And Olenka was left alone.

Now she was absolutely alone. Her father had long been dead, and his armchair lay in the attic, covered with dust and lame of one leg. She got thinner and plainer, and when people met her in the street they did not look at her as they used to, and did not smile to her; evidently her best years were over and left behind, and now a new sort of life had begun for her, which did not bear thinking about. In the evening Olenka sat in the porch, and heard the band playing and the fireworks popping in the Tivoli, but now the sound stirred no response. She looked into her yard without interest, thought of nothing, wished for nothing, and afterwards, when night came on she went to bed and dreamed of her empty yard. She ate and drank as it were unwillingly.

And what was worst of all, she had no opinions of any sort. She saw the objects about her and understood what she saw, but could not form any opinion about them, and did not know what to talk about. And how awful it is not to have any opinions! One sees a bottle, for instance, or the rain,

or a peasant driving in his cart, but what the bottle is for, or the rain, or the peasant, and what is the meaning of it, one can't say, and could not even for a thousand roubles. When she had Kukin, or Pustovalov, or the veterinary surgeon, Olenka could explain everything, and give her opinion about anything you like, but now there was the same emptiness in her brain and in her heart as there was in her yard outside. And it was as harsh and as bitter as wormwood in the mouth.

Little by little the town grew in all directions. The road became a street, and where the Tivoli and timber-yard had been there were new turnings and houses. How rapidly time passes! Olenka's house grew dingy, the roof got rusty, the shed sank on one side, and the whole yard was overgrown with docks and stinging-nettles. Olenka herself had grown plain and elderly; in summer she sat in the porch, and her soul, as before, was empty and dreary and full of bitterness. In the winter she sat at her window and looked at the snow. When she caught the scent of spring, or heard the chime of the church bells, a sudden rush of memories from the past came over her, there was a tender ache in her heart, and her eyes brimmed over with tears; but this was only for a minute, and then came emptiness again and the sense of the futility of life. The black kitten, Briska, rubbed against her and purred softly, but Olenka was not touched by these feline caresses. That was not what she needed. She wanted a love that would absorb her whole being, her whole soul and reason—that would give her ideas and an object in life, and would warm her old blood. And she would shake the kitten off her skirt and say with vexation:

"Get along; I don't want you!"

And so it was day after day and year after year, and no joy, and no opinions. Whatever Mavra, the cook, said she accepted.

One hot July day, towards evening, just as the cattle were being driven away, and the whole yard was full of dust, some one suddenly knocked at the gate. Olenka went to open it herself and was dumbfounded when she looked out: she saw Smirnin, the veterinary surgeon, grey-headed, and dressed as a civilian. She suddenly remembered everything. She could not help crying and letting her head fall on his breast without uttering a word, and in the violence of her feeling she did not notice how they both walked into the house and sat down to tea.

"My dear Vladimir Platonitch! What fate has brought you?" she muttered, trembling with joy.

"I want to settle here for good, Olga Semyonovna," he told her. "I have resigned my post, and have come to settle down and try my luck on my own account. Besides, it's time for my boy to go to school. He's a big boy. I am reconciled with my wife, you know."

"Where is she?" asked Olenka.

"She's at the hotel with the boy, and I'm looking for lodgings."

"Good gracious, my dear soul! Lodgings? Why not have my house? Why shouldn't that suit you? Why, my goodness, I wouldn't take any rent!" cried Olenka in a flutter, beginning to cry again. "You live here, and the lodge will do nicely for me. Oh dear! how glad I am!"

Next day the roof was painted and the walls were whitewashed, and Olenka, with her arms akimbo, walked about the yard giving directions. Her face was beaming with her old smile, and she was brisk and alert as though she had waked from a long sleep. The veterinary's wife arrived—a thin, plain lady, with short hair and a peevish expression. With her was her little Sasha, a boy of ten, small for his age, blue-eyed, chubby, with dimples in his cheeks. And scarcely had the boy walked into the yard when he ran after the cat, and at once there was the sound of his gay, joyous laugh.

"Is that your puss, auntie?" he asked Olenka. "When she has little ones, do give us a kitten. Mamma is awfully afraid of mice."

Olenka talked to him, and gave him tea. Her heart warmed and there was a sweet ache in her bosom, as though the boy had been her own child. And when he sat at the table in the evening, going over his lessons, she looked at him with deep tenderness and pity as she murmured to herself:

"You pretty pet! . . . my precious! . . . Such a fair little thing, and so clever.'

"'An island is a piece of land which is entirely surrounded by water,'" he read aloud.

"An island is a piece of land," she repeated, and this was the first opinion to which she gave utterance with positive conviction after so many years of silence and dearth of ideas.

Now she had opinions of her own, and at supper she talked to Sasha's parents, saying how difficult the lessons were at the high schools, but that yet the high-school

was better than a commercial one, since with a high-school education all careers were open to one, such as being a doctor or an engineer.

Sasha began going to the high school. His mother departed to Harkov to her sister's and did not return; his father used to go off every day to inspect cattle, and would often be away from home for three days together, and it seemed to Olenka as though Sasha was entirely abandoned, that he was not wanted at home, that he was being starved, and she carried him off to her lodge and gave him a little room there.

And for six months Sasha had lived in the lodge with her. Every morning Olenka came into his bedroom and found him fast asleep, sleeping noiselessly with his hand under his cheek. She was sorry to wake him.

"Sashenka," she would say mournfully, "get up, darling. It's time for school."

He would get up, dress and say his prayers, and then sit down to breakfast, drink three glasses of tea, and eat two large cracknels and half a buttered roll. All this time he was hardly awake and a little ill-humoured in consequence.

"You don't quite know your fable, Sashenka," Olenka would say, looking at him as though he were about to set off on a long journey. "What a lot of trouble I have with you! You must work and do your best, darling, and obey your teachers."

"Oh, do leave me alone!" Sasha would say.

Then he would go down the street to school, a little figure, wearing a big cap and carrying a satchel on his shoulder. Olenka would follow him noiselessly.

"Sashenka!" she would call after him, and she would pop into his hand a date or a caramel. When he reached the street where the school was, he would feel ashamed of being followed by a tall, stout woman; he would turn round and say:

"You'd better go home, auntie. I can go the rest of the way alone."

She would stand still and look after him fixedly till he had disappeared at the school-gate.

Ah, how she loved him! Of her former attachments not one had been so deep; never had her soul surrendered to any feeling so spontaneously, so disinterestedly, and so joyously as now that her maternal instincts were aroused. For this little boy with the dimple in his cheek and the big school cap, she would have given her whole life, she would have given it with joy and tears of tenderness. Why? Who can tell why?

When she had seen the last of Sasha, she returned home, contented and serene, brimming over with love; her face, which had grown younger during the last six months, smiled and beamed; people meeting her looked at her with pleasure.

"Good-morning, Olga Semyonovna, darling. How are you, darling?"

"The lessons at the high school are very difficult now," she would relate at the market. "It's too much; in the first class yesterday they gave him a fable to learn by heart, and a Latin translation and a problem. You know, it's too much for a little chap."

And she would begin talking about the teachers, the lessons, and the school books, saying just what Sasha said.

At three o'clock they had dinner together: in the evening they learned their lessons together and cried. When she put him to bed, she would stay a long time making the Cross over him and murmuring a prayer; then she would go to bed and dream of that far-away misty future when Sasha would finish his studies and become a doctor or an engineer, would have a big house of his own with horses and a carriage, would get married and have children. . . . She would fall asleep still thinking of the same thing, and tears would run down her cheeks from her closed eyes, while the black cat lay purring beside her: "Mrr, mrr, mrr."

Suddenly there would come a loud knock at the gate.

Olenka would wake up breathless with alarm, her heart throbbing. Half a minute later would come another knock.

"It must be a telegram from Harkov," she would think, beginning to tremble from head to foot. "Sasha's mother is sending for him from Harkov. . . . Oh, mercy on us!"

She was in despair. Her head, her hands, and her feet would turn chill, and she would feel that she was the most unhappy woman in the world. But another minute would pass, voices would be heard: it would turn out to be the veterinary surgeon coming home from the club.

"Well, thank God!" she would think.

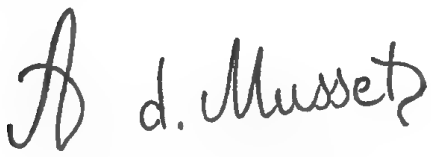
And gradually the load in her heart would pass off, and she would feel at ease. She would go back to bed thinking of Sasha, who lay sound asleep in the next room, sometimes crying out in his sleep:

"I'll give it you! Get away! Shut up!"

A Door Must be Either Open or Shut

A Proverb in One Act

By ALFRED DE MUSSET



Translated by S. L. Gwynn

SCENE.—*Paris.* (*The Marquise is seated on a sofa near the fire embroidering. Enter the Count; he bows.*)

COUNT—I don't know when I shall get over my stupidity, but my memory is shocking. I can't possibly take upon me to remember your day; and whenever I want to see you, it is sure to be a Tuesday.

MARQUISE—Have you anything to say to me?

COUNT—No; but suppose I had, I could not say it. It is only a chance that you are by yourself, and within the next quarter of an hour you are sure to have a mob of intimate friends in here: they will put me to flight, I warn you.

MARQUISE—It is true that to-day is my day, and I don't quite know why I have one. It's a fashion; but there is a reason for it all the same. Our mothers left their doors open: good society was not numerous, and only meant for each circle a batch of bores that one accepted as a matter of duty. Nowadays, when you are at home, you are at home to all Paris; and all Paris nowadays is in real earnest the whole of Paris, town and suburbs. When one is at home one's house is a street. A remedy had to be found, and, accordingly, everybody has their day. It is the only way to see as little as possible of each other, and when you say, "I am at home on Tuesdays," it is clearly just as if you said, "Leave me in peace on the other days——"

COUNT—That makes it all the worse for me to come to-day, since you allow me to see you in the week——

MARQUISE—Make up your mind and sit down there. If you are in a good temper, you may talk; if not, warm yourself. I don't expect a great many people to-day, and you shall watch the slides change in my little magic-lantern. But what's the matter with you? You seem——

COUNT—What?

MARQUISE—I would not say the word for the world.

COUNT—Well, indeed, then I will admit it. Before I came in I was a little——

MARQUISE—What? It is my turn now to ask.

COUNT—Will you be angry if I tell you?

MARQUISE—There is a ball this evening, where I want to look my best, so I shall not lose my temper all day.

COUNT—Well, I was a little bored. I don't know what's the matter with me: it's a fashionable affliction, like your days. I've been wretched since twelve o'clock, paid four visits, and found no one in. I was to dine somewhere: excused myself without any reason. There is nothing to go to this evening. I went out in a bitter frost, saw nothing but red noses and blue cheeks. I don't know what to do. I am as stupid as a magazine article.

MARQUISE—I can say the same for myself. I am bored to extinction. It is the weather, no doubt.

COUNT—The fact is, cold is abominable. Winter is an ailment. Fools see the pave-

ment clean and the sky clear, and when a good sharp wind nips their ears they call that a fine frost. It is like talking of a fine inflammation of the lungs. Many thanks for fineries of that sort.

MARQUISE—I go further than you. It seems to me that I get my dulness not so much from the air out of doors, cold though it is, as from the air other people breathe. Perhaps it is that we are growing old. I am beginning to be thirty, and I am losing my talent for existence.

COUNT—It is a talent I never had, and what scares me is that I am picking it up. As one ages, one turns fogey or fool, and I am desperately afraid of dying a wiseacre.

MARQUISE—Ring for them to put a log on the fire. Your idea freezes me. [*A ring heard outside.*]

COUNT—It is not worth while. There is a ring at the door, and your procession is arriving.

MARQUISE—Let us see who will carry the flag; and, above all, do your best to stay.

COUNT—No; decidedly I am off.

MARQUISE—Where are you going?

COUNT—I haven't an idea. (*He rises, bows, and opens the door.*) Adieu, Madame, till Thursday evening.

MARQUISE—Why Thursday?

COUNT—Is it not your day at the opera? I will go and pay you a little visit.

MARQUISE—I don't want you; you are too cross. Besides, I am taking M. Camus.

COUNT—M. Camus, your country neighbour?

MARQUISE—Yes. He sold me apples and hay with great gallantry, and I want to return his civility.

COUNT—Now, that is just your way. The most wearisome creature! He should be fed on his own wares. And by the way, do you know what the world says?

MARQUISE—No. But no one is coming. Who rang there?

COUNT (*looking out of window*)—No one. A little girl, I think, with a bandbox—something or other—a washer-woman. She is there in the court, talking to your servants.

MARQUISE—You call that something or other! That's polite of you. It is my bonnet. Well, what are they saying about me and M. Camus? Do shut that door. There's a terrible draught.

COUNT—People are saying that you are thinking of marrying again, and that M. Camus is a millionaire, and that he comes very often to your house.

MARQUISE—Really! Is that all? And you tell me that to my face?

COUNT—I tell it you because people are talking of it.

MARQUISE—That is a pretty reason. Do I repeat to you all the world says of you?

COUNT—Of me, Madame? What do they say, if you please, that will not bear repeating?

MARQUISE—But you see, anything will bear repeating, since you tell me that I am on the eve of being announced as Madame Camus. The story about you is at least as serious, for, unfortunately, it appears that it is true.

COUNT—What can it be? You frighten me.

MARQUISE—One more proof that the world is right.

COUNT—Explain yourself, I beg.

MARQUISE—Oh, on no account. It is your own affair——

COUNT (*sitting down again*)—I implore you, Marquise. I ask it as a favour. You are the person in all the world whose opinion I value most.

MARQUISE—One of the persons, you mean.

COUNT—No, Madame, I say the person—she whose esteem, whose opinion——

MARQUISE—Good heavens, you are going to turn a phrase.

COUNT—Not at all. If you see nothing, evidently it is because you will not see.

MARQUISE—See what?

COUNT—You can't but understand——

MARQUISE—I only understand what people tell me, and even then I am hard of hearing.

COUNT—You laugh at everything; but, candidly, could it be possible, that after seeing you for a whole year, with your wit, your beauty, your grace——

MARQUISE—But, good heavens! this is worse than a phrase; it is a declaration. Warn me at least. Is it a declaration or a New Year's compliment?

COUNT—And suppose it were a declaration?

MARQUISE—Oh, I don't want it this morning. I told you I was going to a ball; I run the risk of hearing some this evening, and my health won't stand that sort of thing twice a day.

COUNT—Truly you are discouraging, and I shall be heartily delighted when your turn comes to be caught.

MARQUISE—I shall be delighted myself. I swear to you, there are instants when I

would give large sums to have even a little vexation. Why, that's how I felt while my hair was being done, only just a few minutes ago. I was sighing as if my heart would break, from despair at having nothing to think of—

COUNT—Laugh away, laugh away; your turn will come.

MARQUISE—Very possibly: we are all mortal. If I am reasonable, whose fault is that? I assure you, I don't try to prevent it.

COUNT—So you don't choose to be made love to?

MARQUISE—No. I am very good-natured; but as for love-making, it is quite too stupid. Come now, you who have common sense, tell me what does this mean: making love to a woman?

COUNT—It means that the woman in question pleases you, and that you like to tell her so.

MARQUISE—Very well; but what about the woman? Does it please her to please you? For instance, you think me pretty, let us suppose, and it amuses you to let me know this. Well! what next? what does that prove? Is it a reason for me to love you? I imagine that if any one pleases me, that is not because I am pretty. What does he gain by these compliments? A pretty way, truly, to make a woman fall in love with you—to come and plant yourself in front of her with an eyeglass, look her over from head to foot, as if she were a doll in a shop window, and say to her very condescendingly: "Madame, I think you charming." Add to that a few stale phrases, a waltz and a bouquet, and that is what they call making love to a woman. For shame! How can a man of brains take any pleasure in these sillinesses? It puts me into a passion when I think of it.

COUNT—Still there is nothing to get angry about.

MARQUISE—On my word, there is. You must credit a woman with a very empty head and a great stock of stupidity to imagine that you can mix a charm for her out of such ingredients. Do you believe it is very diverting to pass one's life in the midst of a deluge of insipidities, and to have one's ears full of nonsense from morning to evening? Really, it seems to me that if I were a man, and saw a pretty woman, I should say to myself: "Here is a poor creature who is sure to be stifled with compliments." I should spare her; I should have pity on her; and if I wanted to find favour, I would do her the honour to talk to her of something else than her unhappy face. But no, it is always "You are pretty," and then "You are pretty," and then "Pretty" again. Why, good heavens! we know it well enough. Shall I tell you the truth?—you men of fashion are nothing but confectioners in disguise.

COUNT—Well, Madame, you are charming, take it as you will.—There's another ring. Good-bye; I am off.

MARQUISE—Wait now; I wanted to tell you—I forget what it was. Ah! do you pass Frossin's, by any chance, in your wanderings?

COUNT—It will not be by chance, Madame, if I can be of any use to you.

MARQUISE—Another compliment. Heavens, how you bore me! It is a ring I have broken. Of course I could simply send it, but I must explain to you. (*Taking the ring off her finger.*) There, do you see, it is the setting. There is a little point here, you see, don't you? That used to open at the side, here. I knocked it against something this morning, and the spring got broken.

COUNT—Why, Marquise,—without wanting to be indiscreet—there was hair in it!

MARQUISE—Very possibly. What are you laughing at?

COUNT—I am not laughing the least bit in the world.

MARQUISE—You are an impertinent creature; it is my husband's hair. But I hear no one. Who was it rang again there?

COUNT (*looking out of window*)—Another little girl, and another bandbox. One more bonnet, I presume. By the way, after all this, you owe me a confidence.

MARQUISE—Do shut that door; you are freezing me.

COUNT—I'm just going. But you promise to repeat what was said to you about me, don't you, Marquise?

MARQUISE—Come to the ball this evening, and we will have a talk.

COUNT—Parbleu! Yes; talk in a ballroom! A nice spot for conversation, with trombone accompaniment and a clatter of glasses of *eau sucrée*. Some one walks on your toe, some one else shoves your elbow, while a powdered lacquey stuffs an ice into your pocket. I put it to you, is that the place——?

MARQUISE—Will you go or stay? I tell you again, you are giving me a cold. Since no one is coming, what drives you away?

COUNT (*shutting the door and sitting down again*)—The fact is, do what I can, I feel in such bad humour that I am really afraid

of wearing out your patience. Decidedly I must leave off coming to your house——

MARQUISE—That is polite. And what has put that into your head?

COUNT—I don't know, but I bore you. You told me so yourself a moment ago, and I am quite conscious of it. What could be more natural? It is that unlucky lodging I have there opposite. I can't go out without looking at your windows, and I walk in here mechanically without reflecting what I come for.

MARQUISE—If I told you, you were boring me this morning, that was because it is unusual. Seriously, you would pain me. I take great pleasure in seeing you——

COUNT—You? Not a bit. Do you know what I am going to do? I am going back to Italy.

MARQUISE—Ah! And how will that suit mademoiselle?

COUNT—Mademoiselle who, please?

MARQUISE—Mademoiselle — somebody. The young lady who is your *protégée*. What do I know of your ballet-girls' names?

COUNT—Ah! So that is the fine story they have been telling you about me?

MARQUISE—Precisely. Do you deny it?

COUNT—It is a pack of rubbish.

MARQUISE—It is unfortunate that you were very distinctly seen at the play in the company of a certain pink hat with flowers that only bloom at the opera. You haunt the side-scenes, my neighbour; all the world knows that.

COUNT—Like your marriage with M. Camus.

MARQUISE—You still harp on that.

COUNT—Well, why not?

MARQUISE—M. Camus is a very worthy man. He is a millionaire several times over. His age, though it is venerable enough, is exactly right for a husband. I am a widow. He is a bachelor. He looks very well when he has his gloves on.

COUNT—And a nightcap. That is sure to suit him.

MARQUISE—Will you be good enough to stop, please? Do people mention such things?

COUNT—Why, yes, to any one who may see them.

MARQUISE—Apparently it is those young ladies who teach you your pretty manners.

COUNT (*getting up and taking his hat*)—Stop, Marquise, I must say good-bye. You would make me say something improper.

MARQUISE—What excessive delicacy!

COUNT—No, but really you are too cruel; it is bad enough to forbid me loving you, without accusing me of loving some one else.

MARQUISE—Better and better. What a tragic tone! I forbade you to love me?

COUNT—Certainly; or to speak to you of it, at least.

MARQUISE—Well, I give you leave. Let us hear your eloquence.

COUNT—If you meant that——

MARQUISE—What does that matter to you, provided I say it.

COUNT—It matters this much, that even in joke some one here might very probably run a risk.

MARQUISE—Oh, oh! Grave perils, monsieur?

COUNT—Perhaps, Madame. But unfortunately the danger would be only for me.

MARQUISE—When one is afraid, one doesn't play at courage. Well, let me hear. You say nothing? You threaten me. I expose myself to your attack, and you don't stir. I was expecting at least to see you fling yourself at my feet like Roderigo or M. Camus himself. In your place, he would be there already.

COUNT—So it amuses you greatly to laugh at us poor folks?

MARQUISE—And so it surprises you extremely that any one should dare to brave you to your face?

COUNT—Take care. If you are brave, I have been a hussar, let me tell you, Madame, and that not so very long ago.

MARQUISE—Really! Very well then; by all means. A hussar proposal ought to be curious. I never saw one in all my life. Should you like me to call my lady's-maid? I presume she will be able to take her part. You shall give me a performance. [*Bell heard.*]

COUNT—That jingle again. Good-bye, then, Marquise. At all events, I won't let you off so. [*He opens the door.*]

MARQUISE—Till this evening, is it not? But what is that noise I hear?

COUNT (*looking out of the window*)—It is a change in the weather. It is raining and hailing as hard as you please. There is a third bonnet coming for you, and I am greatly afraid there will be a cold inside it.

MARQUISE—But is that din thunder? In the middle of January? How about the almanacs?

COUNT—No, it is only a hurricane, a kind of waterspout passing——

MARQUISE—It is frightful. But do shut the door. You can't go out in this weather. What can cause such a thing?

COUNT (*shutting the door*)—Madame, it is the anger of heaven chastising panes of glass, umbrellas, ladies' ankles, and the chimney-pots.

MARQUISE—And my horses out!

COUNT—They are in no danger, unless something falls on their heads.

MARQUISE—Oh, laugh away. It is your turn. I am a very neat person, Monsieur. I don't like my horses splashed. It is beyond belief. A moment ago there was the loveliest sky you could see——

COUNT—You may safely reckon, I can tell you, that with this hail you won't have any one here. There is one of your days wasted——

MARQUISE—Not at all, since you came. Do put down your hat. It fidgets me.

COUNT—A compliment, Madame. Take care. You, who profess to hate them, might have yours taken for truth.

MARQUISE—But I tell you so, and it is quite true. You give me great pleasure by coming to see me.

COUNT (*sitting down again near the* MARQUISE)—Then let me love you.

MARQUISE—But I tell you also, I am quite willing. It doesn't annoy me the least bit in the world.

COUNT—Then let me speak of it to you.

MARQUISE—Hussar fashion, you mean?

COUNT—No, Madame. Be assured that even in default of heart I have enough good sense to respect you. But it seems to me that one has certainly a right without offending a person one respects——

MARQUISE—To wait till the rain is over, you mean. You came in here a moment ago without knowing why. You told me so yourself. You were bored, you didn't know what to do, you might have passed for being tolerably sulky. If you had found three people here, any three, no matter who, you would be there by the corner of the fire, at the present moment, talking literature or railroads, after which you would go and dine. So it is because I was alone that you think yourself bound all on a sudden, yes, bound in honour to make love to me; this same eternal, intolerable love-making, that is so useless, so ridiculous, and so hackneyed an affair. Why, what have I done to you? Suppose a visitor comes in here, you will be witty, perhaps; but I am alone, and there you are more commonplace than an old couplet out of a comic opera, and in a moment you broach your subject; and if I chose to listen to you, you would administer a declaration to me—you would recite your love. Do you know what men look like under those circumstances? Like those poor hissed authors who have always a manuscript in their pockets, some unpublished and unplayable tragedy, and pull out this to batter your ears with it as soon as you are left alone with them for a quarter of an hour.

COUNT—So you tell me that I don't displease you. I reply that I love you, and there is an end of it to your mind.

MARQUISE—You love me no more than the Grand Turk.

COUNT—Oh, come now, that is too much. Listen to me for a single moment, and if you don't believe me sincere——

MARQUISE—No, no, and no again! Good heavens! do you think I don't know what you could tell me? I have the highest opinion of your studies; but do you think, because you are an educated man, that I have read nothing. Listen! I used to know a clever man who had bought somewhere or other a collection of fifty letters, not badly composed, very neatly written—love-letters of course. These fifty letters were graduated, so as to compose a sort of little novel in which all situations were foreseen. There were some for declarations, some for moods of spleen or hope, for the moments of hypocrisy when one falls back on friendship, for quarrels, for despairs, for fits of jealousy, for sulkiness, even for rainy days like this. I have read these letters. The author professed, in a sort of preface, to have employed them on his own account, and never to have found a woman who resisted beyond the thirty-third number. Well! I resisted the whole collection. I ask you whether I am well read or no, and whether you flatter yourself you could have anything new to teach me.

COUNT—You have cloyed your palate, Marquise. You are jaded——

MARQUISE—Insults? I prefer them; they are less insipid than your sugar-plums.

COUNT—Yes, the plain truth is you are jaded.

MARQUISE—You think so. Well! not a bit of it!

COUNT—Jaded as an old Englishwoman with fourteen children.

MARQUISE—As the feather that dances on my hat. So you imagine that it is a deep science to know you all by heart. Why, there is no study needed to learn that lesson; simply you have to be left to yourselves. Stop and think; it is a very simple calculation. Men chivalrous enough to respect our poor ears and never lapse into sugar-plums are extremely rare. Again, it

can not be disputed that in the sorry moments when you try to lie in an attempt to phrase, you are all as like one another as a row of cards. Happily for us, heaven's justice has placed at your disposal a very limited vocabulary. You have only one tune among you, as they say, so that the mere hearing of the same phrases, the mere repetition of the same words, and the same studied gestures, the same tender looks, the mere spectacle of all these different faces which may in themselves be more or less passable, but at these fatal moments all assume the same humble victorious expression, is enough to work our salvation by laughter, or at least by sheer weariness. If I had a daughter, and if I wished to guard her against what are called dangerous advances, I should take good care not to forbid her to listen to her partners' pastorals. I would simply tell her: "Do not listen to one only, listen to them all. Don't shut the book, don't mark the page: leave it open, let these gentlemen play their little farces to you. If by ill-luck there is one that pleases you, don't resist the feeling. Only wait; there will come another, identically the same, who will disgust you with the pair of them. You are fifteen, let me say. Well, my child, that will go on so till thirty, and it will be always the same thing." There is the history and the science I know; do you call this being jaded?

COUNT—Horribly so, if what you say is true; and it seems to me so far from natural that the doubt might be allowed.

MARQUISE—What matter to me whether you believe or no?

COUNT—Better still. Is it really possible? What, you, at your age, despise love? The words of a man who loves you affect you like a trashy novel. His looks, gestures, sentiments, seem like a comedy to you. You pride yourself on candour, and you see nothing but lies in the rest of the world. But where do you come from, Marquise? who is it has given you these maxims of yours?

MARQUISE—I have come a long way, neighbour mine.

COUNT—Yes, from your nurse. Women fancy they know everything in the world. They know nothing at all, I put the question to yourself—what experience can you have? That of the traveller who had seen a red-haired woman at his inn, and set himself to note in his journal: "The women have red hair in this country."

MARQUISE—I begged you to put a log on the fire.

COUNT (*putting on the log*)—That a woman should be a prude is conceivable; that she should say No, should stop her ears, should hate love, is possible; but to deny its existence, that is a pretty joke. You discourage a poor devil by telling him, "I know what you are going to tell me." But has he not the right to reply, "Yes, Madame, you know perhaps; and I too know what men say when they love; but when I speak to you I forget it." There is nothing new under the sun. But I say in my turn, "What does that prove?"

MARQUISE—Come, at least, this is better; you are talking capitally; it is the next thing to a book.

COUNT—Yes, I am talking; and I am assuring you that if you are such as it is your pleasure to seem, I pity you most sincerely.

MARQUISE—Don't let me check you; make yourself at home.

COUNT—There is nothing in that to wound you. If you have the right to attack us, may we not reasonably defend oursevles? When you compare us to hissed authors, what is the stone you think you are throwing? Why, heaven help us! if love is a comedy——

MARQUISE—The fire is burning badly; that log is crooked.

COUNT (*arranging the fire*)—If love is a comedy, that world-old comedy, hissed or not, is still, after all is said and done, the least poor performance that has been invented. The parts are hackneyed, I admit; but if the play were worthless the whole universe would not know it by heart; and I am wrong to call it old. Is that old which is immortal?

MARQUISE—Monsieur, this is poetry.

COUNT—No, Madame; but these stale speeches, this balderdash that bores you, these compliments, declarations, and all the doting nonsense are excellent old things, conventional if you like, wearisome if you like, sometimes ridiculous, but all of them accompaniments to another thing which is always young.

MARQUISE—You are getting confused. What is it that is always old, and what is it that is always young?

COUNT—Love.

MARQUISE—Monsieur, this is eloquence.

COUNT—No, Madame. I mean this: That love is eternally young, and that the ways of expressing it are, and will remain, eternally old. The worn-out formulas, the iterations, those tags of novels, that issue from your heart, you can not say why, and all this pomp and circumstance, are just

a procession of old chamberlains, old diplomats, old ministers, just the chatter of a king's ante-chamber; all these pass, but the king never dies. Love is dead, long live Love.

MARQUISE—Love?

COUNT—Love. And even suppose one were merely fancying——

MARQUISE—Give me the fire-screen there.

COUNT—This one?

MARQUISE—No; the brocaded one. Your fire is putting out my eyes now.

COUNT (*handing the screen to the* MARQUISE)—Even suppose it were merely fancy that one is in love, is not that a charming thing?

MARQUISE—But I tell you it is always the same thing.

COUNT—And always new, as the song says. Why, what would you have us invent? Apparently you must be loved in Hebrew! That Venus there on your clock is also the same thing always; is she less beautiful for that, pray? If you are like your grandmother, are you the less pretty for that?

MARQUISE—That's right, there is the chorus; pretty. Give me the cushion that is by you.

COUNT (*taking the cushion and holding it in his hand*)—That Venus is made to be beautiful, to be loved and admired, that does not bore her in the least. If the splendid figure Milo conceived ever had a living model, assuredly that great strapping wench had more lovers than she needed, and let herself be loved like any one else, like her cousin Astarte, like Aspasia, and Manon Lescaut.

MARQUISE—Monsieur, this is mythology.

COUNT (*still holding the cushion*)—No, Madame, I can not say how painful to me is the sight of this fashionable indifference, this mocking, disdainful coldness, this air of experience, that reduces everything to nothing, in a young woman. You are not the first in whom I meet it; it is a disease that is going the round of the drawing-rooms. People turn aside, or yawn like you at this moment, and say that love is a thing not to be talked of. Then why do you wear lace? What is that tuft of feathers doing in your head?

MARQUISE—And what is that cushion doing in your hand? I asked you for it to put under my feet.

COUNT—Well then, there it is, and there am I too, and whether you will or not, I will make you a declaration, as old as the streets, and as stupid as a goose, for I am furious with you. [*He puts the cushion on the ground before the* MARQUISE, *and kneels down on it.*]

MARQUISE—Will you do me the favour to remove yourself from there, if you please?

COUNT—No; you must listen to me first.

MARQUISE—You won't get up?

COUNT—No, no, and no again, as you said a moment ago, unless you consent to hear me.

MARQUISE—I have the honour to wish you a good morning. [*Rising.*]

COUNT (*still on his knees*)—Marquise, in heaven's name, this is too cruel. You will madden me. You drive me to despair.

MARQUISE—You will recover at the Café de Paris.

COUNT (*in the same position*)—No, upon my honour. I speak from my heart. I will admit as much as you please that I came in here without any purpose. I only meant to pay you a passing visit; witness this door, that I opened three times to go. The conversation we have just had, your raillery, your very coldness, drew me on further perhaps than was right; but it is not to-day only, it is since the first day I saw you that I have loved you, that I have adored you. There is no exaggeration in the words I use. Yes, for more than a year I have adored you. I have dreamed——

MARQUISE—Adieu! [*Exit the* MARQUISE, *leaving the door open.*]

COUNT (*left alone, remains a moment longer on his knees, then rises and says*)—It is a positive fact that that door is icy. [HE *is going out, and sees the* MARQUISE.]

COUNT—Ah, Marquise. you are laughing at me.

MARQUISE (*leaning against the half-open door*)—So you have found your feet.

COUNT—Yes; and I am going, never to see you again.

MARQUISE—Come to the ball this evening. I am keeping a valse for you.

COUNT—I will never, never see you again. I am in despair; I am lost.

MARQUISE—What is the matter with you?

COUNT—I am lost. I love you like a child. I swear to you, on all that is most sacred in the world——

MARQUISE—Adieu! [*She is going out.*]

COUNT—It is for me to leave, Madame. Stay, I beg of you. I feel how much I have to suffer——

MARQUISE (*in a serious tone*)—Let us make an end now, Monsieur. What do you want with me?

COUNT—Why, Madame, I wish, I should desire——

MARQUISE—What? For, in short, you wear out my patience. Do you imagine that I am going to be your mistress, and succeed to your pink bonnets? I warn you that an idea of that kind does more than displease me. It is revolting.

COUNT—You, Marquise? Great heaven! if it were possible, it would be my whole life I would lay at your feet. It should be my name, my property, my honour itself, that I should wish to entrust to you. I, to confound you for a single instant, I do not merely say with those creatures of whom you only speak to vex me, but with any woman in the world: could you really suppose it? Do you believe me so devoid of sense? Has my levity or my folly gone so far then as to make you doubt my respect? Can you, who were telling me a moment ago that you took some pleasure in seeing me, felt perhaps some friendship for me; is it not true, Marquise? Can you think that a man whom you have thus distinguished, whom you have found worthy of so precious and so sweet an indulgence, would not know your worth? Why, am I blind, or mad? You my mistress? No, but my wife.

MARQUISE—Oh! very well. If you had told me that on arriving we should not have quarrelled. So you want to marry me?

COUNT—Why, undoubtedly! I am dying to. I never dared to tell you, but for this last year I have been thinking of nothing else. I would give my life-blood to be allowed the faintest hope.

MARQUISE—Wait now. You are richer than I.

COUNT—Oh, dear no, I don't think so. And what does that matter to you? I entreat of you, don't let us talk of these things. Your smile at this moment makes me shiver with hope and fear. One word, for pity's sake. My life is in your hands.

MARQUISE—I am going to tell you two proverbs. The first is, Never play at cross purposes. Consequently, we will talk it over.

COUNT—Then what I have dared to tell you does not displease you?

MARQUISE—Oh no! Here is my second proverb: A door must be either open or shut. Now for three-quarters of an hour here has this door, thanks to you, been neither one nor the other, and the room is perfectly icy. Consequence again—you are going to give me your arm to take me to dine at my mother's. After that you will go to Frossin's.

COUNT—Frossin's, Madame? For what reason?

MARQUISE—My ring.

COUNT—Ah, that is true! I had forgotten all about it. Well then, your ring, Marquise.

MARQUISE—Marquise, you say. Well then, on my ring there happens to be in the setting a little Marquise's coronet, and as that may be used for a seal, tell me, Count, what do you think? Perhaps the strawberry leaves will have to be taken off. There, I am going to put on my bonnet.

COUNT—You overwhelm me with joy. How am I to express——?

MARQUISE—But do shut that unhappy door. This room will never be fit to live in again.

The Baltimore Oriole

By EDGAR FAWCETT

HOW falls it, oriole, thou has come to fly—
In tropic splendour through our Northern sky?
At some glad moment was it nature's choice,
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

The Spirit in the Pipe

By CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD

WELL, I'll tell ye. Capt. Silas Farragut Tarrant, U. S. N., owned a farm whereon was a barn wherein was a horse over which was a room where slept a little red Irishman—Clarence O'Shay—who loved both the pipe and the jug. Which I say no word agin um, but one night the rum rose up in O'Shay and the coals dropped out of uz pipe aflame on the straw of uz bed, and the barn burnt down and the horse burnt up.

And Clarence O'Shay ran that fast away from the blaze that when the Captain had um up on charge of cruelty to a beast and arsony to a barn, Clarence come into court with an alibi; whereby the jury acquit um of arsony, by that he couldn't have possibly been at the barn at the time; and fined um twenty dollars for cruelty to a beast because at such time he ought to have been at the barn.

And the Captain, as some say, to make amends for the charge found false, or as others say to git O'Shay before an impudent cocked-hat court some day, instid of a civil one, got an enlistment for O'Shay as a second-class blue-jacket in the navy, and then straightway forgot of um. For the Captain was busy with trading of uz hot-skotched farm and with having uz rich wife's relations tickle the administration to git um a fine command.

And they fixed it to shove aside the one that should have ut and give old Tarrant command of the battleship *Utah*, U. S. N., a brand-new grand machine of war of thirteen thousand ton by specification and fourteen thousand by fact, they say; she had a whole grove of funnels and military tops and wicked rifles pointing every what way. And the Captain come aboard of her and hoisted his pennant and declared she was in commission. But 'twas three months before he had her ready to commit anything but lying forninst the pier.

Well, Clarence O'Shay, going his way, was sent to a big fat wooden receiving-ship—one of the war of 1812. That's where I see um first; a square, short, squat, raw squab he was, with brick-coloured fur and a jaw like the end of a box; and uz shanks was twisted like andirons' legs. There was two or three hundred aboard, some recruits like him, and some with their hides tanned with experience, like me. I made a friend of um because he said that old Tarrant was beholden to um.

And the officers took um and put um through the setting-up exercises day by day, till uz shoulder blades ground the skin of uz back between um and the beads stood out on uz brow, and they had um straightened; and they swore at um till they filled um with respect; and they taught um the evil end of a gun, and a notion of standing in line and counting fours and drilling with the rest of the tarriers; and I learned um how to swing to uz hammick without kicking all four of uz neighbors out of bed; and he got the gift of ut in three months, and no credit to uz stupidity.

And when we made part of a draft of fifty to fill out the *Utah* I took um under me wing and showed um how to smuggle uz jug in the broad light of day past the searching sergeant of marines; and he took to that handily. But—oh, a real man-o'-war was a wildering bedazzlement to um! 'Twas cross-eyeing to um! Such that he spent the deal of uz time a-falling through coal-holes and hatches and ladderways, all by mistake—that green he was—and making friends everywhere in the bowels of the ship by ut, with telling how once he had risked uz life to save the Captain's horse from being dry-smoked. And I thought I see me way to some special dispensations from old Tarrant through O'Shay.

And I took um a walk—to rub off uz luster. I showed um the air-pumps and steam-pumps and hand-pumps and hydraulicky-pumps, and the fan-gear and tiller-gear and turning-gear; and condinsers and ice-makers and forty small engines here and there; with the winches and capstans and dynamos, and ash-hoists and shot-lifts and railways, and deck-plates and hand-wheels, and water-tight doors and holds and bottoms—me telling um what each and

every one was for. And I expostulated to um how the green-flanged red-painted pipe overhead carried water, and the yellow-flanged blue pipe carried steam from the donkey, and the black-flanged gray pipe carried pressed air, and the red-flanged green pipe carried hydraulicky, and the speaking-tube pipe, painted yellow, took whispers all over the ship; and I showed um twenty flush hatches and started to tell um what each one was for. But O'Shay took to drink—saying that Heaven would forgive um.

And he nursed uz jug till he emptied it—and that with all stragglers aboard and us lying in the lower harbour with every one sobering for a cruise! And he laid down on the tank-tops and sing:

> I'd rather be right than Prisident!
> I'd rather be boggled than right, bedad!
> *Pop!*—goes the goozle!

and such profanity. And when I asked um to brace up uz back and temper uz voice to the regulations he said he was too busy with uz joy. And I begged um and begged um for fear of court-martial and me losing uz influence to straighten unself—but in vain; and when I spilled a bucket of brine on uz head he said he was tight—tight—water-tight; and he asked if I was a blue bag-pipe with red fringes—that obvious to uz surroundings he was; and when I give um me boot in uz ribs he laughed with joy and said 't was the pleasantest sensation in the history of man.

And so for fear of uz court-martial for smuggling uz jug I lifted a man-hole door and doubled um up and stuffed um down between the inner and outer skins of the ship—'twas a space not three feet in the clear; and I closed um in with a light to sleep by and screwed down the nuts on the door hard and fast. And the last command I heard him say was to lower no more blasted coffins there, but to leave um in the gentlemanly enjoyment of uz tomb.

Well, I hauled off and forgot of um. For I see by the signs that the ship was to crawl away by moonlight, and me to serve me lick at the wheel at mid-night. So I hove to and snored in me hammick between me favorite beams. And there was little Clarence, forty feet below, lying boxed up on the hard cement of her outside bottom, with her inner bottom for uz sky—not two feet above uz nose, and uz feet agin her vertical keel and uz head bang up agin another vertical plate called a longitudinal. For ye see, a steel man-o'-war's shell is built on the cellulose system—as though ye should cut off one story of an empty honeycomb and bend ut to the shape of a ship's bottom; and this was one of the cells which six of 'em made a compartment on the *Utah*. And ye could crawl from one of the six to another by virtue of holes in the upright plates; but beyond the six of the compartment ye couldn't go without tearing through a twelve-pound plate, unless by the man-hole door, which was screwed down tight above Clarence's head.

But O'Shay laid absorbing the flavour of uz drink long past when old Tarrant come aboard from a champagne goozle, two-thirds content with the universe and placing main reliance on uz executive officer. The Captain ordered the *Utah* under way and tumbled into uz bunk; and I heard the anchor hauling utself in over the windlass and the engines begin to go bump—bump, bump—bump, and I knew in me sleep we was off hunting for bad weather for a sea-test.

And by and by, down below, O'Shay half waked in uz sleep and inquired the time of day, and no one answered um—nothing but the stamping of the old double-harnessed elephants of engines two hundred feet abaft of um. And he laid on uz back with the electric handlight at uz side gazing up at the black man-hole door, and by inches he partly come to himself—seeing above um and below um and all around um nothing but cold red iron walls and hearing the hard pounding of something not very far off, he didn't know what. And then a cold shiver chased utself all over um, for the thought of uz being buried alive in an iron casket that way. "Begad," he says, "I remember now I died with only a boot in the ribs for me absolution," he says, "and begad I hear the tread of the twelve apostles plain as day!" And with that he drew in a breath like a wheezy cylinder and let out a howl to 'em for a stay of proceedings on uz soul; but he might as well have been a rat a-drownding in the bilge; for the twelve apostles kept on treading, treading—bump, bump—never no farther and never no nearer—keeping step all the time as if they was walking in a circle round um enjoying the fun of ut. And he give a shriek and tried to jump up, but the iron skin struck uz head and knocked um down, and he saw a hole that let into the next cell and he crawled through ut like a wild snake, dragging the light and leaving uz wits and pieces of uz breeches behind um, first praying and begging of the apostles, and then

a-swearing at 'em and then a-cursing of the Captain's horse for burning up and leaving um to be buried alive at sea, and all the time crawling and howling and cold-sweating till he crawled through the six cells back again to the first;—and he laid down on uz face and weep with distaste of ut.

When uz tears was spent he found that uz hand was grasping of a pipe. And seeing ut was painted yellow O'Shay come to umself a bit, and remembered what 'twas, for sure. For ye see, the speaking-tube pipes in the *Utah* was led down through the inner bottom to keep em safe from splinters and shell; and this happened to be the one that went forward from the Captain's bunk—the same I showed um in the pilot-house, with telling um if he was captain he could speak with me through ut. And O'Shay took out his grandfather's knife, with the file in ut, and sawed away at the brass pipe to make a hole in ut; and he recollected the flask in uz pocket and took comfort by that; and he filed like a good one, and emptied the flask, and soon he had a hole in the pipe as big as a dollar; and he put his big mouth to ut and says: "Phe-euw!" with a breath that blowed the brass filings a jingling for yards abaft. And the automatic mouth-piece aft in the Captain's cabin—'twas nigh on to midnight—and the same like mouth-piece forrard in the pilot-house, both whistled to wake the dead. For ye see, Clarence being in the middle, was establishing umself with both ends of ut—though he had no thoughts but of me. And the quartermaster's mate in the pilot-house jumped to the mouth-piece and whispered: "Yessir." And in the cabin old Tarrant, waked up from uz champagne doze by the hiss in uz ear, took up the mouthpiece that hung by a flexible tube from the sheathing, and says with impatience: "Well, sir?" Which neither of 'em heard the other; but O'Shay, down below, hearing their voices associating together, shouts: "Come and unlock me, ye blasted idiot!" And the quartermaster's mate, thinking old Tarrant was locked in his stateroom, says: "Yessir!" and charged horse and foot along the deck toward the cabins. And old Tarrant, at hearing such marvelous insubordination shouted to um by some one at the other end of the tube, shot up from uz bunk like a mortar. "Ye're under arrest!" says he, through the mouthpiece. "Go tell the master-at-arms to lock ye up!" says he. And O'Shay, thinking ut was me, shook uz fist at the hole in the pipe, and bawls in old Tarrant's ear: "Under arrest, is ut? I'm ten miles under dry land!" says he. "Come lemme out—or I'll make a corpse of ye that can't walk the streets of Heaven in decency!" and with hearing that blasphemy the Captain leapt over and pushed a bell, and uz Scandinavian blockhead of a private-of-marines-orderly come in. "Arrest that man in the pilot-house, ye numb skull!" orders the Captain.

And the private-orderly-numb skull lit out for the pilot-house, running to split uz tight blue robin's-egg breeches; and he meets the quartermaster's mate running and asking: "What's the matter with the skipper?"—and says the orderly: "What's the matter at the pilot-house?" and they both went on without answering each other. And the mate burst into the Captain's stateroom, saying eagerly: "Did ye want help, sir?" "Help, ye fool!" roars the Captain. "Who said ut? Do I want help to put on me trousers? You're under arrest, too, sir! Go tell the orderly to arrest ye despite yer resistance!" he says, or something like ut. "I'll see if there's mutiny aboard this craft," says old Tarrant, putting his feet into the sleeves of uz dress coat by mistake, and howling in a voice to wake the dead and half the ward-room officers: "Call the officer of the deck! Pilot-house there," he says, through the mouthpiece, leaning over uz bunk—"send aft the officer of the deck!" And O'Shay, down below, thinking ut was me, bellers back: "I'll send ye aft the twist of me thumb in yer eye," he says; "come down and lemme out or I'll come up and make a horse-meat sausage of ye!" And about that time I began to hear 'em in extraordinary expeditions on deck, and the orderly hollerin' to split umself, and the master-at-arms running steeple-chases, and I says to meself ut's time to spill.

And from the hatchway I noticed there was no officer on the bridge, so I reconnoitered the man at the wheel—the one I come up to be standing by to relieve. "The matter?" says he, shifting uz quid and staring straight on in her course—'twas a bright moonlight night, ten miles off Sandy Hook. "There's the divil to pay and no pitch hot," he says. "Just listen to the old man talking in uz drink through the voice-pipe!" And I took the mouthpiece and heard a voice saying: "I warn ye; if me soul leaves me body I'll come up at ye through the pipe, I will! I'll stick yer heart that full of holes as a strawberry!" he says. "Me naked spirit'll sit on yer ear," he says, "like a

barnacle on a clam—talking to ye till the end of time!" he says, "and longer, begad!"

And me heart moved two inches to one side, for I know'd 'twas O'Shay that was bringing the whole ship's company to uts feet with the belief that old Tarrant had gone daft with uz drink. I could hear manding and countermanding from stem to stern of her. With that I grabbed a gallon of valve oil from the floor of the pilot-house and dumped ut quick down the pipe and polished off the mouthpiece with me sleeve. And I tumbled below, for I had but five minutes to git O'Shay and save uz neck from court-martial; and I knew the oil would only stop um till he could spit ut out and draw us breath. For luck there was no one by when I unfastened um. "Hello, Clarence," says I. "What are ye here for?" "For me health, ye baboon!" says he, spitting oil from uz teeth. And at first he showed fight; but I hauled um out by the collar of uz neck and sat um down hard once or twice on the tank-tops to show um uz legs was too stiff for ut, and I whispered to um of the officers' running around crazy to find um, with their threats of keel-hauling um. And I carried um up the ladder on me back and planted um on deck with care.

Along come a young surgeon looking for what he could find, and says he: "What ails this man?" "Nothing, sir," says I; "he's fallen down two hatchways and disturbed uz innards, as appears from uz mouth, sir," which was still bubbling oil. And the surgeon says: "Dump um into the sick-bay." Which I did, giving um a pointer to keep mum with uz voice about smuggling uz jug, and advising um to git all the sleep he could; "for I hear," I says, "ye're to be hanged at the signal-arm at sunrise."

And when I come for me trick at the wheel, on the bridge I see the pilot-house full of ward-room officers, and they had the quartermaster's mate and the man whose relief I was and the wooden-head Scandinavian orderly, questioning all three of um about what they had said; but the Captain they had soothed back to bed. And they could figure no relationship with the statements of them three and what the Captain had said. I heard 'em send for the regulations and I knowed they was considering the steps to be taken when a captain loses uz command by virtue of uz vice of intemperance, for they thought he had drillium trimmins. And from what I heard I see 'twas the intention to watch um in the morning and take action according to uz condition; and so they dispersed. And when me trick was done at four o'clock in the morning I lost no time in dropping below to make a clumsy job of repairing the voice-pipe, at the risk of imminent discovery.

'Twas four bells of the morning before I had finished ut. I says to meself, I'll go and be shining brass knobs in the cabin, to take the Squab's place and hear what is said. And the first thing old Tarrant remarks when he opens the door was: "Go tell the officer of the deck to send aft all those men I placed under arrest last night at midnight." Which I did, and the officer hummed and hawed and says: "How does the Captain look this morning?" "How does he look?" says I; "he looks like he had bad sleep last night, sir," I says, "and maybe misleading dreams, with no irreverence to um, sir."

And the officer says: "Hum; go tell um he was mistaken. He placed no man under arrest last night." And when I told old Tarrant that, he didn't fly off uz handle, but looked a bit dazed to umself. "'Twas the night before," he says to umself; "yes, never mind, 'twas the night before." And he come with false leisure forrard, and see the quartermaster's mate standing on one leg agin the tompion of old ten-inch smoking of uz pipe to beat the stack of a soft-burning Britisher.

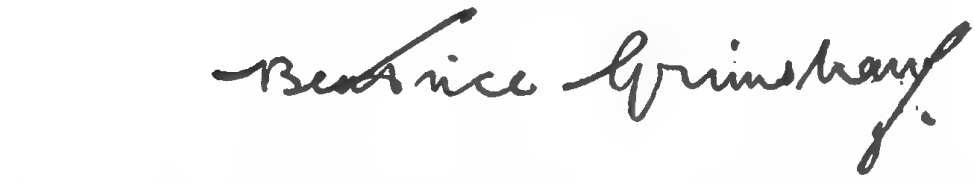
"Was ut las night," says the Captain, "I had you aft at midnight?" he says, a bit dubious. "*Me*, sir?" says the mate with uz eyebrows flying up under uz hat; "no, sir, 'twasn't me, sir; nor any night, sir." And old Tarrant walked aft again. And 'twas the last word any one hear of ut, or of anything that had occurred that night. But during that cruise the colour of old Tarrant's beak changed from a flaming turkey red to a decent claret and water; and 'twas plain he thought he had the drillium dreams.

Well I went forward and shook O'Shay to wake um. "Beware me naked spirit!" he mutters, half obvious of umself. "Wake up, Clarence," says I, bringing um to umself. "Are ye better this morning, me boy? 'Tis twenty-four hours ye laid in a stupor calling out names to beat the divil. Ye've had a bad case of drillium trimmins, me lad. 'Tis a special dispensation ye're living this day!"

"Is that all of ut?" says Clarence, rolling of uz eyes with relief. "Thank Heaven!" he says. "I dreamed I was being shipped in a tin can to the King of the Man-Eating Isles!"

Through the Back Door

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW



THERE are places in the Pacific almost as far away as another star. From where, you ask me? I answer, from anywhere in the world, except Islands like themselves. You want to take a globe of the world in your hand, and see the true extent of that immense section of earth's surface known as the "South Seas," before you can understand how long the journeys are, how far away the small green Islands set in limitless plains of blue.

For us who live in the South Seas, the rest of the world is something like a coloured map-picture, bright and small, and curiously unreal. Sometimes, at intervals of months or weeks, a bit of the picture escapes, and comes sailing in to our shores in the form of a steamer or tall-masted brigandine; then strange airs from alien places blow down the palmy street, and the night when it comes, brilliantly unfamiliar, lit with unwonted lights and laced with rattling and roaring cargo noise, is filled with talk of terror and of war. . . .

But when the ship has gone, leaning and skating away through the passage, and shows, hull down, on the horizon, like a bead on a wide blue floor; when the steamer is a streak of gray across the sunset, and the fleet of small cutters and launches has dispersed with its cargo of food, the peace of the Pacific comes down once more like a mother dove that has been hovering afar off during the visit of some strange formidable bird, and wings of silence brood upon the Island town. . . .

They came to us in the days of the Great War, those whom the war had spared—women and old men and broken creatures from the fight; and we, the stay-behinds (for our fighters were all gone) took them in, and made them forget.

It is so easy to forget anything—even the Great War—under the shade of the coconut, beside the warm blue seas. Balboa named our great ocean better than he knew when he called it, from its calm aspect on one memorable day, the Pacific. Those who have sailed it know how little the name may be depended on, from the sailor's point of view. But there are others.

I had come in from my plantation to Naula town in the cutter, that afternoon. The steamer was gone, but there were stores for me, and there might have been letters. It is true that I am a very old man; still, I do not tread the "banquet hall deserted" of utter friendlessness; the mail has yet its interest for me.

An old chum, once a miner with me in the adventure of the West Australia goldfields, had written. I took his letter to the quiet end of the town, where there was a pleasant tangle of boat slips, and small schooners with their masts pricking up among the red-flowered branches of coral-trees, and great nests of rustling anchor chain, and dingeys pulled up to dry. I've always loved the edges and scraps of sea-life, though I was a civil engineer myself when I was anything. There was a good, tarry, rope-flavoured smell there, and the half-caste islanders repairing a boat or two were so leisurely and calm in their movements that they rather added to than took away from the calm of the place.

I sat on a balk of timber retrieved from some old wharf, holding the letter in my hand unopened, and for a moment, with the scent of sea-things about me and the small clear wind that breathes from far away talking in my ear as it used to talk on Devon and Cornwall beaches in eighteen fifty-nine, I forgot that I was old. For, you see, in spite of many wanderings over earth and

sea, and the years and years that had gone by, this wind and these odours still promised vague, wonderful, uncertain things—more behind the doors through which I sailed, more and more. . . .

And I woke from the dream to the thought that I was seventy-one, and that there could be little indeed of any "more" left in life for me. And I thought of the time when life was limitless, and said to myself, with Tennyson—

> "I remember, when I think
> That my youth was half divine. . . ."

All this, you must understand, before I had opened the letter. So one must allow that I was a trifle clairvoyant (if there is such a thing as clairvoyance), on that blue Pacific morning, with the stranded boats lying beneath the coral-trees, and the little clear, far-away wind talking . . . talking. . . .

Jim Arnitt had written to tell me that Paradyne was in the Pacific.

"You must have heard odd things about him lately," he wrote. "They say that the time he had in the war has half-crazed him, and that he has gone in for some queer forms of occultism. It may be true, or may not. People seem to keep dark about it. I fancy he has taken up some kind of mediumistic business, with a bit of cash in it. You might always look for that with Paradyne. Anyhow, they say he has bought an Island to live in like a kind of hermit, and as it's in your group, I thought you would be interested to know about it. Tiki-Ai is the name of the place; the New Zealand Government sold it to him. What do you people in the Naulas think of having a sort of white sorcerer planted down among you? I believe he has got some racket about restoring youth—the trick of every charlatan who wants to squeeze the public. You won't think so much of Paradyne as you used to after this. . . . Have you heard that Jack Andrews married the widow after all? . . ."

I laid the letter on my knee, and it was not the wind now that I heard, or the hushing of the small waves on the sand, measured as the tick of eternity's clock. It was the words that had been in my mind a little while before—

> "I remember, when I think
> That my youth was half divine."

What Arnitt wrote was nonsense, of course. But if only it had been true!

"Why," I said to myself, "if the smallest grain of truth were in it, Paradyne might be a millionaire half a dozen times over. People would give all they had. . . ."

And I fell to musing. And when I looked up, there stood Paradyne. He had come by the boat after all.

Paradyne was the "original," the human mystery, who comes into every man's life; the fellow with a something different from the rest. You know. One admires and despises him, and denies his charm, his abilities, even while experiencing their force. He has always a streak of charlatan; he is always a handsome fellow; women make themselves fools over him, and men like him reluctantly, with spurts of hate. I had known Paradyne about half my life, off and on; but I never felt that I really did know him, all the same.

I had seen him last up the Congo, prospecting after some impossible mineral that he didn't get, although, with the crosswise sort of luck that always seemed to follow him, he did run across a deposit of valuable china-clay. I believe he went to Vienna after, and had a good time there, until the outbreak of war, when he promptly went to London, bought the best bottle of hair-dye to be had, got a course of figure drill and one of face massage, and triumphantly—at fifty-four—passed into the forces, official birth-date 1875. Then he got smashed up internally, and acquired a limp, and then no one heard any more about him, till Arnitt's letter. And here he was on the beach of Naula town, with the old smile and the old curly hair just turning grey, very well dressed in a new tussore suit, with excellent boots and (as ever) a look of one who owns the world by right. By which I judged that Paradyne was hard up. For in old times, he always dressed the better, and looked the smarter and more prosperous, the worse things happened to be going with him.

"You can't afford to shab and sneak about unless you have whips of money," he would say.

It appeared that my diagnosis was right.

"Lend me eighty pounds, will you?" was his greeting.

"No, I will not," was my reply.

"Oh yes, you will; when you hear what it's about."

"I've heard. Seems you are going to make old people young again, like Mephistopheles. You don't expect anyone to swallow that, do you?"

"Yes. Wait till you hear—though it's not exactly what you . . . But I want that

eighty pounds; I spent almost my last bean buying the Island, and——"

"Well, why did you buy an Island? No one in his senses does—at least, not places like Tiki-Ai, which wouldn't grow two hundred coconuts—apart from being seventy miles from the nearest steamer-call—and that's only once a month anyhow."

"I bought it because I had to have it. If there'd been a more out-of-the-way island for sale, I'd have got it instead. You don't begin to realize . . . Why, man, there's millions in it; you ought to go down on your knees and thank me for allowing you a chance at it."

"You never were a crook, Paradyne," I said, looking at him thoughtfully, "otherwise I should think you were framing up a swindle of some kind. As it is, I can only suppose you haven't got over that shell-shock."

Instead of answering, Paradyne began to laugh.

"You're right, I haven't," he said wiping his eyes. "You old fellows who couldn't get out to the war" (this came well, I thought, from one who had been a growing lad in the days of the Siege of Paris), "you old fellows haven't the beginning of an idea of all we've found out, about wounds and all sorts of other things."

"Be that as it may," I said, "I haven't eighty pounds to spare."

"Nobody has," said Paradyne acutely. "But you have eighty you could squeeze out, and you will squeeze it, old boy, if only for the sake of having a treat you never dreamed you could have. However, what it's wanted for at present is to take me to Tiki-Ai, and help to put up a cheap house or two. Man alive, my clients are coming up next boat."

I was curious. I was unbelieving, but . . . Anyhow, Arthur Paradyne exercising the old, untellable influence; and I wanted to know. Especially I wanted to know. So the eighty, and some more, changed hands. And in two days later, we—Paradyne and I and a native crew—made the peak of Tiki-Ai, a lost little speck in the vast Pacific wastes, seventy miles from the Naulas, which are four hundred miles from the Paumotus, which are six or seven hundred from anywhere.

Tiki-Ai is a low Island, some few acres in extent. It has a white beach of beaten coral, and a few dozen coconut palms standing close to the water, and—I really don't know what else. I remember a few painty-green bushes in the middle, and about six uncanny screw-pines, standing on high wooden stilts. And some sort of a creeper like red and green hair, that ran all over the ground, and was beaded with pale berries. And a balk or two of sun-whitened timber from a wreck. Birds, of course, planing and screaming. Sun that struck you like a blow. And loneliness, and sea, and sea, and sea. That is Tiki-Ai.

The native crew, seeing it, raised a howl.

"No good place this one, master," they cried. "He full up along plenty devil-devil. We altogether go finish (die) along this place."

Paradyne examined the islet through his glasses.

"Couldn't be better," he said, and laughed. Something about the spot seemed to please him.

We landed, camped, and next day set the boys to work that was hard enough to drive devil-devils out of their heads. Paradyne had brought house-building material with him, doors and windows, rolls of patent roofing, and that stuff you build with in panels, and some sawn timber for frames. It took only a couple of weeks to put up two plain but sufficient houses, two rooms in each, and to set the tanks in position. Luckily it was near the rainy season, and we got water enough to fill them.

Of course I wanted to know all about the scheme from the very start. Paradyne was willing to gratify me, up to a certain point.

"The place is a retreat," he said. "What do you think of it as a spot for perfect concentration of thought?"

"Good enough," I answered, "though as to the necessity of such an inconvenient distance——"

"Man," he cried, "that's the kernel of the whole thing. How can I—or others—carry out mental processes as delicate as the manufacture of radium, with other people's thoughts buzzing and butting in all the time? Like the way those German wirelesses used to come barging in and drowning ours. You've lived so long out of the world that you aren't up to the new developments in psychology. I can tell you, there's a fine healthy lot of them."

"Yes, but what's all this about?" I persisted. "What are you—we—going to do, exactly?"

Paradyne didn't answer for a minute. I do not know if you have observed that the Paradyne type—the fluent, enthusiastic, notion-mongering sort—almost always shies when it comes to exact details, partly, one

supposes, because this business of detailing clips the wings of rainbow fancy, partly because the notion-mongerer is usually suspicious, underneath his surface fluency, and thinks the business-man will somehow or other "get at him" if he lets him know too much. . . .

But I had asked a direct question, and I was a partner. Paradyne looked at me sideways, in that cockatoo fashion he has, which makes you almost expect to see a biscuit in his claw—and slowly, not too willingly, explained. At least, he tried to explain; but I am bound to say I did not understand very well at the end.

"There are a lot of people," he said, "who think it's a pretty bad sort of world to live in nowadays, with the war making everyone miserable and turning everything upside down. Of course you can get accustomed, in a sort of way, to almost anything, but when you look back . . . Lord! Baker, it was a good world to live in, long ago, before this war. One can hardly believe it. People could do what they liked—only think of it! And they'd private affairs—no one has any now. And their money was all their own. And there was art and music in the world, and there were beautiful things—don't go telling me they exist now; they don't, to matter. Nothing matters now but 'steel and fire and stone.' And I tell you, Baker, hundreds and millions of people—people outside the fighting line—hate it and hate it and hate it, and wish they were dead. And it seems to them as if they'd lived in Paradise long ago, but didn't know it, then. Show them any way back . . ."

"Oh, I agree to all that," I said, "but it doesn't affect the Island world so very much, you know. We get along—the unfit folk who are left—peaceably enough. We have done what we could, and let it go at that. The war's a long way away."

I know that he felt suddenly superior and contemptuous—he who had seen the red harvest of Aisne and Somme; who had done, and suffered, things unspeakable—in the presence of the old man who couldn't go. But he took breath and went on.

"Well, take yourself, then," he said. "You're old. You were young once. In the seventies and eighties, it was another world."

"It was," I said, and a sigh came heaving up from the bottom of my heart, as dead drowned things float up from the depths of the sea. I didn't hear the age-long humming of the reef in that moment, or see the topaz fire of full sun upon the palms. I heard the hushing of spring winds through feathered, budding larches, far away, and long ago; I saw, as you see in the flash of the lightning through the dark, a swift, sharp picture of a landscape. . . .

Ah, who cares what it was, or what the figure I saw there?

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. . . ."

Paradyne watched me as a cat watches a mouse.

"I know what you're feeling like," he said. "Now tell me, what would you give to find the back door, right into all that again?"

"Give?" I said. "My immortal soul."

"And yet," said Paradyne, folding his arms like the hero in a picture-play, and looking at me triumphantly, "you kicked at lending me eighty pounds."

"Your hints weren't convincing—and aren't, for the matter of that. My wanting a thing, and your being able to give it, are two matters that don't hang together. I look on that eighty as lost, if your windy nonsense is all that's behind it. Where did you get the rest of the money——"

"I got it," he said, with still more triumph, "from people who believe more than you do. People who'll be coming up next boat to get the worth of their money. That's what we're putting up the houses for."

"Well," I said, "perhaps you told them more than you told me. I don't believe there is anything in it—there can't be—but I'd like to hear——"

"You remember about my shell-shock?" asked Paradyne, interrupting. "Well, that gave me the whole idea. That, and getting drowned. I never was near drowning myself, but lots of people who have been, say that in the last moment, you go through the whole of your life from beginning to end, missing nothing."

"I never believed it," I said.

"I did. Don't know why. I just had what the Americans call a hunch that it was true. . . . Well, that time I got the shell-shock, and was outed for the best part of three days, it happened to me. I tell you, I went through the whole of my life from beginning to end, not an item missed out. And—understand me—it wasn't like the drowning business; didn't go by all in a flash. It must have taken pretty well the whole of the three days. Like a hundred—two hundred—reel picture-film being unrolled and unrolled without a break, and you right in it yourself. And not a thing

missed out—not a thing. . . . Hal! Henry Baker! I tell you the brain forgets nothing. NOTHING!" He leaned forward, and yelled the word at me. "It's the most marvellous instrument. . . . Make a man religious if he wasn't, to think of the power that designed such a . . . Why, you, Henry Baker, just think—I even went through the times when my nurse left my little pram standing on the edge of the footpath while she talked to some long-legged soldier in a shell jacket, and I was scared for fear it would——"

He suddenly broke off, looking at me with a slightly cunning glance, and changed the subject.

"So you see," he said, "it's the greatest marvel in psychology the world has ever known. And you can retard the time, if you manage right. You can make the whole thing take longer. In fact, it's only limited by the length of time the human body can go without food—because of course you are lying in a kind of waking trance all the time. And it isn't fancy; you don't even know you are going over it again. You think it's the first time. You just live your life as you lived it. . . ." He seemed to break off here, as if he had swallowed something. "Wonderful thing, wonderful," he went on hurriedly, with the sly cockatoo expression flitting momentarily across his face—I wondered about what? "The brain gets its orders, and it reproduces every impression ever made on the sort-of-jelly-stuff it's constructed of—you know, everything that ever happened to you registers an actual physical mark. You've only to set the nerve force flowing through all these old channels again. . . ."

"How do you do it?" I asked. Conviction was creeping over me, but I was still sceptical in part. "Do you give your clients a shell-shock, or half drown them in the lagoon?"

"Nothing of the kind. How I do it is my secret, of course, but I don't mind telling you part of it. I apply a certain very strong but perfectly controllable stimulus to the brain, and then keep it for a few hours in a condition of absolute isolation from all outside influence. Especially the influence of other minds. Modern psychology——"

"You can consider that said. I don't see, by the way, how you are to avoid the influence of the other minds on the Island."

"Of course not," he said earnestly, "because it is undoubtedly there, but I don't expect it to prove a serious obstacle. You must remember that in any other part of the world there would be millions of mental radios buzzing and butting in all the time, and smearing the surface of the brain so that it couldn't recollect itself—where as here there will be perhaps fifty——"

"Fifty!"

"Yes. I could have got five hundred, but——"

"Now you're lying," I pronounced. I always did know, in the old days, just when Paradyne was straying from the truth, though other people used to start by believing everything he said and end by believing nothing—both positions being wrong.

"Well, I've got thirty-seven," he exulted, "and they've all cashed up half."

"What did you charge them?" I asked him.

Paradyne gave me one of his cockatoo glances, head on one side, and answered merely:

"Not enough."

"How long did you stay in Sydney, having a good time?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything—considering it's you."

Paradyne pretended not to hear, but lighted a cigarette and cocked it smartly under his curly moustache.

"The principal thing to consider," he said, puffing delicately, "is that the whole thirty-seven were coming up last boat, and might arrive in a few days, if the schooner brings them straight along."

"That's why you sent her back?"

"Yes. They might be here any time—to-morrow." And as it happened, they were.

If they had not turned up quite so quickly, there were many things I meant to have asked Paradyne. Somehow or other, though, I was convinced that he had really made the great discovery he claimed, I was equally sure there was something behind it all, of which he had not spoken. What was it, and why did he conceal it? It would not have been Paradyne if there had not been something—not fishy, but, perhaps, as one might put it, faintly marine in odour—about any project with which he was connected. And yet the fellow was so dashed clever . . . everything he had ever been mixed up in had the germs of greatness somewhere in it. . . .

A brilliant thought struck me. I had paid more than my share. I had a right to test the discovery, if anyone had. Even should there turn out to be anything dangerous about it, my life was nearly done as it was. I should lose little, in any

disaster. But quite possibly there was no risk at all. Paradyne, in his talk—much of which I have omitted—swore there was not. Then why not try the thing at once?

I decided that I would. But it was easier to decide than carry out. Paradyne, that evening, was simply un-get-at-able. He was walking round the Island; he was swimming in the lagoon; he was fishing out on the reef by starlight. Later on, when he came in to go to bed, and I was preparing for the long-deferred talk, I was disgusted to find that he had been drinking heavily out in the storehouse, and was so far intoxicated that he could scarcely stagger to his room. I thought he cocked his eye at me, in the light of the incandescent lamp, with a triumph that was too clearly marked to go with the degree of drunkenness he displayed. But drunk or pretending to be, I knew he was unassailable for the night.

And next morning, just as day was beginning to dawn, the pipple-popple, pipple-popple of the schooner's auxiliary engine, working her in through the passage, waked me out of a sound sleep. When you live in the far-out Island groups, the sound of an engine at sea—any engine sound, from the steady, fateful chant of the great liner to the blither of some little ancient launch—wakes you more surely than the crack of tropical thunder right over your head.

Paradyne heard it too, and was out in his pyjamas on the beach, turning his glass on to the ship.

"See the sheep—the dear little sheep," he said, chuckling. "The little sheep for you and me to shear. See 'em squatting all over the deck, except where they're lying because they're sick. I bet you you've had a lively trip from port."

"What are you going to do?" I asked him, taking my turn with the glass and looking at the group of passengers, male and female, crowded about the schooner deck. She had not been built to carry so many; I thought they must have been indeed in earnest, to face the passage from port in her.

"Let them settle down first, and then deliver a lecture," he said. "Then get to work collecting the balance of the cash, and then . . . Do you realize, you fish, you mummy, what a grand occasion this is—what an event in the history of the world? The doors of the past unlock life to live over again. . . . How much space do you think they'll give me in the twelfth edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica'?"

"There seem to be a lot of women on board," I said. "We had better go and dress."

"Women," said Paradyne, with an indescribable twinkle, "have always been the believers, in any religion. In the religion of love, for instance——"

I stopped him, with his hand half-way to his curly moustache, and a brood of reminiscences slain dead at the moment of taking flight from his lips.

"If you knew what a pirate you look when you haven't shaved for three days," I said, "you'd hurry up and improve yourself a bit before the ship makes the passage."

He bolted to his room. I followed more slowly. I wear a beard; it helps to make life longer.

The schooner came slowly in, and landed her passengers by instalments. They had quite a bit to row across the lagoon. Paradyne and I were dressed and ready to meet them before the first boatful had set foot upon the sand. Paradyne was resplendent. He had put on a drill suit that shone white as the feathers of a wheeling gull; white boots, deep violet silken cummerbund, deep violet tie, new panama with a violet band. His hair curled under the brim of the hat, greying, but crisp and full of vitality; his odd, compelling, blue-green eyes, younger by twenty years than the rest of him, looked out keenly from under the shading brim. If I had been a woman. . . . But I wasn't, so I saw him clear-eyed. And somehow I felt distrust.

I saw the passengers land, and then went off for a walk at the other side of the Island. It was Paradyne's business to shepherd them, not mine. I didn't envy him, for all his glib tongue and persuasive abilities. I knew that it was going to be just such a job as the thrice-cursed conductors of Cook used to tackle in pre-war days—the sort of job that killed them off young. You never saw an old Cook conductor.

It was pleasant enough on that far side. In common with many men who live in the Islands, I like empty, desolate, Robinson Crusoe-looking spots—I don't know why. This powdery-white beach, dotted with weird, mop-headed pandanus, and scattered with the sort of shells that people put in cabinets at home, pleased me, because it looked what it was—a place where no one ever came. Indeed, the whole Island was written all over with the same signature of loneliness, and not even Paradyne's buildings had quite effaced it.

"I don't know how much there may be in his talk about mental radios," I thought,

smoking with slow enjoyment, "but if there is anything in the effect of surroundings upon the nervous system——"

Paradyne's feet were crunching on the coral.

"Through so soon?" I asked.

"Through be hanged," he said, taking off his hat to wipe a perspiring forehead. "They're all fighting like cats and dogs over their rooms at present. They blame me for everything they don't like. This is going to be the devil of a job."

A prophetic spirit descended upon me at that moment—or perhaps it was merely that I saw just that which I had not seen up to the present. Anyhow, I felt moved to reply:

"Perhaps more so than you think." And it turned out that I was right.

The lecture was delivered next day. I had kept out of the way, camping with my net and blanket on the far side of the Island, since I was not minded to shoulder any of Paradyne's hotel-keeper difficulties for him. But I came back for the lecture. The more I thought of Paradyne's alleged discovery, the more I was inclined to try it. There was a catch somewhere or other, I thought—knowing Paradyne—but nevertheless I did believe that he had discovered what he said he had, and could do what he promised to do. And that being so—the doors of the past being indeed opened once more, or possible to be opened by the keys he held—what did anything else matter?

Oh, but my head was full of visions and of hopes as I tucked my blanket under my arm, and set off to walk back to the settlement, on that blue Island morning! It was a day of hope; a day to make an old man young. Much has been said about the cruel climate of the tropic world; about its hurricanes, its rains, its searing, life-sucking suns—but one hears little of the rare gem-like days that come now and then between the parallels of Capicorn and Cancer, paying over and over again, with their nameless beauty, and with the breath of life, sheer life they carry, for months of black heat and storm. Just one hollow sapphire was the round of sea and sky that day, and the wind from the lagoon was warm gold. I began to walk fast over the clinking coral; I held up my head, and forgot I was seventy-one. Seventy-one! Thirty, no more. Thirty, the best time of a man's life. Not a day . . .

I didn't know what had happened for a moment. Then I got up on my hands and knees, and then, slowly, to my feet, looking at my scratched palms and damaged trousers as I did so. It isn't a good thing to skip like a two-year-old, on an irregular coral beach when you are just sixty-nine years more than two.

Somehow the incident decided me. I had been, perhaps, a bit doubtful before. Now I was mad, clean mad, for the sorcery of Paradyne. To live again—be young again. . . .

When I got to the "hall" (it was only an iron shed, with rough benches and a white sand floor), I knew, by the measured sound of speech within, that the lecture had begun. I scuffled in, all breathless as I was, and found a place on one of the back benches. There was a lady next me; she moved up to let me in. I threw a side glance at her. She was neither young nor old; she wore mourning; her eyes had a faded look, and her mouth was ashake with the nervous smile that is only worn by the unhappy. , . . Since 1914 broke to curse the world we know the type only too well. . . . Beyond her there was a younger woman in widow's dress. In front of me I could see half glimpses of a face that assuredly had been lovely, once; that was a pitiful wreck of beauty now. . . . Easy to see why these three had risen to Paradyne's bait. Not quite so simple to understand why the plump, clerical-looking man a little further on had come to Tiki-Ai; nor the great, gaunt old fellow with the finely-set head; as for the fat, idle-looking woman to the right, one saw at once that she was simply out for sensation, and the queer little man near her—obviously a military reject, almost certainly the type who attends religious revivals and throws itself fantically upon new fads—was probably seeking some mystic revelation. The rest were much the same. Women in the majority; men . . . But Paradyne was speaking.

He spoke well; I remembered that he had always been a bit of an orator, and now he seemed out to surpass the best he had ever done. Up on the rough platform at the end of the room, with skating shadows from the palm-tree, falling through the many windows, about his feet, and a glare of sea-light upon his brown, carved face, Paradyne, the discoverer, crowned with a dignity that I had not known he possessed, stood and told the history of his wonderful contribution to the science of the mind. That it was wonderful, I felt in my soul. Paradyne might be out for cash—most of us were, if it came to that—but nevertheless, he had done a great thing, and

in my eyes, at least, for the moment, he was great.

"I promise you," he was saying, "the thing that you have all longed for—to live again. Here, in this far-away place at the end of the world, with no telepathic messages from other minds sending their disturbing radios to yours, it is possible to attain the state of receptive quiet necessary for the performance of my miracle. In my own strange case, of which I have already told you, this state was brought about by unconsciousness due to shell-shock, together with the extraordinary stimulus that so often attaches to the moment of death—or apparent death. I found out how to reproduce that stimulus by other means, which are my secret. I don't mind telling you that electricity has to do with those means, but it is not the main power; it is the impulse that sets the power in motion. . . . We've made discoveries in psychology since the war. . . . Well, given the stimulus, and the proper conditions, I can repeat the miracle. I know it. If you ask me how I know it, I'll tell you. It is because I have tried."

Into my mind at once came the memory of a day or two, some while after our arrival on the Island, when Paradyne had shut himself up, refusing to see me, or even to answer messages. And with the recollection came another cold wave of distrust, caused, I think, by a look that leaped into his eyes just at that moment. What was the look? I couldn't define it very well—except as the expression of one who was keeping something back from somebody.

But he was going on.

"To-day," he said, with his voice ringing out triumphantly, "to-day begins a new era in the history of the human race. No longer is the past past. No longer are you tied to the sad, lonely, unhappy present, filled with memories of those who are no more, of beauty that is lost, of strength that is gone, of good days that were once upon the earth, and that the earth knows not to-day. Woman, you can return to the days of your loveliness and power." (I saw the faded beauty lean forward, her eyes wide open, her lips falling apart.) "Man who was strong" (the big old fellow lifted his head and stared), "you can re-live the days of your strength. Mother, wife, love, you can see again——" But there was weeping here, and he had to pause.

He began on a brighter note.

"You'll want to know the details," he said. "They're very simple. One by one, you will take turn; you will enter the quiet little room I have prepared, and lie down upon a pleasant couch. You will close your eyes, and sleep, but it will not be the sleep you know at nights, and though it will last but a day or two, it will, by the magic of thought, appear to last forty, fifty, seventy years. . . . You know how you can dream a whole long dream, a story like a novel, in the space as narrow as the tick of a clock, between the sound that has caused the dream, and the impulse that bids you wake. This is an analogous case, but immensely extended. The wonderful record of the human brain will be unrolled. Think of it! It won't be a dream to you, it will be real. You'll be back in the year of the second great Exhibition; you'll go with your girl to the Crystal Palace, and she'll wear a crinoline that swings against the turnstiles as you go in, and you'll walk out after and look at Prince Albert riding with the Queen. You'll see the high bicycles go spinning and shining down the country roads where motor-cars go now; you'll play the old sort of croquet on the old sort of quiet lawns that don't exist any more. You'll go to the seaside with your mother and your nurse, and dangle your striped tin bucket and your wooden spade as you run down to the shore. You'll stand beside him—or her—at the altar again, and the orange blossoms will smell, and the wedding march will be played for you, just as it was, that day of days. . . . You'll travel through France and Germany in diligences, and go up the Rhine in a steamer—God! think of it, and think of to-day? There'll be dances, with the old waltzes playing, and the girls in their swinging crinolettes doing the *deux temps* to 'Good-bye.' And there'll be the old life, and the old loves, and the old home. . . . And everyone will be there. . . ."

I do not know how long the lecture was intended to be. But it ended at that point. For the whole lot of hearers rose to their feet and rushed the platform.

"Take me back!" "Take me back!" "Show me!" "Let me——" "Let me first!" "Let me first!" They cried out to him; they rushed on the platform; they seized him by the hands.

It was, I think, the greatest hour of his life. In his eyes, as the people clamoured about him, I saw for one moment the noble pride of the leader, the discoverer. All these weeks he had been talking to me about the money to be made from his secret; he had been gloating over the "silly

sheep to be shorn," and dodging, looking askance, playing hide-and-seek, as only Paradyne could do, when I tried to ascertain exact details. The charlatan side of his character had been uppermost, and I had pretty well lost sight of the fact that there was another.

But now . . .

Do you know the feeling of being left behind and below, when you thought you were standing on a level above that of your company? Do you know how it feels to be taken down some dozens of pegs by someone you were near despising? If you do not, I do. I learned it then.

Paradyne had done something with the human brain that no one had ever done before. The fact burned itself in on my mind. Paradyne had opened a gateway that, for all the generations before him, had remained closed. Was not this greatness?

Like the others, I bowed before him. And like the others, I rushed the platform, and begged for my turn. I don't know what visions were seething in the empty air before all those eager eyes. I know what the vision was before mine—oh, nothing romantic, as you think, dear lady who reads this; something, perhaps, more easily understood by your husband than by you. . . . Just a long grey beach with grey rocks, and a boat, and brown bladderweed and earweed heaving and gleaming. And a dog, and two boys, and Saturday afternoon—in 'fifty-five, the year of the Crimean war. Sir, you will understand.

I caught fragments of excited talk among the other folk; a little sobbing here and there, as some waited for their turn to speak to Paradyne, and told each other what they meant to experience again.

". . . To stand on the rectory lawn, among the roses, and be eighteen, and watching down the drive. . . ."

". . . Oh, mother, mother, to see your face again! . . ."

"I'll open the gate, and slip up the walk, and look in at the window, and there they'll all be, just . . ."

". . . That day when we won by two boat-lengths from Oxford, and the crowd . . ."

". . . Well, best of all, one of those mornings in the spring of 'eighty-nine, when we boys first got the station, and used to ride out before sun-up, feeling like the gods returned to earth . . ."

". . . Back from your grave in Gallipoli to me!"

I don't think there ever was such a scene on earth. Paradyne stood it wonderfully, quieting down the clamour, assuring them that everyone would have his turn, but they must be patient; dropping, now, little hints of cash that had to be paid down. . . . That was the old Paradyne again. It reduced my feeling of respect, and oddly, put me more at my ease. I was able to note what had escaped me before—that a small, keen, rat-like man with a hard mouth was trying furiously to fight his way to the front, and calling out at Paradyne—who did not seem to hear him. I heard him plainly enough. He was demanding to have "his questions" answered. "Answer my questions!" he roared. "Answer my questions!" If Paradyne did not hear him, the other people did; he had a voice like a bull, in spite of his mean appearance. They began to look aside at him, and ask each other what the man wanted to know? Why would not Mr. Paradyne . . . ?

Distrust spreads like flame. In another minute, the temper of the crowd had changed. They were all listening to the bull-voiced little man. A murmur spread among them. "What are his questions?" Then it took definite form and swelled: "Answer him! Answer him!" They were shouting now. Paradyne could ignore them no longer.

He turned from the grey-haired lady who was holding his hand and entreating him hysterically.

"What are your damned questions?" he said. I saw that he was losing his temper—always an easy matter with Paradyne.

The little man—a shady solicitor who battened on theosophy in his leisure—as I afterwards heard—jumped on a bench, and began to interrogate.

"There's something that, to my mind, has not been made clear enough," he said. "How are we to select what we want?"

"I don't understand you," said Paradyne. There was just a moment of silence, the two men glaring antagonistically at each other. Pleasantly, outside, the sea drew down the beach, ringing little bells among the tinkling coral as it went. The leaves of the palms made a papery rattling above the iron roof.

"I should have thought I spoke intelligibly. How are we to make sure that we find ourselves in just that portion of our lives that we want?"

"I don't know how you are."

"But we understood—you promised——"

"You understood, and I promised, that you should live your lives over again.

That's what you paid for, and what you will pay for. We've had enough nonsense about it. Who's first? I will draw lots, if you like; that seems the fairest way."

For a moment it seemed as if the simmering distrust were about to die down; two or three rose from the seats they had resumed, and started towards the platform again; the grey-haired woman made a couple of steps towards Paradyne, and stood with her lips apart, ready to speak. But she stopped, and looked first of all at the little lawyer. Watching her, the others stopped too. It had been Paradyne's hour; in this moment it was the solicitor's.

"We want to know——" cried someone else.

"One at a time, please," the little man gestured. "I think I know just what you are all anxious to ascertain, and I insist on an answer. Mr. Paradyne, we have the greatest respect for you and for your wonderful discovery, but we want to know just one thing about it that you haven't told us. Have we to live our lives again—all?"

"I have told you," roared Paradyne. He had completely mislaid his temper by this time, and was too angry even to fence.

"Pardon me. Some mistake, no doubt. Would you mind repeating just what it was that you did tell us?"

Paradyne glowered at him and made no answer.

"Would it have been just this," asked the little man, now fully in his element, "that we can live our lives over again, return to the past completely, but that there is no power of selection, and that every moment must be lived again?"

Paradyne continued to glare in silence.

"I take it that I am right. You do not deny my statement?"

"No!" yelled Paradyne, slamming himself off the platform. "Those who want what they came for can be at the studio door in ten minutes. The rest may go to hell."

May I never again go through such a scene as followed!

It was a very barnyard of talk at first. Everybody spoke together, and everyone was wildly excited. Some talked of the money, and said they had been swindled. Others said they had not understood; that it wasn't Paradyne's fault. One or two declared it made no difference to them; they would go through the thing anyhow. They hadn't come all the way from Sydney and Melbourne—some of them even farther—to meet with a disappointment away here at the ends of the earth. Oh, it was a mighty clattering of tongues, and it went on for a good while, and I promise you Paradyne's left ear must have been burning before all was done.

But at last they fell silent, and everyone looked at the others. They had realized the situation exactly as it stood. Paradyne's promise was good. They could go back if they liked. But—they must go back all the way. No missing out. No passing over. Everything—everything—EVERYTHING—must be lived through again.

The little lawyer had done a good deal of talking; he was silent now. The women had chattered their heads off; they seemed to have satisfied their lust of cackle. No one, for a moment or two, spoke at all. And in the silence, the sea, unheard for long, drew down the coral beach with its fairy bells.

Then the big old man turned to the faded beauty.

"I had a good time," he said. "I imagine so had you. Are you going back to see it all again?"

The beauty's big tired eyes grew bigger; she passed her lace handkerchief over trembling lips.

"Oh yes, I'd a good time," she said, "but I married the devil himself in the end. All that again? Oh no, the devil forbid! I don't say God forbid; He didn't forbid it before. And you?"

The big old man shook his head.

"If I could leave out one week of my life," he said, "I'd be willing to live over the rest, for the sake of the best of it. But not that week."

"Well," said the beauty, addressing the gray-haired woman in mourning, and the young widow, "you two will do it, I suppose."

But they looked at her with frightened eyes. Only the widow spoke.

"When I heard of his death . . ." she said, and buried her face in her hands. "Oh, good God! not again, not even for all that went before."

The old mother took her hand, and patted it.

"That's it," she said. "That's it." And I saw that she too would not venture.

A man spoke.

"I've had the happiest sort of life, take it all in all," he said. "But I had a miserable childhood. I couldn't go over all those years again, to be starved and beaten, and driven crazy with injustice. And childhood—it lasts so long."

Then they all began talking again.

"If only I hadn't once made such an awful fool of myself—I thought I couldn't live through it after . . ."

"If I hadn't to go through rheumatic fever again . . ."

"The war—to work right up to that again, and go through the retreat from the Marne . . ."

"But no one ever thought I'd get back my right mind, when my husband ran away with the barmaid; I was ill for weeks; it was the most awful—I can't bear even to think of it. And he hadn't run off with her after all; it was . . . But to make that mistake all over . . ."

"Ladies and gentlemen!" It was the bull-voiced little lawyer again. "I move that we put it to the vote. Those in favour of going through with the experiment hold up their hands."

Some looked at their neighbours expectantly; but all kept their hands in their laps.

"Will those who do not intend to try hold up their hands?"

Every hand flung up. And mine was not absent. There was something that happened in 'ninety-four . . . But no man is bound to tell the worst of himself. Anyhow, I have been in the Islands since 'ninety-nine, five years later; you may add that up as you like. And, when I thought, I would no more have gone back than I would have taken the carving knife out of its box in the big dining-room and drawn it across my throat.

"The 'noes' have it," said the little lawyer. "I move that we pass a vote of censure on Mr. Paradyne, and demand the return of our money."

"I," said the big old man, "move that we do nothing of the kind."

"Why, if I may ask?" perked the little solicitor.

"Because," said the big old man, "I think we one and all owe Mr. Paradyne a debt of gratitude."

"Again, why?"

"We came up here," said the big old man, "thoroughly dissatisfied with our present lives, and longing, every one of us, for things that were past. We find, when we have the chance of going back, that we don't want to take it, and that the present is—to use a colloquialism—not so dusty after all. I hope we'll, all of us, learn the lesson. Mr. Paradyne's discovery falls dead at its birth. But, nevertheless, I move that we pass him a vote of thanks, and let him keep the money that we have paid. Those in favour of the motion hold up their hands and say 'Aye.'"

From seven and thirty throats a cry of "Aye!" went up to the iron roof, and a forest of hands shook in the air.

The Patient Pan

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE patient Pan
Drunken with nectar,
Sleeps or feigns slumber,
Drowsily humming
Music to the march of time.
This poor tooting, creaking cricket,
Pan, half asleep, rolling over
His great body in the grass,
Tooting, creaking,
Feigns to sleep, sleeping never;
'Tis his manner,
Well he knows his own affair,
Piling mountain chains of phlegm
On the nervous brain of man,
As he holds down central fires
Under Alps and Andes cold;
Haply else we could not live,
Life would be too wild an ode.

Comedies of Married Life

Marriage is a desperate thing. The Frogs in Aesop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some Water, but they would not leap into the Well, because they could not get out again. SELDEN.

"I left Jim because when he ate corn on the cob he always closed his eyes and it drove me wild. Don't laugh."

"I'm not laughing," said Terry.

"Women are like that. One night—we was playing Fond du Lac; I remember just as plain—we was eating supper and Jim reached for one of those big yellow ears, and buttered and salted it, and me kind of hanging on to the edge of the table with my nails. Scemed to me if he shut his eyes when he put his teeth into that ear of corn, I'd scream. And he did. And I screamed. And that's all." EDNA FERBER.

Marriage, from love, like vinegar from wine—
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
Is sharpened from its high celestial flavour
Down to a very homely household savour. BYRON.

"To think that he never told me! That's what men are! . . . Hiding their thoughts from a poor woman for seven years!—doubting her devotion!"

"But," cried Rabourdin, provoked, "for eleven years and more I have been unable to discuss anything with you because you insist on cutting me short and substituting your ideas for mine. You know nothing at all about my scheme."

"Nothing! I know all."

"Then tell it to me!" cried Rabourdin, angry for the first time since his marriage.

"There! it is half-past six o'clock; finish shaving, and dress at once," she cried hastily, after the fashion of women when pressed on a point they are not ready to talk of.

BALZAC.

Marriage is like a beleaguered fortress; those who are without want to get in, and those within want to get out. OLD FRENCH PROVERB.

"Clerk Crickett, I d' fancy you d' know everything about everybody," said Gad.

"Well, so's," said the clerk modestly. "I do know a little. It comes to me."

"And I d' know where from."

"Ah."

"That wife o' thine. She's an entertainen woman, not to speak disrespectful."

"She is: and a winnen one. Look at the husbands she've had—God bless her!"

"I wonder you could stand third in that list, Clerk Crickett," said Mr. Springrove.

"Well, 't has been a power o' marvel to myself oftentimes. Yes, matrimony do begin wi' 'Dearly beloved,' and end wi' 'Amazement,' as the prayer-book says. But what could I do, naibour Springrove? 'Twas ordained to be. Well do I call to mind what your poor lady said to me when I had just married. 'Ah, Mr. Crickett,' says she, 'your wife will soon settle you as she did her other two: here's a glass o' rum, for I shan't see your poor face this time next year.' I swallered the rum, called again next year, and said, 'Mrs. Springrove, you gave me a glass o' rum last year because I was going to die—here I be alive still, you see.' 'Well said, clerk! Here's two glasses for you now, then,' says she. 'Thank you, mem,' I said, and swallered the rum. Well, dang my old sides, next year I thought I'd call again and get three. And call I did. But she wouldn't give me a drop o' the commonest. 'No, clerk,' says she, 'you be too tough for a woman's pity.' . . . Ah, poor soul, 'twas true enough! Here be I, that was expected to die, alive and hard as a nail. vou see. and-there's she moulderen in her grave."

"I used to think 'twas your wife's fate not to have a liven husband when I zid 'em die off so," said Gad.

"Fate? Bless thy simplicity, so 'twas her fate; but she struggled to have one, and would, and did. Fate's nothen beside a woman's schemen!" THOMAS HARDY.

There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late
She finds some honest gander for her mate. CHAUCER (POPE).

Lewis was always very sensible at home, at least in theory. One day his wife put him to the test by giving him salt salmon, potatoes boiled in milk, and oatmeal soup for dinner. Oh! how he enjoyed it! He was sick of elaborate menus.

On the following Friday, when she again suggested salt salmon for dinner, Lewis came home carrying two ptarmigans! STRINDBERG.

Being asked whether it was better to marry or not, Socrates replied, "whichever you do, you will repent it." DIOGENES LAERTIUS.

CAMPBELL—Then these passionate expressions *are* unprovoked, and my duty is clear. I must lose no time in destroying Mr. Welling. Do you happen to know where I laid my revolver?

MRS. CAMPBELL—Oh, Willis, what are you going to do? You see, it's a mistake.

CAMPBELL—Mr. Welling has got to prove that. I'm not going to have young men addressing my wife as Oh their darling, without knowing the reason. Why, it's a liberty.
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great Providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife; for there will spring all thy future good and evil; and it is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once.
Ten Precepts to His Son. (WILLIAM, LORD BURGHLEY.)

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new married couple—in that of the lady particularly; it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world: that you can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none, nor wishes either, perhaps; but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed. CHARLES LAMB.

To church in the morning, and there saw a wedding in the church, which I haven't seen many a day; and the young people so merry one with another! and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them. PEPYS.

The vicar had force enough to stay his wife's descent; but Alice (she boasts of her muscle) had not the force in the other direction—and no wonder. There are few young ladies who could pull fourteen stone sheer up a camshot.

Mrs. Amble remained in suspense between the two.

"Oh, Mr. Pollingray, if you were only on this side to help us," Miss Alice exclaimed very piteously, though I could see that she was half mad with the internal struggle of laughter at the parents and concern for them.

"Now pull, Alice!" shouted the vicar.

"No, not yet," screamed Mrs. Amble. "I'm sinking."

"Pull, Alice!"

"Now, Mamma."

"Oh!"

"Push, Papa."

"I'm down."

"Up, Ma'am; Jane; woman, up!"

"Gently, Papa."

"Abraham, I will *not*."

"My dear, but you must."

"And that man opposite."

"What, Pollingray? He's fifty."

I found myself walking indignantly down the path. . . .

A shriek from Miss Alice checked my retreating footsteps. The vicar was staggering to support the breathing half of his partner while she regained her footing in the bed of the river. Their effort to scale the camshot had failed. GEORGE MEREDITH.

BENEDICK—*I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants quite broken on me because I have railed so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter. . . ? Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.* SHAKESPEARE.

LORD GORING—My dear Robert, it's a very awkward business, very awkward indeed. You should have told your wife the whole thing. Secrets from other people's wives are a necessary luxury in modern life. But no man should have a secret from his own wife. She invariably finds it out. Women have a wonderful instinct about things. They can discover everything except the obvious. OSCAR WILDE.

A gentleman who had been very unhappy in marriage married immediately after his wife died. Johnson said it was the triumph of hope over experience. BOSWELL.

"My cup of happiness's sweetness," said Mantalini, approaching his wife with a penitent air; "will you listen to me for two minutes?"

"Oh, don't speak to me"—replied his wife, sobbing. "You have ruined me, and that's enough."

Mr. Mantalini, who had doubtless well considered his part, no sooner heard these words pronounced in tones of grief and severity than he recoiled several paces, assumed an expression of consuming mental agony, rushed headlong from the room, and was, soon afterwards, heard to slam the door of an upstairs dressing-room with great violence.

"Miss Nickleby," cried Madame Mantalini, when the sound met her ear, "make haste, for Heaven's sake—he will destroy himself! I spoke unkindly to him and he cannot bear it from me. Alfred, my darling Alfred!" With such exclamations she hurried upstairs.

The dressing-room door being hastily thrown open, Mr. Mantalini was disclosed to view with his shirt collar symmetrically torn back: putting a fine edge to a breakfast knife by means of his razor strop. DICKENS.

"Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä where munny is!" TENNYSON.

HARDCASTLE—I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and I believe, Dorothy (taking her hand), you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

MRS. HARDCASTLE—Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're forever at your Dorothys and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

HARDCASTLE—Let me see; twenty added to twenty, makes just fifty and seven.

MRS. HARDCASTLE—It's false, Mr. Hardcastle. GOLDSMITH.

Pleasant the snaffle of courtship, improving the manners and carriage;
But the colt that is wise will abstain from the terrible throw-bit of Marriage.
KIPLING.

"Will you never be done talking?" shouted the Thin Woman passionately.

"I will not," said the Philosopher. "In certain ways sleep is useful. It is an excellent way of listening to the opera or seeing pictures on a bioscope. . . . As an accomplishment it is graceful, but as a means of spending the night it is intolerably ridiculous. If you were going to say anything, my love, please say it now, but you should always remember to think before you speak. A woman should be seen seldom, but never heard. Quietness is the beginning of virtue. To be silent is to be beautiful. Stars do not make a noise.

Children should always be in bed. These are serious truths which can not be controverted; therefore silence is fitting as regards them."

"Your stirabout is on the hob," said the Thin Woman. "You can get it for yourself. I would not move the breadth of my nail if you were dying of hunger. I hope there's lumps in it. . . ."

The Thin Woman whizzed suddenly from where she stood and leaped into bed. From beneath the blanket she turned a vivid, furious eye on her husband. She was trying to give him rheumatism and toothache and lockjaw all at once. . . .

"Finality is death. Perfection is finality. Nothing is perfect. There are lumps in it," said the Philosopher. JAMES STEPHENS.

Wedded she was some years, and to a man
Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty;
And yet, I think, instead of such a one—
'Twere better to have two *of five-and-twenty.* BYRON

DELIA—Were you as heavenly when you were young as you are now?

BELINDA (*rapturously*)—Oh, I was sweet!

DELIA—And yet he left you after only six months.

BELINDA (*rather crossly*)—I wish you wouldn't keep on saying he left me. I left him, too.

DELIA—Why?

BELINDA (*smiling to herself*)—Well you see, he was quite certain he knew how to manage women and I was quite certain I knew how to manage men. (*Thoughtfully.*) If only one of us had been certain, it would have been all right.

DELIA (*seriously*)—But what really happened, mummy? I'm grown up now, so I think you ought to tell me.

BELINDA (*thoughtfully*)—That was about all, you know . . . except for his beard.

DELIA—Had he a beard? How funny!

BELINDA—Yes, dear, it was; but he never would see it. A. A. MILNE.

Cursed be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession. BURNS

NOE—Behold to the heven the cateractes alle,
That ar open fulle even, grete and smalle. . . .
Fulle sharp ar thise showers,
That renys aboute;
Therfor, wife, have done, com into ship fast.

UXOR—Yei, Noe, go cloute thi shone, the better wille thai last. . . .
In fayth yit wille I spyn,
Alle in vayn ye carp.

NOE—Now is this twyys com in, dame, on my frenship.

UXOR—Wheder I lose or I wyn, in fayth, thi felowship
Set I not at a pyn; this spyndille wille I slip
Apon this hille,
Or I styr oone fote.

NOE—In fayth and for youre long taryyng
Ye shalle lik on the whyp.

UXOR—Spare me not, I pray the, bot even as thou thynk,
This grete wordes shalle not flay me.

NOE (*beating her*)—Ar strokes good? Say me. . . . Speke,
Cry me mercy, I say!
Bot thou do, bi this day,
Thi hede shalle I breke.

UXOR—Thereto say I nay.

NOE—Ye men that has wifes, whyles thai are yong,
If ye luf your lifes, chastice thare tong. *The Towneley Mysteries.*

Every woman should marry—and no man. DISRAELI.

"I shall feel his loss to my dying day," my grandmother used to say at eighty, when she had been a widow for fifteen years.

"And well you may, madame," replied an old friend of ours; "Nozière had all the virtues that go to make a good husband."

"All the virtues and all the defects, please," rejoined my grandmother.

"To be an ideal husband, then, a man must have defects!"

"Pardi," cried my grandmother with a shrug. "He must have no vices—and that in itself is a great defect." ANATOLE FRANCE.

Where there's marrying without love, there will be love without marriage.
POOR RICHARD.

MR. TWANGLE—So you have decided to marry me, dear Mrs. Bellamy?

MRS. BELLAMY—I have. You seem exactly to suit my requirements. What I need is a husband with the disposition of a maiden aunt. You are more like a maiden aunt, Andrew, than any man I have ever met.

MR. TWANGLE—I think we should be happy, dear Mrs. Bellamy.

MRS. BELLAMY—I shall take care that one of us is, Andrew. S. C. WOODHOUSE.

I should like to see any kind of man, distinguished from a gorilla, that some good or even pretty woman could not shape a husband out of. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

My dear Mr. Bennet, said his lady to him one day, have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

But it is, returned she, for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

Do you not want to know who has taken it? cried his wife impatiently.

You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.

This was invitation enough. JANE AUSTEN.

I have met with women who I really think would like to be married to a Poem, and to be given away by a Novel. KEATS.

"He's got a wonderful memory, Pullet has," she continued, looking pathetically at her sister. "I should be poorly off if he was to have a stroke, for he always remembers when I've got to take my doctor's stuff; and I'm taking three sorts now."

"There's the 'pills as before' every other night, and the new drops at eleven and four, and the 'fervescing mixture, when agreeable,'" rehearsed Mr. Pullet, with a punctuation determined by a lozenge on his tongue. . . . "Doctor Turnbull hasn't got such another patient as you i' this parish, now old Mrs. Sutton's gone."

"Pullet keeps all my physic-bottles, did you know, Bessy?" said Mrs. Pullet. "He won't have one sold. He says it's nothing but right folks should see 'em when I'm gone. They fill two o' the long store-room shelves a'ready; 'ut," she added, beginning to cry a little, "it's well if they ever fill three. I may go before I've made up the dozen of these last sizes." GEORGE ELIOT.

"I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance. . . . I hope, upon familiarity may grow more contempt; I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely."
SHAKESPEARE.

LADY STUTFIELD—I adore silent men.

MRS. ALLONBY—Oh, Ernest isn't silent. He talks the whole time. But he has got no conversation. What he talks about I don't know. I haven't listened to him for years.

LADY STUTFIELD—Did he become angry with you and say anything that was unkind or untrue?

MRS. ALLONBY—Oh, dear no. Ernest is invariably calm. That is one of the reasons

he always gets on my nerves. Nothing is so aggravating as calmness. There is something positively brutal about the good temper of most modern men. I wonder we women stand it as well as we do. OSCAR WILDE.

This I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities and without a positive hump, may marry whom she likes. THACKERAY.

MARY ROSE—Poor old Simon. But how stupid you were, dear, not to understand.
SIMON—How could an ignorant young husband understand that it was a good sign when his wife threw the butter-dish at him?
MARY ROSE—You should have guessed.
SIMON—No doubt I was a ninny. But I had always understood that when a young wife—that then she took the husband aside and went red or white, and hid her head on his bosom, and whispered all the rest. I admit I was hoping for that; but all I got was the butter-dish. J. M. BARRIE.

Lastly, no woman should marry a teetotaller, or a man who does not smoke. STEVENSON.

"There's one thing every wife must learn," he began, following her.
"What's that?" stopping shortly.
"To obey her husband!" he answered slowly.
"And there's one thing every husband does learn!" she returned.
"What?"
"That she won't!" she cried, flaring. CORRA HARRIS.

The happy married man dies in good stile at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children. The old bachelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a pollywog's tail.
ARTEMUS WARD.

PETRUCHIO—Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
KATHARINA—The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.
PETRUCHIO—I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
KATHARINA—I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
PETRUCHIO—Now, by my mother's sun, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
HORTENSIO—Say as he says, or we shall never go.
KATHARINA—Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
PETRUCHIO—I say, it is the moon.
KATHARINA— I know it is the moon.
PETRUCHIO—Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.
KATHARINA—Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun.
But sun it is not, when you say it is not.
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.
HORTENSIO—Petruchio, go thy ways: the field is won. SHAKESPEARE.

They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves, in hope that one will come and cut the halter. FULLER.

"I do wish you wouldn't bite the Andersons when they come in, Joe!"
"Bite them! I was civil, wasn't I?"
"Well, you can call it that."

He is ready to examine the window locks, but he turns and surveys her, and he is honestly puzzled.

"What I can't make out," he says, "is how you can fall all over yourself to those people, when you know you detest them. Thank heavens, I'm no hypocrite!"

Then he locks the windows and stalks upstairs; and the hypocrite of the family smiles a little to herself. Because she knows that without her there would be no society and no neighbourhood calls, and that honesty can be a vice, and hypocrisy a virtue.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

"A free-born man!"—merely juggling of words! There are none. Marriage, the relations between man and woman, have corrupted the race and set the seal of slavery upon all. IBSEN.

Those who attended the sale of animals from Barnum's hippodrome in Bridgeport, the other day, report the following occurrence. A tiger was being offered. The bid ran up to forty-five hundred dollars. This was made by a man who was a stranger, and to him it was knocked down. Barnum, who had been eyeing the stranger uneasily during the bidding, now went up to him, and said:

"Pardon me for asking the question; but will you tell me where you are from?"

"Down South a bit," responded the man.

"Are you connected with any show?"

"No."

"And are you buying this animal for yourself?"

"Yes."

Barnum shifted about uneasily for a moment, looking alternately at the man and the tiger, and evidently trying his best to reconcile the two together.

"Now, young man," he finally said, "you need not take this animal unless you want to; for there are those here who will take it off your hands."

"I don't want to sell," was the quiet reply.

Then Barnum said, in his desperation:

"What on earth are you going to do with such an ugly beast, if you have no show of your own, and are not buying for someone who is a showman?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the purchaser. "My wife died about three weeks ago. We had lived together for ten years, and—and I miss her." He paused to wipe his eyes, and steady his voice, and then added: "So I've bought this tiger."

"I understand you," said the great showman in a husky voice. J. M. BAILEY.

Marriages would in general be as happy, if not more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"What a fine diamond!" she exclaimed in the artless tone of a young girl betraying the incitement of a first temptation.

"Wear it," he said, "in memory of this hour, and for the love of——"

She was looking at him with such rapture that he did not end the sentence; he kissed her hand.

"You give it me?" she said, looking much astonished.

"I wish I had the whole world to offer you!"

"You are not joking?" she went on in a voice husky with too great satisfactior

"Will you accept only my diamond?"

"You will never take it back?"

"Never."

She put the ring on her finger. Martial, confident of coming happiness, was about to put his arm around her waist, but she suddenly rose and said in a clear voice, without any agitation:

"I accept the diamond, Monsieur, with the less scruple because it belongs to me."

The Baron was speechless.

"Monsieur de Soulanges took it lately from my dressing-table and told me he had lost it."

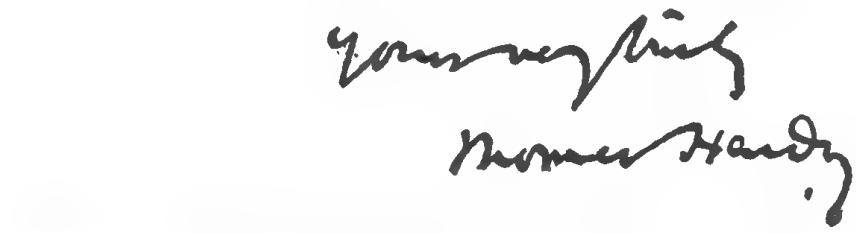
"You are mistaken, madame," said Martial, nettled. "It was given me by Madame de Vaudremont."

"Precisely so," she said with a smile—"My husband borrowed this ring of me, he gave it to her, she made it a present to you; my ring has made a little journey, that is all."

BALZAC.

The Distracted Preacher

By THOMAS HARDY



II. How He Saw Two Other Men

MATTERS being in this advancing state, Stockdale was rather surprized one cloudy evening, while sitting in his room, at hearing her speak in low tones of expostulation to some one at the door. It was nearly dark, but the shutters were not yet closed, nor the candles lighted; and Stockdale was tempted to stretch his head towards the window. He saw outside the door a young man in clothes of a whitish colour, and upon reflection judged their wearer to be the well-built and rather handsome miller who lived below. The miller's voice was alternately low and firm, and sometimes it reached the level of positive entreaty; but what the words were Stockdale could in no way hear.

Before the colloquy had ended, the minister's attention was attracted by a second incident. Opposite Lizzy's home grew a clump of laurels, forming a thick and permanent shade. One of the laurel boughs now quivered against the light background of sky, and in a moment the head of a man peered out, and remained still. He seemed to be also much interested in the conversation at the door, and was plainly lingering there to watch and listen. Had Stockdale stood in any other relation to Lizzy than that of a lover, he might have gone out and investigated the meaning of this: but being as yet but an unprivileged ally, he did nothing more than stand up and show himself against the firelight, whereupon the listener disappeared, and Lizzy and the miller spoke in lower tones.

Stockdale was made so uneasy by the circumstance, that as soon as the miller was gone, he said, "Mrs. Newberry, are you aware that you were watched just now, and your conversation heard?"

"When?" she said.

"When you were talking to that miller. A man was looking from the laurel-tree as jealously as if he could have eaten you."

She showed more concern than the trifling event seemed to demand, and he added, "Perhaps you were talking of things you did not wish to be overheard?"

"I was talking only on business," she said.

"Lizzy, be frank!" said the young man. "If it was only on business, why should anybody wish to listen to you?"

She looked curiously at him. "What else do you think it could be, then?"

"Well—the only talk between a young woman and man that is likely to amuse an eavesdropper."

"Ah yes," she said, smiling in spite of her pre-occupation. "Well, my cousin Owlett has spoken to me about matrimony, every now and then, that's true; but he was not speaking of it then. I wish he had been speaking of it, with all my heart. It would have been much less serious for me."

"O Mrs. Newberry!"

"It would. Not that I should ha' chimed in with him, of course. I wish it for other reasons. I am glad, Mr. Stockdale, that you have told me of that listener. It is timely warning, and I must see my cousin again."

"But don't go away till I have spoken," said the minister. "I'll out with it at once, and make no more ado. Let it be Yes or No between us, Lizzy; please do!" And he held out his hand, in which she freely allowed her own to rest, but without speaking.

"You mean Yes by that?" he asked, after waiting a while.

"You may be my sweetheart, if you will."

"Why not say at once you will wait for me until I have a house and can come back to marry you?"

"Because I am thinking—thinking of something else," she said with embarassment. "It all comes upon me at once, and I must settle one thing at a time."

"At any rate, dear Lizzy, you can assure me that the miller shall not be allowed to speak to you except on business? You have never directly encouraged him?"

She parried the question by saying, "You see, he and his party have been in the habit of leaving things on my premises sometimes, and as I have not denied him, it makes him rather forward."

"Things—what things?"

"Tubs—they are called Things here."

"But why don't you deny him, my dear Lizzy?"

"I cannot well."

"You are too timid. It is unfair of him to impose so upon you, and get your good name into danger by his smuggling tricks. Promise me that the next time he wants to leave his tubs here you will let me roll them into the street?"

She shook her head. "I would not venture to offend the neighbours so much as that," said she, "or do anything that would be so likely to put poor Owlett into the hands of the excisemen."

Stockdale sighed, and said that he thought hers a mistaken generosity when it extended to assisting those who cheated the king of his dues. "At any rate, you will let me make him keep his distance as your lover, and tell him flatly that you are not for him?"

"Please not, at present," she said. "I don't wish to offend my old neighbours. It is not only Owlett who is concerned."

"This is too bad," said Stockdale impatiently.

"On my honour, I won't encourage him as my lover," Lizzy answered earnestly. "A reasonable man will be satisfied with that."

"Well, so I am," said Stockdale, his countenance clearing.

III. The Mysterious Greatcoat

Stockdale now began to notice more particularly a feature in the life of his fair landlady, which he had casually observed but scarcely ever thought of before. It was that she was markedly irregular in her hours of rising. For a week or two she would be tolerably punctual, reaching the ground-floor within a few minutes of half-past seven. Then suddenly she would not be visible till twelve at noon, perhaps for three or four days in succession; and twice he had certain proof that she did not leave her room till half-past three in the afternoon. The second time that this extreme lateness came under his notice was on a day when he had particularly wished to consult with her about his future movements; and he concluded, as he always had done, that she had a cold, headache, or other ailment, unless she had kept herself invisible to avoid meeting and talking to him, which he could hardly believe. The former supposition was disproved, however, by her innocently saying, some days later, when they were speaking on a question of health, that she had never had a moment's heaviness, headache, or illness of any kind since the previous January twelve-month.

"I am glad to hear it," said he. "I thought quite otherwise."

"What, do I look sickly?" she asked, turning up her face to show the impossibility of his gazing on it and holding such a belief for a moment.

"Not at all; I merely thought so from your being sometimes obliged to keep your room through the best part of the day."

"O, as for that—it means nothing," she murmured, with a look which some might have called cold, and which was the worst look that he liked to see upon her. "It is pure sleepiness, Mr. Stockdale."

"Never!"

"It is, I tell you. When I stay in my room till half-past three in the afternoon, you may always be sure that I slept soundly till three, or I shouldn't have stayed there."

"It is dreadful," said Stockdale, thinking of the disastrous effects of such indulgence upon the household of a minister, should it become a habit of everyday occurrence.

"But then," she said, divining his good and prescient thoughts, "it only happens when I stay awake all night. I don't go to sleep till five or six in the morning sometimes."

"Ah, that's another matter," said Stockdale. "Sleeplessness to such an alarming extent is real illness. Have you spoken to a doctor?"

"O no—there is no need for doing that—it is all natural to me." And she went away without further remark.

Stockdale might have waited a long time to know the real cause of her sleeplessness, had it not happened that one dark night he was sitting in his bedroom jotting down notes for a sermon, which occupied him perfunctorily for a considerable time after the other members of the household had retired. He did not get to bed till one o'clock. Before he had fallen asleep he heard a knocking at the front door, first rather timidly performed, and then louder. Nobody answered it, and the person knocked again. As the house still remained undisturbed, Stockdale got out of bed, went to his window, which overlooked the door, and opening it, asked who was there.

A young woman's voice replied that Susan Wallis was there, and that she had come to ask if Mrs. Newberry could give her some mustard to make a plaster with, as her father was taken very ill on the chest.

The minister, having neither bell nor servant, was compelled to act in person. "I will call Mrs. Newberry," he said. Partly dressing himself, he went along the passage and tapped at Lizzy's door. She did not answer, and thinking of her erratic habits in the matter of sleep, he thumped the door persistently, when he discovered, by its moving ajar under his knocking, that it had only been gently pushed to. As there was now a sufficient entry for the voice, he knocked no longer, but said in firm tones, "Mrs. Newberry, you are wanted."

The room was quite silent; not a breathing, not a rustle, came from any part of it. Stockdale now sent a positive shout through the open space of the door: "Mrs. Newberry!"—still no answer, or movement of any kind within. Then he heard sounds from the opposite room, that of Lizzy's mother, as if she had been aroused by his uproar though Lizzy had not, and was dressing herself hastily. Stockdale softly closed the younger woman's door and went on to the other, which was opened by Mrs. Simpkins before he could reach it. She was in her ordinary clothes, and had a light in her hand.

"What's the person calling about?" she said in alarm.

Stockdale told the girl's errand, adding seriously, "I cannot wake Mrs. Newberry."

"It is no matter," said her mother. "I can let the girl have what she wants as well as my daughter." And she came out of the room and went downstairs.

Stockdale retired towards his own apartment, saying, however, to Mrs. Simpkins from the landing, as if on second thoughts, "I suppose there is nothing the matter with Mrs. Newberry, that I could not wake her?"

"O no," said the old lady hastily. "Nothing at all."

Still the minister was not satisfied. "Will you go in and see?" he said. "I should be much more at ease."

Mrs. Simpkins returned up the staircase, went to her daughter's room, and came out again almost instantly. "There is nothing at all the matter with Lizzy," she said; and descended again to attend to the applicant, who, having seen the light, had remained quiet during this interval.

Stockdale went into his room and lay down as before. He heard Lizzy's mother open the front door, admit the girl, and then the murmured discourse of both as they went to the store-cupboard for the medicament required. The girl departed, the door was fastened, Mrs. Simpkins came upstairs, and the house was again in silence. Still the minister did not fall asleep. He could not get rid of a singular suspicion, which was all the more harassing in being, if true, the most unaccountable thing within his experience. That Lizzy Newberry was in her bedroom when he made such a clamour at the door he could not possibly convince himself, notwithstanding that he had heard her come upstairs at the usual time, go into her chamber, and shut herself up in the usual way. Yet all reason was so much against her being elsewhere, that he was constrained to go back again to the unlikely theory of a heavy sleep, though he had heard neither breath nor movement during a shouting and knocking loud enough to rouse the Seven Sleepers.

Before coming to any positive conclusion he fell asleep himself, and did not wake till day. He saw nothing of Mrs. Newberry in the morning, before he went out to meet the rising sun, as he liked to do when the weather was fine; but as this was by no means unusual, he took no notice of it. At breakfast-time he knew that she was not far off by hearing her in the kitchen, and though he saw nothing of her person, that back apartment being rigourously closed against his eyes, she seemed to be talking, ordering, and bustling about among the pots and skimmers in so ordinary a manner, that there was no reason for his wasting more time in fruitless surmise.

The minister suffered from these distractions, and his extemporized sermons were not improved thereby. Already he often

said Romans for Corinthians in the pulpit, and gave out hymns in strange cramped metres, that hitherto had always been skipped, because the congregation could not raise a tune to fit them. He fully resolved that as soon as his few weeks of stay approached their end he would cut the matter short, and commit himself by proposing a definite engagement, repenting at leisure if necessary.

With this end in view, he suggested to her on the evening after her mysterious sleep that they should take a walk together just before dark, the latter part of the proposition being introduced that they might return home unseen. She consented to go; and away they went over a stile, to a shrouded footpath suited for the occasion. But, in spite of attempts on both sides, they were unable to infuse much spirit into the ramble. She looked rather paler than usual, and sometimes turned her head away.

"Lizzy," said Stockdale reproachfully, when they had walked in silence a long distance.

"Yes," said she.

"You yawned—much my company is to you!" He put it in that way, but he was really wondering whether her yawn could possibly have more to do with physical weariness from the night before than mental weariness of that present moment. Lizzy apologized, and owned that she was rather tired, which gave him an opening for a direct question on the point; but his modesty would not allow him to put it to her; and he uncomfortably resolved to wait.

The month of February passed with alternations of mud and frost, rain and sleet, east winds and northwesterly gales. The hollow places in the ploughed fields showed themselves as pools of water, which had settled there from the higher levels, and had not yet found time to soak away. The birds began to get lively, and a single thrush came just before sunset each evening, and sang hopefully on the large elm-tree which stood nearest to Mrs. Newberry's house. Cold blasts and brittle earth had given place to an oozing dampness more unpleasant in itself than frost; but it suggested coming spring, and its unpleasantness was of a bearable kind.

Stockdale had been going to bring about a practical understanding with Lizzy at least half-a-dozen times; but, what with the mystery of her apparent absence on the night of the neighbour's call, and her curious way of lying in bed at unaccountable times, he felt a check within him whenever he wanted to speak out. Thus they still lived on as indefinitely affianced lovers, each of whom hardly acknowledged the other's claim to the name of chosen one. Stockdale persuaded himself that his hesitation was owing to the postponement of the ordained minister's arrival, and the consequent delay in his own departure, which did away with all necessity for haste in his courtship; but perhaps it was only that his discretion was reasserting itself, and telling him that he had better get clearer ideas of Lizzy before arranging for the grand contract of his life with her. She, on her part, always seemed ready to be urged further on that question than he had hitherto attempted to go; but she was none the less independent, and to a degree which would have kept from flagging the passion of a far more mutable man.

On the evening of the first of March he went casually into his bedroom, about dusk, and noticed lying on a chair a greatcoat, hat, and breeches. Having no recollection of leaving any clothes of his own in that spot, he went and examined them as well as he could in the twilight, and found that they did not belong to him. He paused for a moment to consider how they might have got there. He was the only man living in the house; and yet these were not his garments, unless he had made a mistake. No, they were not his. He called up Martha Sarah.

"How did these things come in my room?" he said, flinging the objectionable articles to the floor.

Martha said that Mrs. Newberry had given them to her to brush, and that she had brought them up there thinking they must be Mr. Stockdale's, as there was no other gentleman a-lodging there.

"Of course you did," said Stockdale. "Now take them down to your mis'ess, and say they are some clothes I have found here and know nothing about."

As the door was left open he heard the conversation downstairs. "How stupid!" said Mrs. Newberry, in a tone of confusion. "Why, Marther Sarer, I did not tell you to take 'em to Mr. Stockdale's room?"

"I thought they must be his as they was so muddy," said Martha humbly.

"You should have left 'em on the clothes-horse," said the young mistress severely; and she came upstairs with the garments on her arm, quickly passed Stockdale's room, and threw them forcibly into a closet at

the end of a passage. With this the incident ended, and the house was silent again.

There would have been nothing remarkable in finding such clothes in a widow's house had they been clean; or moth-eaten, or creased, or mouldy from long lying by; but that they should be splashed with recent mud bothered Stockdale a good deal. When a young pastor is in the aspen stage of attachment, and open to agitation at the merest trifles, a really substantial incongruity of this complexion is a disturbing thing. However, nothing further occurred at that time; but he became watchful, and given to conjecture, and was unable to forget the circumstance.

One morning, on looking from his window, he saw Mrs. Newberry herself brushing the tails of a long drab greatcoat, which, if he mistook not, was the very same garment as the one that had adorned the chair of his room. It was densely splashed up to the hollow of the back with neighbouring Nether-Moynton mud, to judge by its colour, the spots being distinctly visible to him in the sunlight. The previous day or two having been wet, the inference was irresistible that the wearer had quite recently been walking some considerable distance about the lanes and fields. Stockdale opened the window and looked out, and Mrs. Newberry turned her head. Her face became slowly red; she never had looked prettier, or more incomprehensible. He waved his hand affectionately, and said good-morning; she answered with embarrassment, having ceased her occupation on the instant that she saw him, and rolled up the coat half-cleaned.

Stockdale shut the window. Some simple explanation of her proceeding was doubtless within the bounds of possibility; but he himself could not think of one; and he wished that she had placed the matter beyond conjecture by voluntarily saying something about it there and then.

But, though Lizzy had not offered an explanation at the moment, the subject was brought forward by her at the next time of their meeting. She was chatting to him concerning some other event, and remarked that it happened about the time when she was dusting some old clothes that had belonged to her poor husband.

"You keep them clean out of respect to his memory?" said Stockdale tentatively.

"I air and dust them sometimes," she said, with the most charming innocence in the world.

"Do dead men come out of their graves and walk in mud?" murmured the minister, in a cold sweat at the deception that she was practising.

"What did you say?" asked Lizzy.

"Nothing, nothing," said he mournfully. "Mere words—a phrase that will do for my sermon next Sunday." It was too plain that Lizzy was unaware that he had seen actual pedestrian splashes upon the skirts of the tell-tale overcoat, and that she imagined him to believe it had come direct from some chest or drawer.

The aspect of the case was now considerably darker. Stockdale was so much depressed by it that he did not challenge her explanation, or threaten to go off as a missionary to benighted islanders, or reproach her in any way whatever. He simply parted from her when she had done talking, and lived on in perplexity, till by degrees his natural manner became sad and constrained.

IV. At the Time of the New Moon

The following Thursday was changeable, damp, and gloomy; and the night threatened to be windy and unpleasant. Stockdale had gone away to Knollsea in the morning, to be present at some commemoration service there, and on his return he was met by the attractive Lizzy in the passage. Whether influenced by the tide of cheerfulness which had attended him that day, or by the drive through the open air, or whether from a natural disposition to let bygones alone, he allowed himself to be fascinated into forgetfulness of the greatcoat incident, and upon the whole passed a pleasant evening; not so much in her society as within sound of her voice, as she sat talking in the back parlour to her mother, till the latter went to bed. Shortly after this Mrs. Newberry retired, and then Stockdale prepared to go upstairs himself. But before he left the room he remained standing by the dying embers awhile, thinking long of one thing and another; and was only aroused by the flickering of his candle in the socket as it suddenly declined and went out. Knowing that there were a tinder-box, matches, and another candle in his bedroom, he felt his way upstairs without a light. On reaching his chamber he laid his hand on every possible ledge and corner for the tinder-box, but for a long time in vain. Discovering it at length, Stockdale produced a spark, and was kindling the brimstone, when he fancied that he heard a movement in the passage. He

blew harder at the lint, the match flared up, and looking by aid of the blue light through the door, which had been standing open all this time, he was surprised to see a male figure vanishing round the top of the staircase with the evident intention of escaping unobserved. The personage wore the clothes which Lizzy had been brushing, and something in the outline and gait suggested to the minister that the wearer was Lizzy herself.

But he was not sure of this; and, greatly excited, Stockdale determined to investigate the mystery, and to adopt his own way for doing it. He blew out the match without lighting the candle, went into the passage, and proceeded on tiptoe towards Lizzy's room. A faint grey square of light in the direction of the chamber window as he approached told him that the door was open, and at once suggested that the occupant was gone. He turned and brought down his fist upon the handrail of the staircase: "It was she; in her late husband's coat and hat!"

Somewhat relieved to find that there was no intruder in the case, yet none the less surprised, the minister crept down the stairs, softly put on his boots, overcoat, and hat, and tried the front door. It was fastened as usual: he went to the back door, found this unlocked, and emerged into the garden. The night was mild and moonless, and rain had lately been falling, though for the present it had ceased. There was a sudden dropping from the trees and bushes every now and then, as each passing wind shook their boughs. Among these sounds Stockdale heard the faint fall of feet upon the road outside, and he guessed from the step that it was Lizzy's. He followed the sound, and, helped by the circumstance of the wind blowing from the direction in which the pedestrian moved, he got nearly close to her, and kept there, without risk of being overheard. While he thus followed her up the street or lane, as it might indifferently be called, there being more hedge than houses on either side, a figure came forward to her from one of the cottage doors. Lizzy stopped; the minister stepped upon the grass and stopped also.

"Is that Mrs. Newberry?" said the man who had come out, whose voice Stockdale recognized as that of one of the most devout members of his congregation.

"It is," said Lizzy.

"I be quite ready—I've been here this quarter-hour."

"Ah, John," said she, "I have bad news; there is danger to-night for our venture."

"And d'ye tell o't! I dreamed there might be."

"Yes," she said hurriedly; "and you must go at once round to where the chaps are waiting, and tell them they will not be wanted till to-morrow night at the same time. I go to burn the lugger off."

"I will," he said; and instantly went off through a gate, Lizzy continuing her way.

On she tripped at a quickening pace till the lane turned into the turnpike road, which she crossed, and got into the track for Ringsworth. Here she ascended the hill without the least hesitation, passed the lonely hamlet of Holworth, and went down the vale on the other side. Stockdale had never taken any extensive walks in this direction, but he was aware that if she persisted in her course much longer she would draw near to the coast, which was here between two and three miles distant from Nether-Moynton; and as it had been about a quarter-past eleven o'clock when they set out, her intention seemed to be to reach the shore about midnight.

Lizzy soon ascended a small mound, which Stockdale at the same time adroitly skirted on the left; and a dull monotonous roar burst upon his ear. The hillock was about fifty yards from the top of the cliffs, and by day it apparently commanded a full view of the bay. There was light enough in the sky to show her disguised figure against it when she reached the top, where she paused, and afterwards sat down. Stockdale, not wishing on any account to alarm her at this moment, yet desirous of being near her, sank upon his hands and knees, crept a little higher up, and there stayed still.

The wind was chilly, the ground damp, and his position one in which he did not care to remain long. However, before he had decided to leave it, the young man heard voices behind him. What they signified he did not know; but, fearing that Lizzy was in danger, he was about to run forward and warn her that she might be seen, when she crept to the shelter of a little bush which maintained a precarious existence in that exposed spot; and her form was absorbed in its dark and stunted outline as if she had become part of it. She had evidently heard the men as well as he. They passed near him, talking in loud and careless tones, which could be heard above the uninterrupted washings of the sea, and which suggested that they were not engaged in any business at their own risk. This proved to be the fact: some of their words

floated across to him, and caused him to forget at once the coldness of his situation.

"What's the vessel?"

"A lugger, about fifty tons."

"From Cherbourg, I suppose?"

"Yes, 'a b'lieve."

"But it don't all belong to Owlett?"

"O no. He's only got a share. There's another or two in it—a farmer and such like, but the names I don't know."

The voices died away, and the heads and shoulders of the men diminished towards the cliff, and dropped out of sight.

"My darling has been tempted to buy a share by that unbeliever Owlett," groaned the minister, his honest affection for Lizzy having quickened to its intensest point during these moments of risk to her person and name. "That's why she's here," he said to himself. "O, it will be the ruin of her!"

His perturbation was interrupted by the sudden bursting out of a bright and increasing light from the spot where Lizzy was in hiding. A few seconds later, and before it had reached the height of a blaze, he heard her rush past him down the hollow like a stone from a sling, in the direction of home. The light now flared high and wide, and showed its position clearly. She had kindled a bough of furze and stuck it into the bush under which she had been crouching; the wind fanned the flame, which crackled fiercely, and threatened to consume the bush as well as the bough. Stockdale paused just long enough to notice thus much, and then followed rapidly the route taken by the young woman. His intention was to overtake her, and reveal himself as a friend; but run as he would he could see nothing of her. Thus he flew across the open country about Holworth, twisting his legs and ankles in unexpected fissures and descents, till, on coming to the gate between the downs and the road, he was forced to pause to get breath. There was no audible movement either in front or behind him, and he now concluded that she had not outrun him, but that, hearing him at her heels, and believing him one of the excise party, she had hidden herself somewhere on the way, and let him pass by.

He went on at a more leisurely pace towards the village. On reaching the house he found his surmise to be correct, for the gate was on the latch, and the door unfastened, just as he had left them. Stockdale closed the door behind him, and waited silently in the passage. In about ten minutes he heard the same light footstep that he had heard in going out; it poised at the gate, which opened and shut softly, and then the door-latch was lifted, and Lizzy came in.

Stockdale went forward and said at once, "Lizzy, don't be frightened. I have been waiting up for you."

She started, though she had recognized the voice. "It is Mr. Stockdale, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, becoming angry now that she was safe indoors, and not alarmed. "And a nice game I've found you out in to-night. You are in man's clothes, and I am ashamed of you!"

Lizzy could hardly find a voice to answer this unexpected reproach.

"I am only partly in man's clothes," she faltered, shrinking back to the wall. "It is only his greatcoat and hat and breeches that I've got on, which is no harm, as he was my own husband; and I do it only because a cloak blows about so, and you can't use your arms. I have got my own dress under just the same—it is only tucked in! Will you go away upstairs and let me pass? I didn't want you to see me at such a time as this!"

"But I have a right to see you! How do you think there can be anything between us now?" Lizzy was silent. "You are a smuggler," he continued sadly.

"I have only a share in the run," she said.

"That makes no difference. Whatever did you engage in such a trade as that for, and keep it such a secret from me all this time?"

"I don't do it always. I only do it in winter-time when 'tis new moon."

"Well, I suppose that's because it can't be done anywhen else. . . . You have regularly upset me, Lizzy."

"I am sorry for that," Lizzy meekly replied.

"Well now," said he more tenderly, "no harm is done as yet. Won't you for the sake of me give up this blamable and dangerous practice altogether?"

"I must do my best to save this run," said she, getting rather husky in the throat. "I don't want to give you up—you know that; but I don't want to lose my venture. I don't know what to do now! Why I have kept it so secret from you is that I was afraid you would be angry if you knew."

"I should think so! I suppose if I had married you without finding this out you'd have gone on with it just the same?"

"I don't know. I did not think so far ahead. I only went to-night to burn the

folks off, because we found that the excisemen knew when the tubs were to be landed."

"It is a pretty mess to be in altogether, is this," said the distracted young minister. "Well, what will you do now?"

Lizzy slowly murmured the particulars of their plan, the chief of which were that they meant to try their luck at some other point of the shore the next night; that three landing-places were always agreed upon before the run was attempted, with the understanding that, if the vessel was "burnt off" from the first point, which was Ringsworth, as it had been by her to-night, the crew should attempt to make the second, which was Lulstead Cove, on the second night; and if there, too, danger threatened they should on the third night try the third place, which was behind a headland further west.

"Suppose the officers hinder them landing there too?" he said, his attention to this interesting programme displacing for a moment his concern at her share in it.

"Then we shan't try anywhere else all this dark—that's what we call the time between moon and moon—and perhaps they'll string the tubs to a stray-line, and sink 'em a little-ways from shore, and take the bearings; and then when they have a chance they'll go to creep for 'em."

"What's that?"

"O, they'll go out in a boat and drag a creeper—that's a grapnel—along the bottom till it catch hold of the stray-line."

The minister stood thinking; and there was no sound within doors but the tick of the clock on the stairs, and the quick breathing of Lizzy, partly from her walk and partly from agitation, as she stood close to the wall, not in such complete darkness but that he could discern against its whitewashed surface the great coat and broad hat which covered her.

"Lizzy, all this is very wrong," he said. "Don't you remember the lesson of the tribute-money? 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.' Surely you have heard that read times enough in your growing up?"

"He's dead," she pouted.

"But the spirit of the text is in force just the same."

"My father did it, and so did my grandfather, and almost everybody in Nether-Moynton lives by it, and life would be so dull if it wasn't for that, that I should not care to live at all."

"I am nothing to live for, of course," he replied bitterly. "You would not think it worth while to give up this wild business and live for me alone?"

"I have never looked at it like that."

"And you won't promise and wait till I am ready?"

"I cannot give you my word to-night." And, looking thoughtfully down, she gradually moved and moved away, going into the adjoining room, and closing the door between them. She remained there in the dark till he was tired of waiting, and had gone up to his own chamber.

Poor Stockdale was dreadfully depressed all the next day by the discoveries of the night before. Lizzy was unmistakably a fascinating young woman, but as a minister's wife she was hardly to be contemplated. "If I had only stuck to father's little grocery business, instead of going in for the ministry, she would have suited me beautifully!" he said sadly, until he remembered that in that case he would never have come from his distant home to Nether-Moynton, and never have known her.

The estrangement between them was not complete, but it was sufficient to keep them out of each other's company. Once during the day he met her in the garden-path, and said, turning a reproachful eye upon her, "Do you promise, Lizzy?" But she did not reply. The evening drew on, and he knew well enough that Lizzy would repeat her excursion at night—her half-offended manner had shown that she had not the slightest intention of altering her plans at present. He did not wish to repeat his own share of the adventure; but, act as he would, his uneasiness on her account increased with the decline of day. Supposing that an accident should befall her, he would never forgive himself for not being there to help, much as he disliked the idea of seeming to countenance such unlawful escapades.

V. How They Went to Lulstead Cove

As he had expected, she left the house at the same hour at night, this time passing his door without stealth, as if she knew very well that he would be watching, and were resolved to brave his displeasure. He was quite ready, opened the door quickly, and reached the back door almost as soon as she.

"Then you will go, Lizzy?" he said as he stood on the step beside her, who now again appeared as a little man with a face altogether unsuited to his clothes.

"I must," she said, repressed by his stern manner.

"Then I shall go too," said he.

"And I am sure you will enjoy it!" she exclaimed in more buoyant tones. "Everybody does who tries it."

"God forbid that I should!" he said. "But I must look after you."

They opened the wicket and went up the road abreast of each other, but at some distance apart, scarcely a word passing between them. The evening was rather less favourable to smuggling enterprise than the last had been, the wind being lower, and the sky somewhat clear towards the north.

"It is rather lighter," said Stockdale.

"'Tis, unfortunately," said she. "But it is only from those few stars over there. The moon was new to-day at four o'clock, and I expected clouds. I hope we shall be able to do it this dark, for when we have to sink 'em for long it makes the stuff taste bleachy, and folks don't like it so well."

Her course was different from that of the preceding night, branching off to the left over Lord's Barrow as soon as they had got out of the lane and crossed the highway. By the time they reached Chaldon Down, Stockdale, who had been in perplexed thought as to what he should say to her, decided that he would not attempt expostulation now, while she was excited by the adventure, but wait till it was over, and endeavour to keep her from such practices in future. It occurred to him once or twice, as they rambled on, that should they be surprised by the excisemen, his situation would be more awkward than hers, for it would be difficult to prove his true motive in coming to the spot; but the risk was a slight consideration beside his wish to be with her.

They now arrived at a ravine which lay on the outskirts of Chaldon, a village two miles on their way towards the point of the shore they sought. Lizzy broke the silence this time: "I have to wait here to meet the carriers. I don't know if they have come yet. As I told you, we go to Lulstead Cove to-night, and as it is two miles further than Ringsworth."

It turned out that the men had already come; for while she spoke two or three dozen heads broke the line of the slope, and a company of them at once descended from the bushes where they had been lying in wait. These carriers were men whom Lizzy and other proprietors regularly employed to bring the tubs from the boat to a hiding-place inland. They were all young fellows of Nether-Moynton, Chaldon, and the neighbourhood, quiet and inoffensive persons, who simply engaged to carry the cargo for Lizzy and her cousin Owlett, as they would have engaged in any other labour for which they were fairly well paid.

At a word from her they closed in together. "You had better take it now," she said to them; and handed to each a packet. It contained six shillings, their remuneration for the night's undertaking, which was paid beforehand without reference to success or failure; but, besides this, they had the privilege of selling as agents when the run was successfully made. As soon as it was done, she said to them, "The place is the old one near Lulstead Cove"; the men till that moment not having been told whither they were bound, for obvious reasons. "Owlett will meet you there," added Lizzy. "I shall follow behind, to see that we are not watched."

The carriers went on, and Stockdale and Mrs. Newberry followed at a distance of a stone's throw. "What do these men do by day?" he said.

"Twelve or fourteen of them are labouring men. Some are brickmakers, some carpenters, some shoemakers, some thatchers. They are all known to me very well. Nine of 'em are of your own congregation."

"I can't help that," said Stockdale.

"O, I know you can't. I only told you. The others are more church-inclined, because they supply the pa'son with all the spirits he requires, and they don't wish to show unfriendliness to a customer."

"How do you choose 'em?" said Stockdale.

"We choose 'em for their closeness, and because they are strong and surefooted, and able to carry a heavy load a long way without being tired."

Stockdale sighed as she enumerated each particular, for it proved how far involved in the business a woman must be who was so well acquainted with its conditions and needs. And yet he felt more tenderly towards her at this moment than he had felt all the foregoing day. Perhaps it was that her experienced manner and bold indifference stirred his admiration in spite of himself.

"Take my arm, Lizzy," he murmured.

"I don't want it," she said. "Besides, we may never be to each other again what we once have been."

"That depends upon you," said he, and they went on again as before.

The hired carriers paced along over Chaldon Down with as little hesitation as

if it had been day, avoiding the cart-way, and leaving the village of East Chaldon on the left, so as to reach the crest of the hill at a lonely trackless place not far from the ancient earthwork called Round Pound. An hour's brisk walking brought them within sound of the sea, not many hundred yards from Lulstead Cove. Here they paused, and Lizzy and Stockdale came up with them, when they went on together to the verge of the cliff. One of the men now produced an iron bar, which he drove firmly into the soil a yard from the edge, and attached to it a rope that he had uncoiled from his body. They all began to descend, partly stepping, partly sliding down the incline, as the rope slipped through their hands.

"You will not go to the bottom, Lizzy?" said Stockdale anxiously.

"No. I stay here to watch," she said. "Owlett is down there."

The men remained quite silent when they reached the shore; and the next thing audible to the two at the top was the dip of heavy oars, and the dashing of waves against a boat's bow. In a moment the keel gently touched the shingle, and Stockdale heard the footsteps of the thirty-six carriers running forwards over the pebbles towards the point of landing.

There was a sousing in the water as of a brood of ducks plunging in, showing that the men had not been particular about keeping their legs, or even their waists, dry from the brine: but it was impossible to see what they were doing, and in a few minutes the shingle was trampled again. The iron bar sustaining the rope, on which Stockdale's hand rested, began to swerve a little, and the carriers one by one appeared climbing up the sloping cliff, dripping audibly as they came, and sustaining themselves by the guide-rope. Each man on reaching the top was seen to be carrying a pair of tubs, one on his back and one on his chest, the two being slung together by cords passing round the chine hoops, and resting on the carrier's shoulders. Some of the stronger men carried three by putting an extra one on the top behind, but the customary load was a pair, these being quite weighty enough to give their bearer the sensation of having chest and backbone in contact after a walk of four or five miles.

"Where is Owlett?" said Lizzy to one of them.

"He will not come up this way," said the carrier. "He's to bide on shore till we be safe off." Then, without waiting for the rest, the foremost men plunged across the down; and, when the last had ascended, Lizzy pulled up the rope, wound it round her arm, wriggled the bar from the sod, and turned to follow the carriers.

"You are very anxious about Owlett's safety," said the minister.

"Was there ever such a man!" said Lizzy. "Why, isn't he my cousin?"

"Yes. Well, it is a bad night's work," said Stockdale heavily. "But I'll carry the bar and rope for you."

"Thank God, the tubs have got so far all right," said she.

Stockdale shook his head, and, taking the bar, walked by her side towards the down; and the moan of the sea was heard no more.

"Is this what you meant the other day when you spoke of having business with Owlett?" the young man asked.

"This is it," she replied. "I never see him on any other matter."

"A partnership of that kind with a young man is very odd."

"It was begun by my father and his, who were brother-laws."

Her companion could not blind himself to the fact that where tastes and pursuits were so akin as Lizzy's and Owlett's, and where risks were shared, as with them, in every undertaking, there would be a peculiar appropriateness in her answering Owlett's standing question on matrimony in the affirmative. This did not soothe Stockdale, its tendency being rather to stimulate in him an effort to make the pair as inappropriate as possible, and win her away from this nocturnal crew to correctness of conduct and a minister's parlour in some far-removed inland county.

They had been walking near enough to the file of carriers for Stockdale to perceive that, when they got into the road to the village, they split up into two companies of unequal size, each of which made off in a direction of its own. One company, the smaller of the two, went towards the church, and by the time that Lizzy and Stockdale reached their own house these men had scaled the churchyard wall, and were proceeding noiselessly over the grass within.

"I see that Owlett has arranged for one batch to be put in the church again," observed Lizzy. "Do you remember my taking you there the first night you came?"

"Yes, of course," said Stockdale. "No wonder you had permission to broach the tubs—they were his, I suppose?"

"No, they were not—they were mine; I had permission from myself. The day after

that they went several miles inland in a wagon-load of manure, and sold very well."

At this moment the group of men who had made off to the left some time before began leaping one by one from the hedge opposite Lizzy's house, and the first man, who had no tubs upon his shoulders, came forward.

"Mrs. Newberry, isn't it?" he said hastily.

"Yes, Jim," said she. "What's the matter?"

"I find that we can't put any in Badger's Clump to-night, Lizzy," said Owlett. "The place is watched. We must sling the apple-tree in the orchard if there's time. We can't put any more under the church lumber than I have sent on there, and my mixen hev already more in en than is safe."

"Very well," she said. "Be quick about it—that's all. What can I do?"

"Nothing at all, please. Ah, it is the minister!—you two that can't do anything had better get indoors and not be zeed."

While Owlett thus conversed, in a tone so full of contraband anxiety and so free from lover's jealousy, the men who followed him had been descending one by one from the hedge; and it unfortunately happened that when the hindmost took his leap, the cord slipped which sustained his tub: the result was that both the kegs fell into the road, one of them being stove in by the blow.

"'Od drown it all!" said Owlett, rushing back.

"It is worth a good deal, I suppose?" said Stockdale.

"O no—about two guineas and half to us now," said Lizzy excitedly. "It isn't that—it is the smell! It is so blazing strong before it has been lowered by water, that it smells dreadfully when spilt in the road like that! I do hope Latimer won't pass by till it is gone off."

Owlett and one or two others picked up the burst tub and began to scrape and trample over the spot, to disperse the liquor as much as possible; and then they all entered the gate of Owlett's orchard, which adjoined Lizzy's garden on the right. Stockdale did not care to follow them, for several on recognizing him had looked wonderingly at his presence, though they said nothing. Lizzy left his side and went to the bottom of the garden, looking over the hedge into the orchard, where the men could be dimly seen bustling about, and apparently hiding the tubs. All was done noiselessly, and without a light; and when it was over they dispersed in different directions, those who had taken their cargoes to the church having already gone off to their homes.

Lizzy returned to the garden-gate, over which Stockdale was still abstractedly leaning. "It is all finished: I am going indoors now," she said gently. "I will leave the door ajar for you."

"O no—you needn't," said Stockdale; "I am coming too."

But before either of them had moved, the faint clatter of horses' hoofs broke upon the ear, and it seemed to come from the point where the track across the down joined the hard road.

"They are just too late!" cried Lizzy exultingly.

"Who?" said Stockdale.

"Latimer, the riding-officer, and some assistant of his. We had better go indoors."

They entered the house, and Lizzy bolted the door. "Please don't get a light, Mr. Stockdale," she said.

"Of course I will not," said he.

"I thought you might be on the side of the king," said Lizzy, with faintest sarcasm.

"I am," said Stockdale. "But, Lizzy Newberry, I love you, and you know it perfectly well; and you ought to know, if you do not, what I have suffered in my conscience on your account these last few days!"

"I guess very well," she said hurriedly. "Yet I don't see why. Ah, you are better than I!"

The trotting of the horses seemed to have again died away, and the pair of listeners touched each other's fingers in the cold "Good-night" of those whom something seriously divided. They were on the landing, but before they had taken three steps apart, the tramp of the horsemen suddenly revived, almost close to the house. Lizzy turned to the staircase window, opened the casement about an inch, and put her face close to the aperture. "Yes, one of 'em is Latimer," she whispered. "He always rides a white horse. One would think it was the last colour for a man in that line."

Stockdale looked, and saw the white shape of the animal as it passed by; but before the riders had gone another ten yards, Latimer reined in his horse, and said something to his companion which neither Stockdale nor Lizzy could hear. Its drift was, however, soon made evident, for the other man stopped also; and sharply turning the horses' heads they cautiously retraced their steps. When they were again

opposite Mrs. Newberry's garden, Latimer dismounted, and the man on the dark horse did the same.

Lizzy and Stockdale, intently listening and observing the proceedings, naturally put their heads as close as possible to the slit formed by the slightly opened casement; and thus it occurred that at last their cheeks came positively into contact. They went on listening, as if they did not know of the singular incident which had happened to their faces, and the pressure of each to each rather increased than lessened with the lapse of time.

They could hear the excisemen sniffling the air like hounds as they paced slowly along. When they reached the spot where the tub had burst, both stopped on the instant.

"Ay, ay, 'tis quite strong here," said the second officer. "Shall we knock at the door?"

"Well, no," said Latimer. "Maybe this is only a trick to put us off the scent. They wouldn't kick up this stink anywhere near their hiding-place. I have known such things before."

"Anyhow, the things, or some of 'em, must have been brought this way," said the other.

"Yes," said Latimer musingly. "Unless 'tis all done to tole us the wrong way. I have a mind that we go home for to-night without saying a word, and come the first thing in the morning with more hands. I know they have storages about here, but we can do nothing by this owl's light. We will look round the parish and see if everybody is in bed, John; and if all is quiet, we will do as I say."

They went on, and the two inside the window could hear them passing leisurely through the whole village, the street of which curved round at the bottom and entered the turnpike road at another junction. This way the excisemen followed, and the amble of their horses died quite away.

"What will you do?" said Stockdale, withdrawing from his position.

She knew that he alluded to the coming search by the officers, to divert her attention from their own tender incident by the casement, which he wished to be passed over as a thing rather dreamt of than done. "O, nothing," she replied, with as much coolness as she could command under her disappointment at his manner. "We often have such storms as this. You would not be frightened if you knew what fools they are. Fancy riding o' horseback through the place: of course they will hear and see nobody while they make that noise; but they are always afraid to get off, in case some of our fellows should burst out upon 'em, and tie them up to the gate-post, as they have done before now. Good-night, Mr. Stockdale."

She closed the window and went to her room, where a tear fell from her eyes; and that not because of the alertness of the riding-officers.

(To be concluded)

Hearts of Women

A STREET SONG OF MANCHURIA

Translated by E. POWYS MATHERS

IT IS hard for a man to tell
The hidden thought in his friend's heart,
And the thought in a man's own heart
Is a thing darker.

If you have seen a woman's heart
Bare to your eyes,
Go quickly away and never tell
What you have seen there.

So They Say

EDITH BENEDICT:
Aged ten, who testified against her mother in court proceedings for the guardianship of Mrs. Benedict's six children

"We don't believe mother is a Christian woman. She bobs her hair; and the Bible says in the eleventh chapter of first Corinthians that a woman should not cut her hair. She wears jewelry and bright coloured clothes: a Christian woman shouldn't do those things."

G. K. CHESTERTON:
editorially in "G. K's Weekly"

"Exactly in so far as America seems to be leading the world, or supposes that it is leading the world, or is in any sense pressing upon or changing the world, it is the pressure of an inferior upon a superior; and it is simply, solely and utterly to be resisted."

FANNIE HURST:
Authoress of "best seller" stories

"Not long ago I went to a literary club in Salt Lake City. The hostess said, 'Now, Miss Hurst, we are not going to ask you to make a formal address. All we would like you to do is to take off your hat so we can see what the latest style of hairdressing is in New York.'"

BENITO MUSSOLINI:
the man in the world's spotlight

"If I go forward, you must follow; if I go backward, kill me; if my enemies kill me, avenge me."

MAURICE ROSTAND:
Son of the author of "Cyrano"; dramatist and "intellectual"

"I am by no means the only Frenchman of wealth who, if he speak the truth, must admit the imminence of another French revolution."

REV. JAMES EMPRINGHAM:
Nat. Supt., Episcopal Church Temperance Society

"Prohibition is Uncle Sam's war bride. He married in haste and is repenting at leisure."

SAMUEL SMEDES:
of Montgomery, N. Y., arraigned for failure to support his four children

"I have established a record. I have been married twenty-five years and have never given my wife a cent and never will."

COUNTY JUDGE WIGGIN:
In pronouncing sentence

"I sentence you to sixty days in the county jail, and if you were a young man I would send you to Sing Sing."

COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE:
In "McCall's Magazine"

"The American people have two strong though incompatible desires: the desire for peace, and the desire for isolation so far as it relates to European political entanglements."

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW:
Passing the 92nd year-mark and going strong.

"I think God gives every one a square deal, and at the same time freedom to choose the right cause. It is up to man not to abuse that freedom. I have little sympathy with those who get on the front pages of newspapers by defying God."

MRS. O. G. KIMBALL:
Testifying in court as to her husband's burning enthusiasm over Christian Science

"I was cooking bacon and eggs when my husband said to me: 'If you have proper faith nothing can hurt you.' Then he took a spoonful of hot bacon grease and poured it on the back of my hand."

CARDINAL O'CONNELL:
of Boston

"I used to think it would be a fine thing to help along our Catholic people to become materially very well to do, prosperous. I have given it up. You lose them when they do."

MATOSAKO ZUMOTO:
Vice-president, World Press Congress

"Missionaries fail, or refuse, to see that the East has her own faith and philosophy, favourably comparable to those of the West. So the East is capable of spiritual progression without Western guidance."

A TRAVELLING SALESMAN:
for a hair-dye firm, in the Shoreditch County Court, London

"Your Honor, I cannot meet my obligations because trade is so bad."
"How's that?"
"Women have no hair left to dye nowadays."

COL. GEORGE CROSFIELD:
President, Allied Legion

"Germany to-day is the scene of a continual battle between the peace and war forces. The latter are still looking for revenge, while the . . . more sensible type want to forget war for the pursuits of peace."

A. P. KARPINSKY:
President, Academy of Sciences of Russia

"Although much is now being said in Europe about America's post-war industrial rise, America's rise in science is even more phenomenal."

LILLIAN HERSTEIN:
Instructor, City College of Chicago

"If you take 10,000 working girls picked at random and 10,000 girls from the college campuses, you will find the alert minds and brave hearts in the factory girls."

TOMMY CASSIDY:
of New York, as he dived off Pier 9 when his girl companion fell into the river

"Folks, I can't swim, but here I go. Do what you can."

DR. JAMES SULLIVAN:
Asst. Commissioner of Education, N. Y. State

"It is not necessary to dwell on the sordid facts of history. They should be given to adults and diluted for children in elementary schools, just as the subject of sex is given in half-truth to children."

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE:
Announcing her fifth (?) matrimonial venture—"I honestly don't remember how many times I have been married."

"I believe in marriage. . . . We do it to please our mothers, our friends, ourselves, but it seems to me that right now something is wrong with it."

BERTRAND RUSSELL:
English publicist, in "Harper's"

"The main causes of unhappiness at present are ill-health, poverty, and an unsatisfactory sex-life."

W. B. MAXWELL:
English novelist

"Life is the only thing that matters. And the only real crime is not to live it to the full."

CHARLES W. ELIOT:
President-emeritus of Harvard University

"Music rightly taught is the best mind-trainer on the list."

GENE SARAZEN:
National open golf champion, 1922

"I believe that you cannot play too much golf; that it is a game which requires constant practice in order to retain the touch."

BILLIE BURKE:
Leading actress since 1906; wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., since 1914

"Women are entitled to both children and careers. Their husbands have both. I have backed up my theory by practice."

Frank B. Kellogg:
U. S. Secretary of State

"Not once has a member of the press forfeited my confidence, though I must admit that they are possessed of an almost feminine curiosity."

Raymond Moley:
Assoc. professor of Government, Barnard College

"We cannot make leadership out of the material with which many of our college women are filling their minds—a badly digested diet of French literature, evolution, Victorian novels, H. L. Mencken, Karl Marx, psychoanalysis, William James, Eugene O'Neill, Edmund Burke, international law, Sherwood Anderson, and Thomas Aquinas, mixed with an occasional course in government."

H. L. Boekenhoff:
of Des Moines, President of National Restauranteurs' Association

"The day of the sword-swallower is gone. The American people have improved their table manners 100 per cent in the last decade. They no longer essay to balance peas on their knives, and the consumption of soup generally is a less noisy process. Few indeed drink hot coffee from their saucers."

Mrs. Bertha Bauer:
Unsuccessful candidate for a Republican Congressional nomination

"The ignorance of many women voters is appalling."

Duchess of Atholl:
Musician, author, editor, Parliamentary Secretary of Board of Education

"What remains with us after all that we have learned at schools has been forgotten—that is a good definition of education."

Vernon Bailey:
Chief Field Naturalist, U. S. Biological Survey

"I see no reason why hibernation should not be made use of in the medical profession, or in other practical ways by mankind."

Richard F. Evans:
Negro author of "Pick and Shovel Blues," charged with felonious assault, violation of the Sullivan Law, and robbery—listed his accomplishments in his pocket diary

"Useful things I can do when I feel like doing them: I am a good dishwasher, waiter, bootblack, pianist, chauffeur, porter, drummer, and elevator man.
"Crooked things I can do: Gunman, stick-up man, burglar, auto thief, robber, strong-arm specialist, thief in general, pickpocket, second-story man, and midnight man."

Kuno Francke:
Professor emeritus, and honorary curator of Germanic Museum, at Harvard University

"In no country of the world, with the exception perhaps of China, is the value of intellectual training so generally recognized as in Germany."

Princess Lucien Murat:
Née Princess de Rohan-Chabot, who has just opened a tea-room, bookshop, art gallery in Paris

"To-morrow belongs to the woman who works, and that's why I've become a business woman. I'm convinced that idleness is doomed to disappear."

Mrs. Thomas Whiffen:
Who was the original "Little Buttercup," still on the stage after sixty-three years of it—on her return from a 35-weeks' road tour

"Age has its own happiness—quite as much as youth—and much less heartache. There's no need to dread old age, my dear."

Crown-Princess Juliana:
Successor to the throne of Holland, who, at seventeen, is studying law

"You never can tell. They may not want a Queen when my turn comes, and in that case I'd like to be a lawyer."

Manuel:
New York hairdresser and wigmaker

"Many society women, both young and old, have several wigs, so they can have a fresh one for every occasion. Some even have several different colours, though usually the natural hair is matched. White wigs are becoming quite popular for evening wear."

Frau Karin Michaelis:
Danish authoress, married a second time in 1912—to Charles E. Stangeland

"Marriage is the most old-fashioned custom to which civilization yet clings, and the worst bungled. It ought to be thoroughly overhauled, but as long as we have nothing better, we must make the best of it."

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND:
Financier and mining engineer, accounting for his arrival in health at three score years and ten

"I eat what I want. Sleep when I want. Drink what I want. Smoke when I want. In fact, I do everything I want. I also worry."

JUDGE HARRY E. LEWIS:
Supreme Court, 2nd District, New York State

"Dim, shaded-amber or rose-coloured lights, soft music, swaying bodies, tinkling glasses, cozy nooks—these appurtenances are cunningly made part of a general scheme to make patrons of some restaurants and all-night clubs forget all sense of responsibility and decency."

SIR OSWALD MOSELEY:
English baronet

"It has occurred to me that more valuable help would be rendered to the country by my Socialist son and daughter-in-law if, instead of achieving chief publicity about relinquishing titles, they would take more material action, and relinquish some of their wealth, and so make easier the plight of some of their more unfortunate followers."

OSWALD ERNAL MOSELEY:
Labour member of Parliament, husband of Lady Cynthia Curzon

"The simplest answer is that it would not help the poor. The only way to help the poor is to use ourselves and every resource given to us in the struggle to abolish the system which keeps the poor dependent on charities. It would admirably suit the purposes of capitalism if we made ourselves as powerless as those we seek to aid."

JOHN ERSKINE:
Professor and author

"When the parents begin to preach morals, the case is hopeless."

JOHN E. ANDRUS:
The "Millionaire straphanger" of Yonkers, N. Y.; ex-Congressman and Mayor; manufacturer, and active in in business at 85

"I can honestly say that I have made a success of everything I have turned my hand to, but the only permanent happiness I have found has been in ease of conscience, and the knowledge that I have lived a Christian life."

HELEN WOODWARD:
Business woman, in "Harper's"

"It is my opinion that, except love, money or pull, stenography is a woman's shortest cut to a big job."

MURIEL HANSEN:
Aged 10, who wrote to the N. Y. City Department of Public Welfare offering to adopt a baby found in the subway

"Dear Sir: That was my baby you found in the subway. I am sorry to say that I was careless but it will never happen again. I had so many bundles my arms were tired as I laid down my bundles in my hurry to get off the train I forgot the best bundle. I hope you won't charge me more than $5 because I spent all my money for him when I bought him."

THEODORE DREISER:
Novelist and editor

"The air of Florida is filled with the shrieks and groans of the disappointed."

CYRIL MAUDE:
English actor and manager, leaving America after 42 years on the stage

"New York is worse than Paris. Some plays are very gross indeed. Two in particular are perfectly awful.
"I leave the stage, but I know that, in America at least, I am the cat's whiskers. The elevator boy said as much, and I surely have no reason to doubt him."

JOHN A. FIESELER:
New York seedman

"Roof gardens are growing in popularity. I do not mean the kind where you dine and dance, but flower gardens laid on top of the tall buildings."

ALDOUS HUXLEY:
English novelist and essayist—grandson of two famous Englishmen: Huxley and Arnold

"Ready-made art can never be so completely satisfying to a man as the art he makes himself. The cinema, the gramophone, the wireless are distractions; but they can do nothing to satisfy man's desire for self-assertion."

Riquet—By ANATOLE FRANCE

UARTER-DAY had come. With his sister and daughter, Monsieur Bergeret was leaving the dilapidated old house in the Rue de Seine to take up his abode in a modern flat in the Rue de Vaugirard. Such was the decision of Zoé and the Fates.

During the long hours of the morning, Riquet wandered sadly through the devastated rooms. His most cherished habits were upset. Strange men, badly dressed, rude and foul-mouthed, disturbed his repose. They penetrated even to the kitchen, where they stepped into his dish of biscuit and his bowl of fresh water. The chairs were carried off as fast as he curled himself up on them; the carpets were pulled roughly from under his weary limbs. There was no abiding-place for him, not even in his own home.

To his credit, be it said, tnat at first he attempted resistance. When the cistern was carried off he barked furiously at the enemy. But no one responded to his appeal; no one encouraged him, there was no doubt about it his efforts were regarded with disapproval. Mademoiselle Zoé said to him sharply: "Be quiet!" And Mademoiselle Pauline added: "Riquet, you are silly!"

Henceforth he would abstain from useless warnings. He would cease to strive alone for the public weal. In silence he deplored the devastation of the household. From room to room he sought in vain for a little quiet. When the furniture removers penetrated into a room where he had taken refuge, he prudently hid beneath an as yet unmolested table or chest of drawers. But this precaution proved worse than useless; for soon the pieces of furniture tottered over him, rose, then fell with a crash, threatening to crush him. Terrified, with his hair all turned up the wrong way, he fled to another refuge no safer than the first.

But these inconveniences and even dangers were as nothing to the agony he was suffering at heart. His sentiments were the most deeply affected.

The household furniture he regarded not as things inert, but as living benevolent creatures, beneficent spirits, whose departure foreshadowed cruel misfortunes. Dishes, sugar-basins, pots and pans, all the kitchen divinities; armchairs, carpets, cushions, all the fetishes of the hearth, its lares and its domestic gods had vanished. He could not believe that so great a disaster would ever be repaired. And sorrow filled his little heart to overflowing. Fortunately, Riquet's heart resembled human hearts in being easily distracted and quick to forget its misfortunes.

During the long absence of the thirsty workmen, when old Angélique's broom raised ancient dust from the floor, Riquet breathed an odour of mice and watched the flight of a spider; thus was his versatile mind diverted. But he soon relapsed into sadness.

On the day of departure, when he beheid things growing hourly worse and worse, he grew desperate. It seemed to him above all things disastrous when he saw the linen being piled in dark cases. Pauline with eager haste was putting her frock into a trunk. He turned away from her, as if she were doing something wrong. He shrank up against the wall and thought to himself: "Now the worst has come; this is the end of everything." Then, whether it were that he believed things ceased to exist when he did not see them, or whether he was simply avoiding a painful sight, he took care not to look in Pauline's direction. It chanced that as she was passing to and fro she noticed Riquet's attitude. It was sad: but to her it seemed funny, and she began to laugh. Then, still laughing, she called out: "Come here! Riquet, come to me!" But he did not stir from his corner,

and would not even turn his head. He was not then in the mood to caress his young mistress, and, through some secret instinct, through a kind of presentiment, he was afraid of approaching the gaping trunk. Pauline called him several times. Then, as he did not respond, she went and took him up in her arms. "How unhappy we are!" she said to him; "What is wrong then?" Her tone was ironical. Riquet did not understand irony. He lay in Pauline's arms, sad and inert, affecting to see nothing and to hear nothing. "Riquet, look at me!" She said it three times and three times in vain. Then, pretending to be in a rage: "Silly creature," she cried, "in with you"; and she threw him into the trunk and shut the lid on him. At that moment her aunt having called her, she went out of the room, leaving Riquet in the trunk.

He was seized with wild alarm; for he was very far from supposing that he had been playfully thrown into the trunk for a mere joke. Esteeming his situation about as bad as it could be, he was desirous not to make it worse by any imprudence. So he remained motionless for a few moments, holding his breath. Then he deemed it expedient to explore his dark prison. With his paws he felt the skirts and the linen on to which he had been so cruelly precipitated, endeavouring to find some way out of this terrible place. He had been thus engaged for two or three minutes, when he was called by Monsieur Bergeret, who had been getting ready to go out.

"Riquet! Riquet! Come for a walk on the quays, that is the land of glory. True, they have disfigured it by erecting a railway station of hideous proportions and striking ugliness. Architecture is a lost art. They have pulled down a nice-looking house at the corner of the Rue du Bac. They will doubtless put some unsightly building in its place. I trust that at least our architects may abstain from introducing onto the Quai d'Orsay that barbarous style of which they have given such a horrid example at the corner of the Rue Washington and the Champs Elysées! . . . Riquet! Riquet! Come for a walk on the quays. That is a glorious land. But architecture has deteriorated sadly since the days of Gabriel and of Louis. . . . Where is the dog? . . . Riquet! Riquet?"

The sound of Monsieur Bergeret's voice was a great consolation to Riquet. He replied by making a noise with his paws, scratching frantically against the wicker sides of the trunk.

"Where is the dog?" her father asked Pauline as she was returning with a pile of linen in her arms.

"He is in the trunk, Papa."

"What, in the trunk! Why is he there?" asked Monsieur Bergeret.

"Because he was silly," replied Pauline.

Monsieur Bergeret liberated his friend. Riquet followed him into the hall, wagging his tail. Then a sudden thought occurred to him. He went back into the room, ran up to Pauline and rubbed against her skirt. And not until he had wildly caressed her as evidence of his loyalty did he rejoin his master on the staircase. He would have felt himself deficient in wisdom and religious feeling had he failed to display these signs of affection to one who had been so powerful as to plunge him into a deep trunk.

In the street, Monsieur Bergeret and his dog beheld the sad sight of their household furniture scattered over the pavement. The removers had gone off to the public-house round the corner, leaving the plate-glass mirror of Mademoiselle Zoé's wardrobe to reflect the passing procession of girls, workmen, shopkeepers, and Beaux Arts students, of drays, carts and cabs, and the chemist's shop with its bottles and its serpents of Æsculapius. Leaning against a post was Monsieur Bergeret senior, smiling in his frame, mild, pale and delicate looking, with his hair ruffled. With affectionate respect the son contemplated his parent whom he moved away from the post. He likewise lifted out of harm's way Zoé's little table, which looked ashamed at finding itself in the street.

Meanwhile Riquet was patting his master's legs with his paws, looking up at him with sorrowing beautiful eyes, which seemed to say:

"Thou, who wert once so rich and so powerful, canst thou have become poor? Canst thou have lost thy power, O my master? Thou permittest men clothed in vile rags to invade thy sitting-room, thy bedroom, thy dining-room, to throw themselves upon thy furniture and pull it out of doors, to drag down the staircase thy deep armchair, thy chair and mine, for in it we repose side by side in the evening and sometimes in the morning too. I heard it groan in the arms of those tatterdemalions; that chair which is a fetish and a benignant spirit. Thou didst offer no resistance to the invaders. But if thou dost no longer possess any of those genii who once filled thy dwelling, if thou hast lost all, even those little divinities, which thou didst put on in the

morning when getting out of bed, those slippers which I used to bite in my play, if thou art indigent and poor, O my Master, then what will become of me?"

The Meditations of Riquet

I

Men, beasts and stones grow great as they come near and loom enormous when they are upon me. It is not so with me. I remain equally great wheresoever I am.

II

When my master places for me beneath the table the food which he was about to put into his own mouth, it is in order that he may tempt me and that he may punish me if I yield to temptation. For I cannot believe that he would deny himself for my sake.

III

The smell of dogs is sweet in the nostrils.

IV

My master keeps me warm when I lie behind him in his chair. It is because he is a god. In front of the fire-place is a hot stone. That stone is divine.

V

I speak when I please. From my master's mouth proceed likewise sounds which make sense. But his meaning is not so clear as that expressed by the sounds of my voice. Every sound that I utter has a meaning. From my master's lips come forth many idle noises. It is difficult but necessary to divine the thoughts of the master.

VI

To eat is good. To have eaten is better. For the enemy who lieth in wait to take your food is quick and crafty.

VII

All is flux and reflux. I alone remain.

VIII

I am in the center of all things; men, beasts and things, friendly and adverse, are ranged about me.

IX

In sleep one beholdeth men, dogs, horses, trees, forms pleasant and unpleasant. When one awaketh these forms have vanished.

X

Reflection. I love my master, Bergeret, because he is powerful and terrible.

XI

An action for which one has been beaten is a bad action. An action for which one has received caresses or food is a good action.

XII

At nightfall evil powers prowl round the house. I bark in order that my master may be warned and drive them away.

XIII

Prayer. O my master, Bergeret, god of courage, I adore thee. When thou art terrible, be thou praised. When thou art kind, be thou praised. I crouch at thy feet: I lick thy hands. When, seated before thy table spread, thou devourest meats in abundance, thou art very great and very beautiful. Very great art thou and very beautiful when, striking fire out of a thin splint of wood, thou changest night into day. Keep me in thine house and keep out every other dog. And thou, Angélique, the cook, divinity good and great, I fear thee and I venerate thee in order that thou mayest give me much to eat.

XIV

A dog who lacketh piety towards men and who scorneth the fetishes assembled in his master's house liveth a miserable and a wandering life.

XV

One day, from a broken pitcher, filled with water which was being carried across the parlour, water ran on to the polished floor. A thrashing must have been the punishment of that dirty pitcher.

XVI

Men possess the divine power of opening all doors. I by myself am only able to open a few. Doors are great fetishes which do not readily obey dogs.

XVII

The life of a dog is full of danger. If he would escape suffering he must be ever on the watch, during meals and even during sleep.

XVIII

It is impossible to know whether one has acted well towards men. One must worship

them without seeking to understand them. Their wisdom is mysterious.

XIX

Invocation. O Fear, Fear august and maternal, Fear sacred and salutary, possess me, in danger fill me, in order that I may void that which is harmful, lest, casting myself upon the enemy, I suffer for my imprudence.

XX

Vehicles there are which horses pull through the street. They are terrible. Other vehicles there are which move themselves breathing loudly. These are also fearful. Men in rags are detestable, likewise such as carry baskets on their heads or roll casks. I do not love children who utter loud cries and flee from and pursue each other swiftly in the streets. The world is full of hostile and dreadful things.

He and She

By "IRONQUILL"

WHEN I am dead, you'll find it hard,
Said he,
To ever find another man
Like me.

What makes you think, as I suppose
You do,
I'd ever want another man
Like you?

A Foretaste of Fortune

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

IT WAS a splendid office—mahogany, plate-glass windows and all that pertains to the uninteresting side of respectability. There was a lawyer there, sitting before his desk—a crisp, gray sort of lawyer, who looked as if when you patted him gently he would snap a finger off. One Jimmie Horgan was also there.

Now, Jimmie was a careless youth, and a cheerful habit of sending people scattering, acquired by managing the controller in the employment of the Suburban Trolley Company, gave him what might be called a cynicobenevolent view of life. He had learned that the human body was an unreliable vessel to hold so great a thing as a soul.

One bunt from his trusty car, and the greatest alderman who ever received boodle for that same franchise promptly departed for Heaven, or its suburban districts.

He had made the proud to skip ahead; ladies, that one would not suspect of either ability or pliability, had made creditable running-long-jumps merely because Jimmie did not twist the brake. Bankers, plutocrats and plumbers instantly dropped their accustomed airs of superiority and hiked out-of-that when Jimmie's foot trod the gong. This showed him clearly that at heart all men were simple. The airs assumed were but a mask, concealing a real desire to please.

Jimmie may have belonged to one of the first families of Ireland, but his estate had fallen low—so low, in fact, that he held in

his hand the incredible, and now, away from his platform of authority, he needs must tell the intrenched lawyer-man a strange tale.

Strong of heart was Jimmie. He rallied.

"Your name Simmonds?" he asked, with a grimy thumb indicating the signature on the letter he extended for the lawyer's inspection.

"Yes, sir," barked the lawyer with severity.

"Who gave you that name?" inquired Jimmie in a spirit of levity.

"What is that?" returned the lawyer.

Jimmie recalled himself to his position. "Oh," said he, "I want to know whether this thing is a fake or not."

The lawyer extended a hand like a rat-trap, and snapped the letter toward him.

"Certainly not," he said with decision. "Certainly not. You have been left, through his dying intestate, by your maternal uncle, the sum of five thousand dollars, as I have acquainted you in this letter."

The lawyer coughed the cough of consequence. "This amount is in my care; in fact, it is deposited in my bank, awaiting your orders."

Jimmie leaned heavily on the office-boy to support himself.

"You don't look it," he said to the lawyer, "but are you addicted to the use and abuse of strong things of any kind?"

"Sir!" said the lawyer.

"I slipped my trolley," said Jimmie. "I didn't know I had any maternal uncle. I didn't know he had five thousand dollars. I don't know where he got it, and I don't know where I am, nor why you are here, nor anything else." He roused himself. "Say," said he, "if you ain't got me down here to enjoy my looks, produce."

"Hey?" said the lawyer.

"Yes," said Jimmie, "just that. Hay; make it while the sun shines. Clear weather to-day. I don't savvy this thing, up nor down. You let me have two hundred dollars, and it will look like business. All I want to do is to feel it. I have been trying to feel two hundred dollars for three years, and the nearest I have got to it is on the instalment plan."

The lawyer pushed him a book.

"Make out a check," said he.

Jimmie swallowed all the air in the room, but yet made out the check.

The lawyer looked at the check in the most detached fashion, called a man and handed him the slip of paper. The man seemed weary. He took the piece of paper, walked toward an actual safe, opened a drawer with a real key and pulled out from its secret hiding-place a bunch, or, as it seemed to Jimmie, a whole head, of that tender, crisp, succulent plant, the long green.

With a wet thumb the weary man shredded off a certain number of leaves, and, showing disgust of life in every feature, placed them on the lawyer's desk. The lawyer eyed them glumly, wrapped them up with a practised hand, and shoved them to Jimmie.

"There you are, sir," he said. "Anything else?"

"No," said Jimmie dreamily. "No, nothing else."

He turned away, bumped into the partition, begged its pardon most humbly; walked into a young woman who was approaching with a basketful of letters; distributed wisdom all over the office; got spoken to plainly; tried to help the young woman collect the flying sheets, and got spoken to still more sharply; slid down the first four steps outside, landed in the street in some fashion, and then galloped toward a sign indicative of a life-saving station.

After safely embarking on a schooner he retired to a corner and examined the ten promises of our government for twenty dollars per promise, at leisure. They were so. Boldly he slapped one upon the bar. Doubtfully the barkeeper opened his cash-drawer.

"No good," thought Jimmie, thinking this an act of suspicion. But it was not.

"Say, young feller," said the barkeeper, "it's pretty early in the day to clean me out of change. Ain't you got nothing smaller than that?"

From its lonesome abiding-place at the bottom of a pocket filled with tobacco-dust, Jimmie fished out a quarter—that one piece of Mr. Bryan's philosophy which he had imagined to be all that stood between him and a joyless wait for pay-day.

"All right," said he.

This proof that it was inability and not contempt that had shown in the barkeeper's eyes burned in James's heart like a little flame. He took out one twenty-dollar bill and put it in a separate pocket. Twenty dollars he could understand.

He then made for the barns, wondering what man it was whose legs carried him so jauntily.

This was the beginning of the great mystery—the disappearance of Car 809.

How so large and eminently practical

a thing as a trolley car—a thing so blatantly modern and, withal, so hard and heavy—could vanish from the face of the earth, and leave neither track nor rack behind, was a problem that caused silver threads to appear amid the gold and bald spots of the officers of the Suburban Trolley Company.

With it went the motorman and conductor; gone; vanished; vamoosed; dissipated into thin air.

The thing was, and then it was not. That is all they ever knew about it. The facts are these:

When James arrived in the yard he approached his running-mate and poked him in the chest with a dramatic forefinger. The running-mate looked at the forefinger and then at James.

"Changed your spots again?" he inquired.

"Nup," said James, hitting himself mightily upon the chest. "Here is Willie Wally Astor, and that's me."

"Grounded again?" sniffed the conductor. "Where do you feel it worst?"

"There ain't any worst," said Jimmie. "You come here!"—and he seized him by the collar.

"Leggo!" said the conductor, but at the same time permitting himself to be jammed into a corner while the golden tale of sudden wealth was poured into his ears.

"Ah, g'wan!"—but the tones grew weaker and weaker, and when Jimmie produced his little pamphlet on high finance, printed in green—proof to any eye—the conductor fell upon his neck.

"I allus knew you was the kind of a little bird that could fly if you drew them feet off the ground," he said. "Call the turn."

"We have got fifteen minutes," said Jimmie. "Here we go fresh across the street to celebrate."

At this period the minds of both these worthy men were clear and free from any further operation than that natural to taking a drink, but after that first drink, and with the confidence, bred of another, to believe in that money, James' mind extended itself. He pounded the bar with his fist.

"I am dead sick and tired of going over the same old streets," said he. "It occurs to me at times that I'll have to turn off som'ers, or bust."

"Yep," assented the conductor; "that's right, too. All the time the same streets; all the time the same old dog that comes just so near getting pinched; all the time the same fat man waving his umbrell'; all the time the same Dagoes with gunnysacks filled with something, and smelling with a strong Italian accent; all the time the same war over that transfer, after that same young lady has traveled half a mile beyond where she ought to have got off. If I had another drink I could feel very bad about this."

"Let's," said Jimmie. So the conductor felt very bad about it, and Jimmie, like the good friend he was, felt worse.

"Yes, sir," said he, "I just naturally will have to turn off som'ers, or I surely *will* bust."

There gleamed a radiance from the crisp array before the mirror. Genius had hit Jimmie—hypnotic.

"Say, Tommie," said he, "we *will* turn off som'ers. If you'll go me on it we'll take the old ambulance clear to the end of everything in sight this morning. There is more than forty thousand switches we'd oughter took long ago, and they can't stop us. If we get our jobs excused away from us we c'n lean up against that five thousand until we are rested. Come along," said he, inspiration working. "Come on, old man!"

"Say," said the conductor, "I've got you faded. I don't care if I never work again, and as for jerking a piece of common clothesline every time a person with a mind to shoves one small nickel into my hand, why, I am really tired of it. I have had idees of a nobler life than this, Jimmie. They usually come after the sixth round, but when I think of that five thousand—" He stopped abruptly.

They grabbed each other and made for the yard.

"Come on, you fellers!" yelled the starter. "Get a wiggle on. Youse are due now."

"Comin', uncle!" said Jimmie, in a sharp falsetto.

"Slowly comin'!" boomed the conductor.

"Ain't you got a gayness, though?" said the starter.

The motorman elaborately placed one silver dollar in the hands of the starter and closed the latter's fingers upon it.

"Keep this," he said, from many years' experience of viewing the hero leaving the lady of his choice with a sob in the orchestra. "Keep this," he repeated waveringly, quaveringly and tenderly. "Do the same by yourself. This is a sooveniret of something you never heard of before."

The starter looked startled. "Well!" said he. It was the only word in the English language that could express his feelings.

"Well!" he said. He looked at the dollar, and in the tone of a man bewitched he cried, "Give him the bell, Tommie! You're off!"

Tommie pulled the strap. "Adoo! Fare thee well. Good-by. Ready!" he called. "If we don't see you again, hello!"

The starter waved his hand. The starter shook his head.

Car 809 droned merrily along the track until she came to the first switch. "Give us the High Bush Line, Jerry," said James.

The melancholy man jabbed his iron into the track. High Bush, North Pole, Heaven or Hades, it was all one to him.

"Come along," he growled, and they came.

"Hey, there! Hey!" cried an excitable old gentleman, as the car shot up the side-street switch. "I thought this car went through Lethe Street."

"It used to," answered Tommie soothingly, "but it has got weary of it—plumb tired out."

"Tired?" cried the old gentleman blankly. "Here, let me out!" he concluded with energy.

He stood on the crossing until a brewery-wagon was driven against him.

"Lunatics—not a doubt of it," he said to himself, as he hopped to the sidewalk. There he waited, but in vain, for no other car would be sent forth until 809 passed a certain turnout, which she had not the least intention of approaching this day.

And that ruptured the schedule.

A sour-faced young man with a fighting jaw approached the car a few blocks farther on.

"Say! Do youse go through Scrabblegrass Avenoo?" he asked in a voice like a curse.

"Now, that depends," answered the blithe Thomas. "If we want to, we will; if we don't, we won't. D'yer feel like making it an object to us?"

The sour-faced young man backed up a step.

"Say, you are a pretty fresh duck, ain't you?" he sneered. He quickly put on his most ferocious look. "Now, you listen to the toot of my little naughtyobilious horn," said he; "and if you don't I'll mix you up with the machinery. I want to go to Scrabblegrass Avenoo. D'yer get that? The quicker I get there, the better. D'yer get that?" He pushed his bulldog jaw into Thomas' face.

"Shoo, fly!" said Thomas, making a light pass with his hand which caused a noisy rustle in the aftermath that grew upon the other man's extensive face.

"Sure!" he continued. "Sure. I get all these things, of course." He stopped the car. He took the fighting-jawed man by the shoulder and pointed his finger at an angle of thirty-five degrees to the perpendicular and at right angles to the car track.

"There is Scrabblegrass Avenoo, right over yonder," he said. "Jump!"

Sometimes a fighting jaw merely implies a fighting character: it doesn't insist upon it.

"D'yer mean I have got to walk?" asked the sour-faced man.

"Sure thing," said Tommie, "or else you'd like to have me kick you half-way there?"

"Say, what's got into you this mornin'?" gasped the stranger.

It was Tommie's turn to scoff. He reached for the strap, smiling derisively.

"You ought to read the papers," said he; "then you wouldn't act like such a lobster. Things ain't run like they used to be, my friend; me and my partner has bought this car, and we're running it around, getting custom where we can."

"Ain't there no more railroad company?" said the lost soul confronting him.

"Nope," answered Tommie with a yawn. "The hull trolley business is in the hands of private parties like us—and we're losing money on you by the second. Skip!"

From this on, 809 developed more eccentricities of character. Sometimes she stopped for passengers like a perfectly normal trolley car, but if Jimmie did not like the looks of people as they drew near she bounded ahead like an antelope, when the foot of habit was reaching for her step. Then, at a place of pleasant greenery, refreshing to the city eye, she often moved up and down the block several times while her managers enjoyed the change of scene. This attracted some attention.

They always slowed the car fully to explain to the out-landers the strange, new conditions existing in the trolley world.

The passengers made no complaint. It is so much the custom for the free American to accept almost anything in uniform as a part of Nature, and a Nature that grows violent on provocation, that the half-dozen offspring of the eagle perched mildly upon their seats without complaint.

Perhaps they liked it. One stout and jolly old gentleman enjoyed the discourse

immensely, even joining in the spread of misinformation.

A pallid little woman, with a very large baby, timidly accosted Jimmie. She wanted to go to a certain place at least five miles distant, on a branch line.

Jimmie appealed to the chivalry of the passengers.

"We have got your nickels," said he, "but this here lady has been misled. We feel as if we oughter take her where she belongs. No objections?"

The passengers looked at each other and said nothing.

"Let her fly, Jimmie. We have got to make that five miles in six minutes to keep up with our idee of things," said Tommie.

They arrived at the street, but the little woman's destination was several blocks from the trolley track. Jimmie escorted her, carrying her basket, while the stout old gentleman, saying that he would like to stretch his legs, carried the baby.

In the meantime, the car that really belonged on that track came from the opposite direction. I will not repeat what that motorman said. There is a sign on all trolley cars, "Don't speak to the motorman." It is a good piece of advice, because you might not like what the motorman would say to you in reply.

He waved his hands and told 809 to get on about its business. He wanted to know why she was there, in a tone that made the fourth-story windows fly open.

"What d'yer mean by sitting there like a toad in a rain-storm, holding us up when we're twenty minutes late already?" he finished.

Tommie spread his hands with a gesture of deprecation.

"Orders," he replied in explanation. "I can't help it."

"Orders?" said the motorman. "Orders? What are you tin-plated chumps doing in this part of the country, anyhow?"

Tommie shrugged his shoulders.

"It is like this," said he: "Old Man Rockerfeller has come to call on an old woman that used to cook for him, and the company's give him the rights of this car—my Mote's taking him around to the house now. We've got to wait till he comes back, and you've got to wait, too; that's all."

The other jumped in the air with astonishment and fury.

"Well, wouldn't that knock the frizzles out of your hair?" said he. "Those old devils can have anything they want, no matter what breaks, can't they?"

"That is just about the size of it, partner," said Tommie; "but here comes Jimmie. We'll spin back and turn out for you below."

"Thankee, old man," said the motorman; "much obliged; but I can tell you one thing: I am going to join the Ancient and Honorable Order of Amalgamated Anarchists this night. You bet! Call on this cook, and block the whole line! Well——"

This affair being arranged, 809 grasped the wire with her trolley, threw off her brakes and went rushing forward to her fate.

As she sped down Poolton Avenue a party of young men, with long hair, ran out of a café, yelling wildly. Tommie pulled the bell.

"Stop her, Jimmie," he said. "They look like our kind of people,"

"Where are you going?" asked the panting youth who arrived first.

"Any old place," said Tommie. The youth stopped.

"Hey?" said he.

"What's that?" said Tommie.

"Oh," said the young man, "I only wanted to know where you went to."

"Answer same as before," said Tommie. "Any old place. We have broke loose from the tediousness of this darned commercial life, and we are taking in the United States to suit ourselves."

"Do you mean that?" earnestly inquired the young man.

"Try us," said Tommie. "We're only a few."

At this juncture, all former passengers descended from the car.

"Yours is the route we have been planning," said the long-haired young man.

All the young men boarded the car, singing loudly a song about their dear old something or other.

Thomas advanced to the front platform, and 809 gathered herself and hit the irons per record. She passed would-be passengers as the City Council passes a bill for more salaries for faithful services. She was a gallant sight.

Once when Jimmie went aft to tell a funny story he had heard the night before, 809 rammed a street-piano with such insistence and velocity that it landed on top of a load of furniture, still playing one of Sousa's marches. The Italian burned his thumb in blazing away at the departing monster with an eighty-nine-cent revolver. The young men gathered on the back platform and

encouraged him to shoot with a little more art.

Three blocks away, speeding toward them, there came a red thing, coughing, with inhuman rapidity. There were four things in it that looked like Mr. H. G. Wells' inhabitants of the moon.

"Here's where your nice, red, hand-painted autymobile either takes to its own side of the road or to the trees!" shouted Jimmie back to the carload.

The young men swung themselves out to see the sight. The road was narrow. The approaching bedevilment, streaming dust at every pore, bestrode (or, better, be-wheeled) one rail of the track.

"There is your nice little bubble," chanted the young men. "'Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble!' Get peevish there, Jimmie! Hit her on the end!"

Tommie, the mild, called out, "Just one layer of varnish off will do the trick, Jimmie."

Naturally, the man at the wheel of that automobile expected the trolley car to stop. Had it been an ordinary trolley car, at the service of mere citizens, it must have stopped, but being an Independent State of Modern Progress, it left restraint behind, and could be seen to move toward that automobile.

"Shove, you shover!" shouted the tallest of the young men.

It was high time. The side of 809 hit the rear tire with a rubbery shriek. The red automobile went over a small knoll of loose stone and bunch-grass, to the left of the road, and disappeared from view.

"They can get her back again, all right enough," said one of the young men whose severe face suggested the mechanical engineer. "Just erect a capstan on top of the hill, and winch her right back. I don't know how far she has gone down the other side. Wish I had asked you to stop, and put in a bid for the job."

"Too late," said Tommie. "There is a long slant ahead of us, and we're really going to run."

"I could die trolleying!" cooed the stout young man. "Hit her up in front!" He clambered over the seats toward the front of the car.

In the general joy and enthusiasm then prevailing another young man began to ring up fares.

"Hey! What yer doin'?" shouted Tommie in the grip of habit. Then he remembered. "Let her sizzle," said he. "No harm done."

The register rang. The signal bell rang. Both gongs rang. It was somewhat like a party of Swiss bell-ringers tobogganing down the Matterhorn. Untrained horses walked upon their hind legs, and the *vox populi* was hushed.

The fat young man reached the front platform. He was not only fat. He was also very strong.

"Here, let me run this old shebang?" he asked Jimmie. "I won't kill anybody."

"Well, we're in the open now," said Jimmie. "I guess you can't do much damage." So he gave him the controller and joined the vocalists.

Minutes passed by to the lilt and swing of such grand old classics as *The Bulldog and the Bullfrog*, and the rest of it, with xylophone accompaniment, accomplished by drawing a cane across the rods in the backs of the seats.

Never had happiness so untrammeled an occupancy. Number 809 spread her long wheels in the ecstasy of freedom. Her motors purred. She passed the high points with loving pats, scarcely touching them. Her inhabitants were carried away.

And then, like a handful of mud upon the merriment fell the roar of the man at the controller. He was grinding frantically at the brake. The huge muscles of his back had split his coat in the effort.

The party got up and saw ahead of them a sharp incline, ending in an unprotected bridge.

"Gee-rusalem!" bawled Jimmie suddenly. "Wood's Bridge—the worst in the country. I forgot it."

At that instant a crack, followed by the jingle of metal, told them that the brake-chain was broken. The car, which had slacked a little of its speed, leaped forward again.

"Turn off your power! Reverse, I mean!" yelled Jimmie.

Then came a thudding sound on the car's roof.

"Oh," he groaned, "the trolley's off!"

Near that bridge, a few feet from the side of the track, there was a long haystack.

"Farmers to the front!" said Tommie. "Every man to the step, and jump!"

In a twinkling twelve young men rolled along a haystack. They rolled and rolled. They gathered much hay, but, still dominant above the mischance, the souls of ten foot-ball players and two trolley men rose triumphant. They wanted to see the last of 809.

She took the rest of the grade like a buck-

ing bronco. She hit the bridge like an avalanche. Something gave way, or held too strongly, for 809 sprang into the air, turned completely over and went down in thirty feet of dirty water, trucks up, with a tremendous splash.

Silence stared with stony faces.

"She's gone," said Tommie solemnly.

"Beyond recall," assented the mechanical engineer.

"And I am going, too," said Tommie.

The college men said nothing, but, as the thin procession topped the hill two miles away, the fat man led by twenty yards.

The Honour of the Name

By ÉMILE GABORIAU

Being a Sequel to "Monsieur Lecoq"

CHAPTER XLII

TO QUIT Sairmeuse without any display of violence had cost Blanche an almost superhuman effort.

The wildest anger convulsed her soul at the very moment, when, with an assumption of melancholy dignity, she murmured those words of forgiveness.

Ah! had she obeyed the dictates of her resentment!

But her indomitable vanity aroused within her the heroism of a gladiator dying on the arena, with a smile upon his lips.

Falling, she intended to fall gracefully.

"No one shall see me weep; no one shall hear me complain," she said to her despondent father; "try to imitate me."

And on her return to the Château de Courtornieu, she was a stoic.

Her face, although pale, was as immobile as marble beneath the curious gaze of the servants.

"I am to be called mademoiselle as in the past," she said, imperiously. "Any one forgetting this order will be dismissed."

A maid forgot that very day, and uttered the prohibited word, "madame." The poor girl was instantly dismissed, in spite of her tears and protestations.

All the servants were indignant.

"Does she hope to make us forget that she is married and that her husband has deserted her?" they queried.

Alas! she wished to forget it herself. She wished to annihilate all recollection of that fatal day whose sun had seen her a maiden, a wife, and a widow.

For was she not really a widow?

Only it was not death which had deprived her of her husband, but an odious rival—an infamous and perfidious creature lost to all sense of shame.

And yet, though she had been disdained, abandoned, and repulsed, she was no longer free.

She belonged to the man whose name she bore like a badge of servitude—to the man who hated her, who fled from her.

She was not yet twenty; and this was the end of her youth, of her life, of her hopes, and even of her dreams.

Society condemned her to solitude, while Martial was free to rove wheresoever fancy might lead him.

Now she saw the disadvantage of isolating one's self. She had not been without friends in her school-girl days; but after leaving the convent she had alienated them by her haughtiness, on finding them not so high in rank, nor so rich as herself. She was now reduced to the irritating consolations of Aunt Medea, who was a worthy person, undoubtedly, but her tears flowed quite as freely for the loss of a cat, as for the death of a relative.

But Blanche bravely resolved that she would conceal her grief and despair in the recesses of her own heart.

She drove about the country; she wore the prettiest dresses in her *trousseau;* she forced herself to appear gay and indifferent.

But on going to attend high mass in

Sairmeuse the following Sunday, she realized the futility of her efforts.

People did not look at her haughtily, or even curiously; but they turned away their heads to laugh, and she overheard remarks upon the maiden widow which pierced her very soul.

They mocked her; they ridiculed her!

"Oh! I will have my revenge!" she muttered.

But she had not waited for these insults before thinking of vengeance; and she had found her father quite ready to assist her in her plans.

For the first time the father and the daughter were in accord.

"The Duc de Sairmeuse shall learn what it costs to aid in the escape of a prisoner and to insult a man like me. Fortune, favour, position—he shall lose all! I hope to see him ruined and dishonoured at my feet. You shall see that day! you shall see that day!" said the marquis, vehemently.

But, unfortunately for him and his plans, he was extremely ill for three days, after the scene at Sairmeuse; then he wasted three days more in composing a report, which was intended to crush his former ally.

This delay ruined him, since it gave Martial time to perfect his plans and to send the Duc de Sairmeuse to Paris skilfully indoctrinated.

And what did the duke say to the King, who accorded him such a gracious reception?

He undoubtedly pronounced the first reports false, reduced the Montaignac revolution to its proper proportions, represented Lacheneur as a fool, and his followers as inoffensive idiots.

Perhaps he led the King to suppose that the Marquis de Courtornieu might have provoked the outbreak by undue severity. He had served under Napoleon, and possibly had thought it necessary to make a display of his zeal. There have been such cases.

So far as he himself was concerned, he deeply deplored the mistakes into which he had been led by the ambitious marquis, upon whom he cast most of the responsibility for the blood which had been shed.

The result of all this was, that when the Marquis de Courtornieu's report reached Paris, it was answered by a decree depriving him of the office of *grand prévôt*.

This unexpected blow crushed him.

To think that a man as shrewd, as subtle-minded, as quick-witted, and adroit as himself—a man who had passed through so many troubled epochs, who had served with the same obsequious countenance all the masters who would accept his services—to think that such a man should have been thus duped and betrayed!

"It must be that old imbecile, the Duc de Sairmeuse, who has maneuvered so skilfully, and with so much address," he said. "But who advised him? I cannot imagine who it could have been."

Who it was Mme. Blanche knew only too well.

She recognized Martial's hand in all this, as Marie-Anne had done.

"Ah! I was not deceived in him," she thought; "he is the great diplomatist I believed him to be. At his age to outwit my father, an old politician of such experience and acknowledged astuteness! And he does all this to please Marie-Anne," she continued, frantic with rage. "It is the first step toward obtaining pardon for the friends of that vile creature. She has unbounded influence over him, and so long as she lives there is no hope for me. But, patience."

She was patient, realizing that he who wishes to surely attain his revenge must wait, dissimulate, *prepare* an opportunity, but not force it.

What her revenge should be she had not yet decided; but she already had her eye upon a man whom she believed would be a willing instrument in her hands, and capable of doing anything for money.

But how had such a man chanced to cross the path of Mme. Blanche? How did it happen that she was cognizant of the existence of such a person?

It was the result of one of those simple combinations of circumstances which go by the name of chance.

Burdened with remorse, despised and jeered at, and stoned whenever he showed himself upon the street, and horror-stricken whenever he thought of the terrible threats of Balstain, the Piedmontese innkeeper, Chupin left Montaignac and came to beg an asylum at the Château de Sairmeuse.

In his ignorance, he thought that the *grand seigneur* who had employed him, and who had profited by his treason, owed him, over and above the promised reward, aid and protection.

But the servants shunned him. They would not allow him a seat at the kitchen-table, nor would the grooms allow him to sleep in the stables. They threw him a bone, as they would have thrown it to a dog; and he slept where he could.

He bore all this uncomplainingly, deeming himself fortunate in being able to purchase comparative safety at such a price.

But when the duke returned from Paris with a policy of forgetfulness and conciliation in his pocket, he would no longer tolerate the presence of this man, who was the object of universal execration.

He ordered the dismissal of Chupin.

The latter resisted, swearing that he would not leave Sairmeuse unless he was forcibly expelled, or unless he received the order from the lips of the duke himself.

This obstinate resistance was reported to the duke. It made him hesitate; but the necessity of the moment, and a word from Martial, decided him.

He sent for Chupin and told him that he must not visit Sairmeuse again under any pretext whatever, softening the harshness of expulsion, however, by the offer of a small sum of money.

But Chupin sullenly refused the money, gathered his belongings together, and departed, shaking his clenched fist at the château, and vowing vengeance on the Sairmeuse family. Then he went to his old home, where his wife and his two boys still lived.

He seldom left the house, and then only to satisfy his passion for hunting. At such times, instead of hiding and surrounding himself with every precaution, as he had done, before shooting a squirrel or a few partridges, in former times, he went boldly to the Sairmeuse or the Courtornieu forests, shot his game, and brought it home openly, almost defiantly.

The rest of the time he spent in a state of semi-intoxication, for he drank constantly and more and more immoderately. When he had taken more than usual, his wife and his sons generally attempted to obtain money from him, and if persuasions failed they resorted to blows.

For he had never given them the reward of his treasons. What had he done with the twenty thousand francs in gold which had been paid him? No one knew. His sons believed he had buried it somewhere; but they tried in vain to wrest his secret from him.

All the people in the neighbourhood were aware of this state of affairs, and regarded it as a just punishment for the traitor. Mme. Blanche overheard one of the gardeners telling the story to two of his assistants:

"Ah, the man is an old scoundrel!" he said, his face crimson with indignation. "He should be in the galleys, and not at large among respectable people."

"He is a man who would serve your purpose," the voice of hatred whispered in Blanche's ear.

"But how can I find an opportunity to confer with him?" she wondered. Mme. Blanche was too prudent to think of hazarding a visit to his house, but she remembered that he hunted occasionally in the Courtornieu woods, and that it might be possible for her to meet him there.

"It will only require a little perseverance and a few long walks," she said to herself.

But it cost poor Aunt Medea, the inevitable chaperon, two long weeks of almost continued walking.

"Another freak!" groaned the poor relative, overcome with fatigue; "my niece is certainly crazy!"

But one lovely afternoon in May Blanche discovered what she sought.

It was in a sequestered spot near the lake. Chupin was tramping sullenly along with his gun in his hand, glancing suspiciously on every side! Not that he feared the gamekeeper or a *procès verbal*, but wherever he went, he fancied he saw Balstain walking in his shadow, with that terrible knife in his hand.

Seeing Mme. Blanche he tried to hide himself in the forest, but she prevented it by calling:

"Father Chupin!"

He hesitated for a moment, then he paused, dropped his gun, and waited.

Aunt Medea was pale with fright.

"Blessed Jesus!" she murmured, pressing her niece's arm; "why do you call that terrible man?"

"I wish to speak with him."

"What, Blanche, do you dare——"

"I must!"

"No, I cannot allow it. I must not——"

"There, that is enough," said Blanche, with one of those imperious glances that deprive a dependent of all strength and courage; "quite enough."

Then, in gentler tones:

"I must talk with this man," she added. "You, Aunt Medea, will remain at a little distance. Keep a close watch on every side, and if you see any one approaching, call me, whoever it may be."

Aunt Medea, submissive as she was ever wont to be, obeyed; and Mme. Blanche advanced toward the old poacher, who stood as motionless as the trunks of the giant trees around him.

"Well, my good Father Chupin, what sort

of sport have you had to-day?" she began, when she was a few steps from him.

"What do you want with me?" growled Chupin; "for you do want something, or you would not trouble yourself about such as I."

It required all Blanche's determination to repress a gesture of fright and of disgust; but, in a resolute tone, she replied:

"Yes, it is true that I have a favour to ask you."

"Ah, ha! I supposed so."

"A mere trifle which will cost you no trouble and for which you shall be well paid."

She said this so carelessly that one would really have supposed the service was unimportant; but cleverly as she played her part, Chupin was not deceived.

"No one asks trifling services of a man like me," he said coarsely.

"Since I have served the good cause, at the peril of my life, people seem to suppose that they have a right to come to me with their money in their hands, when they desire any dirty work done. It is true that I was well paid for that other job; but I would like to melt all the gold and pour it down the throats of those who gave it to me.

"Ah! I know what it costs the humble to listen to the words of the great! Go your way; and if you have any wickedness in your head, do it yourself!"

He shouldered his gun and was moving away, when Mme. Blanche said, coldly:

"It was because I knew your wrongs that I stopped you; I thought you would be glad to serve me, because I hate the Sairmeuse."

These words excited the interest of the old poacher, and he paused.

"I know very well that you hate the Sairmeuse now—but——"

"But what!"

"In less than a month you will be reconciled. And you will pay the expenses of the war and of the reconciliation? That old wretch, Chupin——"

"We shall never be reconciled."

"Hum!" he growled, after deliberating awhile. "And if I should aid you, what compensation will you give me?"

"I will give you whatever you desire—money, land, a house——"

"Many thanks. I desire something quite different."

"What? Name your conditions."

Chupin reflected a moment, then he replied:

"This is what I desire. I have enemies—I do not even feel safe in my own house. My sons abuse me when I have been drinking; my wife is quite capable of poisoning my wine; I tremble for my life and for my money. I cannot endure this existence much longer. Promise me an asylum in the Château de Courtornieu, and I am yours. In your house I shall be safe. But let it be understood, I will not be ill-treated by the servants as I was at Sairmeuse."

"It shall be as you desire."

"Swear it by your hope of heaven."

"I swear."

There was such an evident sincerity in her accent that Chupin was reassured. He leaned toward her, and said, in a low voice:

"Now tell me your business."

His small gray eyes glittered with a demoniac light; his thin lips were tightly drawn over his sharp teeth; he was evidently expecting some proposition to murder, and he was ready.

His attitude showed this so plainly that Blanche shuddered.

"Really, what I ask of you is almost nothing," she replied. "I only wish you to watch the Marquis de Sairmeuse."

"Your husband?"

"Yes; my husband. I wish to know what he does, where he goes, and what persons he sees. I wish to know how each moment of his time is spent."

"What! seriously, frankly, is this all that you desire of me?" Chupin asked.

"For the present, yes. My plans are not yet decided. It depends upon circumstances what action I shall take."

"You can rely upon me," he responded; "but I must have a little time."

"Yes, I understand. To-day is Saturday; will you be ready to report on Thursday?"

"In five days? Yes, probably."

"In that case, meet me here on Thursday, at this same hour."

A cry from Aunt Medea interrupted them.

"Some one is coming!" Mme. Blanche exclaimed. "Quick! we must not be seen together. Conceal yourself."

With a bound the old poacher disappeared in the forest.

A servant had approached Aunt Medea, and was speaking to her with great animation.

Blanche hastened toward them.

"Ah! Mademoiselle," exclaimed the servant, "we have been seeking you everywhere for three hours. Your father, monsieur le marquis—*mon Dieu!* what a misfortune! A physician has been summoned."

"Is my father dead?"

"No, Mademoiselle, no; but—how can I

tell you? When the marquis went out this morning his actions were very strange, and —and—when he returned——"

As he spoke the servant tapped his forehead with the end of his forefinger.

"You understand me, Mademoiselle—when he returned, reason had fled!"

Without waiting for her terrified aunt, Blanche darted in the direction of the château.

"How is the marquis?" she inquired of the first servant whom she met.

"He is in his room on the bed; he is more quiet now."

She had already reached his room. He was seated upon the bed, and two servants were watching his every movement. His face was livid, and a white foam had gathered upon his lips. Still, he recognized his daughter.

"Here you are," said he. "I was waiting for you."

She remained upon the threshold, quite overcome, although she was neither tender-hearted nor impressionable.

"My father!" she faltered. "Good heavens! what has happened?" He uttered a discordant laugh.

"Ah, ha!" he exclaimed, "I met him. Do you doubt me? I tell you that I saw the wretch. I know him well; have I not seen his cursed face before my eyes for more than a month?—for it never leaves me. I saw him. It was in the forest near the Sanguille rocks. You know the place; it is always dark there, on account of the trees. I was returning slowly, thinking of him, when suddenly he sprang up before me, extending his arms as if to bar my passage.

"'Come,' said he, 'you must come and join me.' He was armed with a gun; he fired——"

The marquis paused, and Blanche summoned sufficient courage to approach him. For more than a minute she fastened upon him that cold and persistent look that is said to exercise such power over those who have lost their reason; then, shaking him energetically by the arm, she said, almost roughly:

"Control yourself, father. You are the victim of an hallucination. It is impossible that you have seen the man of whom you speak."

Who it was that M. de Courtornieu supposed he had seen, Blanche knew only too well; but she dared not, could not, utter the name.

But the marquis had resumed his incoherent narrative.

"Was I dreaming?" he continued. "No, it was certainly Lacheneur who confronted me. I am sure of it, and the proof is, that he reminded me of a circumstance which occurred in my youth, and which was known only to him and me. It happened during the Reign of Terror. He was all-powerful in Montaignac; and I was accused of being in correspondence with the *émigrés*. My property had been confiscated; and every moment I was expecting to feel the hand of the executioner upon my shoulder, when Lacheneur took me into his house. He concealed me; he furnished me with a passport; he saved my money, and he saved my head—I sentenced him to death. That is the reason why I have seen him again. I must rejoin him; he told me so—I am a dying man!"

He fell back upon his pillows, pulled the sheet up over his face, and, lying there, rigid and motionless, one might readily have supposed it was a corpse, whose outlines could be vaguely discerned through the bed-coverings.

Mute with horror, the servants exchanged frightened glances.

Such baseness and ingratitude amazed them. It seemed incomprehensible to them, under such circumstances, that the marquis had not pardoned Lacheneur.

Mme. Blanche alone retained her presence of mind. Turning to her father's valet, she said:

"It is not possible that any one has attempted to injure my father?"

"I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle, a little more and he would have been killed."

"How do you know this?"

"In undressing the marquis I noticed that he had received a wound in the head. I also examined his hat, and in it I found three holes, which could only have been made by bullets."

The worthy *valet de chambre* was certainly more agitated than the daughter.

"Then some one must have attempted to assassinate my father," she murmured, "and this attack of delirium has been brought on by fright. How can we find out who the would-be murderer was?"

The servant shook his head.

"I suspect that old poacher, who is always prowling around, is the guilty man—Chupin."

"No, it could not have been he."

"Ah! I am almost sure of it. There is no one else in the neighbourhood capable of such an evil deed."

Mme. Blanche could not give her reasons

for declaring Chupin innocent. Nothing in the world would have induced her to admit that she had met him, talked with him for more than half an hour, and just parted from him.

She was silent. In a few moments the physician arrived.

He removed the covering from M. de Courtornieu's face—he was almost compelled to use force to do it—examined the patient with evident anxiety, then ordered mustard plasters, applications of ice to the head, leeches, and a potion, for which a servant was to gallop to Montaignac at once. All was bustle and confusion.

When the physician left the sick-room, Mme. Blanche followed him.

"Well, Doctor," she said, with a questioning look.

With considerable hesitation, he replied:

"People sometimes recover from such attacks."

It really mattered little to Blanche whether her father recovered or died, but she felt that an opportunity to recover her lost *prestige* was now afforded her. If she desired to turn public opinion against Martial, she must improvise for herself an entirely different reputation. If she could erect a pedestal upon which she could pose as a patient victim, her satisfaction would be intense. Such an occasion now offered itself, and she seized it at once.

Never did a devoted daughter lavish more touching and delicate attentions upon a sick father. It was impossible to induce her to leave his bedside for a moment. It was only with great difficulty that they could persuade her to sleep for a couple of hours, in an arm-chair in the sick-room.

But while she was playing the *rôle* of Sister of Charity, which she had imposed upon herself, her thoughts followed Chupin. What was he doing in Montaignac? Was he watching Martial as he had promised? How slow the day appointed for the meeting was in coming!

It came at last, however, and after intrusting her father to the care of Aunt Medea, Blanche made her escape.

The old poacher was awaiting her at the appointed place.

"Speak!" said Mme. Blanche.

"I would do so willingly, only I have nothing to tell you."

"What! you have not watched the marquis?"

"Your husband? Excuse me, I have followed him like his own shadow. But what would you have me say to you; since the duke left for Paris, your husband has charge of everything. Ah! you would not recognize him! He is always busy now. He is up at cock-crow; and he goes to bed with the chickens. He writes letters all the morning. In the afternoon he receives all who call upon him. The retired officers are hand and glove with him. He has reinstated five or six of them, and he has granted pensions to two others. He seldom goes out, and never in the evening."

He paused and for more than a minute Blanche was silent. She was confused and agitated by the question that rose to her lips. What humiliation! But she conquered her embarrassment, and turning away her head to hide her crimson face, she said:

"But he certainly has a mistress!"

Chupin burst into a noisy laugh.

"Well, we have come to it at last," he said, with an audacious familiarity that made Blanche shudder. "You mean that scoundrel Lacheneur's daughter, do you not? that stuck-up minx, Marie-Anne?"

Blanche felt that denial was useless.

"Yes," she answered; "it is Marie-Anne that I mean."

"Ah, well! she has been neither seen nor heard from. She must have fled with another of her lovers, Maurice d'Escorval."

"You are mistaken."

"Oh, not at all! Of all the Lacheneurs only Jean remains, and he lives like the vagabond that he is, by poaching and stealing. Day and night he rambles through the woods with his gun on his shoulder. He is frightful to look upon, a perfect skeleton, and his eyes glitter like live coals. If he ever meets me, my account will be settled then and there."

Blanche turned pale. It was Jean Lacheneur who had fired at the marquis then. She did not doubt it in the least.

"Very well!" said she, "I, myself, am sure that Marie-Anne is in the neighbourhood, concealed in Montaignac, probably. I must know. Endeavour to discover her retreat before Monday, when I will meet you here again."

"I will try," Chupin answered.

He did indeed try; he exerted all his energy and cunning, but in vain. He was fettered by the precautions which he took against Balstain and against Jean Lacheneur. On the other hand, no one in the neighbourhood would have consented to give him the least information.

"Still no news!" he said to Mme. Blanche at each interview.

But she would not yield. Jealousy will not yield even to evidence.

Blanche had declared that Marie-Anne had taken her husband from her, that Martial and Marie-Anne loved each other, hence it must be so, all proofs to the contrary notwithstanding.

But one morning she found her spy jubilant.

"Good news!" he cried, as soon as he saw her; "we have caught the minx at last."

CHAPTER XLIII

It was the second day after Marie-Anne's installation at the Borderie.

That event was the general topic of conversation; and Chanlouineau's will was the subject of countless comments.

"Here is Monsieur Lacheneur's daughter with an income of more than two thousand francs, without counting the house," said the old people, gravely.

"An honest girl would have had no such luck as that!" muttered the unattractive maidens who had not been fortunate enough to secure husbands.

This was the great news which Chupin brought to Mme. Blanche.

She listened to it, trembling with anger, her hands so convulsively clinched that the nails penetrated the flesh.

"What audacity!" she exclaimed. "What impudence!"

The old poacher seemed to be of the same opinion.

"If each of her lovers gives her as much she will be richer than a queen. She will have enough to buy both Sairmeuse and Courtornieu, if she choose," he remarked, maliciously.

If he had desired to augment the rage of Mme. Blanche, he had good reason to be satisfield.

"And this is the woman who has alienated Martial's heart from me!" she exclaimed. "It is for this miserable wretch that he abandons me!"

The unworthiness of the unfortunate girl whom she regarded as her rival, incensed her to such a degree that she entirely forgot Chupin's presence. She made no attempt to restrain herself or to hide the secret of her sufferings.

"Are you sure that what you tell me is true?" she asked.

"As sure as that you stand there."

"Who told you all this?"

"No one—I have eyes. I went to the Borderie yesterday to see for myself, and all the shutters were open. Marie-Anne was leaning out of a window. She does not even wear mourning, the heartless hussy!"

Poor Marie-Anne, indeed, had no dress but the one which Mme. d'Escorval had given her on the night of the insurrection, when she laid aside her masculine habiliments.

Chupin wished to irritate Mme. Blanche still more by other malicious remarks, but she checked him by a gesture.

"So you know the way to the Borderie?" she inquired.

"Perfectly."

"Where is it?"

"Opposite the mills of the Oiselle, near the river, about a league and a half from here."

"That is true. I remember now. Were you ever in the house?"

"More than a hundred times while Chanlouineau was living."

"Explain the topography of the dwelling!"

Chupin's eyes dilated to their widest extent.

"What do you wish?" he asked, not understanding in the least what was required of him.

"I mean, explain how the house is constructed."

"Ah! now I understand. The house is built upon an open space a little distance from the road. Before it is a small garden, and behind it an orchard enclosed by a hedge. Back of the orchard, to the right, are the vineyards; but on the left side is a small grove that shades a spring."

He paused suddenly, and with a knowing wink, inquired:

"But what use do you expect to make of all this information?"

"What does that matter to you? How is the interior arranged?"

"There are three large square rooms on the ground floor, besides the kitchen and a small dark room."

"Now, what is on the floor above?"

"I have never been up there."

"How are the rooms furnished which you have visited?"

"Like those in any peasant's house."

Certainly no one was aware of the existence of the luxurious apartment which Chanlouineau had intended for Marie-Anne. He had never spoken of it, and had even taken the greatest precautions to prevent anyone from seeing him transport the furniture.

"How many doors are there?" inquired Blanche.

"Three; one opening into the garden, another into the orchard, another communicating with the stables. The staircase leading to the floor above is in the middle room."

"And is Marie-Anne alone at the Borderie?"

"Entirely alone at present; but I suppose it will not be long before her brigand of a brother joins her."

Mme. Blanche fell into a revery so deep and so prolonged that Chupin at last became impatient.

He ventured to touch her upon the arm, and, in a wily voice, he said:

"Well, what shall we decide?"

Blanche shuddered like a wounded man on hearing the ominous click of the surgeon's instruments.

"My mind is not yet made up," she replied. "I must reflect—I will see."

And remarking the old poacher's discontented face, she said, vehemently:

"I will do nothing lightly. Do not lose sight of Martial. If he goes to the Borderie, and he will go there, I must be informed of it. If he writes, and he will write, try to procure one of his letters. I must see you every other day. Do not rest! Strive to deserve the good place I am reserving for you at Courtornieu. Go!"

He departed without a word, but also without attempting to conceal his disappointment and chagrin.

"It serves you right for listening to a silly, affected woman," he growled. "She fills the air with her ravings; she wishes to kill everybody, to burn and destroy everything. She only asks for an opportunity. The occasion presents itself, and her heart fails her. She draws back—she is afraid!"

Chupin did Mme. Blanche great injustice. The movement of horror which he had observed was the instinctive revolt of the flesh, and not a faltering of her inflexible will.

Her reflections were not of a nature to appease her rancour.

Whatever Chupin and all Sairmeuse might say to the contrary, Blanche regarded this story of Marie-Anne's travels as a ridiculous fable. In her opinion, Marie-Anne had simply emerged from the retreat where Martial had deemed it prudent to conceal her.

But why this sudden reappearance? The vindictive woman was ready to swear that it was out of mere bravado, and intended only as an insult to her.

"And I will have my revenge," she thought. "I would tear my heart out if it were capable of cowardly weakness under such provocation!"

The voice of conscience was unheard in this tumult of passion. Her sufferings, and Jean Lacheneur's attempt upon her father's life seemed to justify the most extreme measures.

She had plenty of time now to brood over her wrongs, and to concoct schemes of vengeance. Her father no longer required her care. He had passed from the frenzied ravings of insanity and delirium to the stupour of idiocy.

The physician declared his patient cured.

Cured! The body was cured, perhaps, but reason had succumbed. All traces of intelligence had disappeared from this once mobile face, so ready to assume any expression which the most consummate hypocrisy required.

There was no longer a sparkle in the eye which had formerly gleamed with cunning, and the lower lip hung with a terrible expression of stupidity.

And there was no hope of any improvement.

A single passion, the table, took the place of all the passions which had formerly swayed the life of this ambitious man.

The marquis, who had always been temperate in his habits, now ate and drank with the most disgusting voracity, and he was becoming immensely corpulent. A soulless body, he wandered about the château and its surroundings without projects, without aim. Self-consciousness, all thought of dignity, knowledge of good and evil, memory—he had lost all these. Even the instinct of self-preservation, the last which dies within us, had departed, and he had to be watched like a child.

Often, as the marquis roamed about the large gardens, his daughter regarded him from her window with a strange terror in her heart.

But this warning of Providence only increased her desire for revenge.

"Who would not prefer death to such a misfortune?" she murmured. "Ah! Jean Lacheneur's revenge is far more terrible than it would have been had his bullet pierced my father's heart. It is a revenge like this that I desire. It is due me; I will have it!"

She saw Chupin every two or three days; sometimes going to the place of meeting alone, sometimes accompanied by Aunt Medea.

The old poacher came punctually, although he was beginning to tire of his task.

"I am risking a great deal," he growled. "I supposed that Jean Lacheneur would go and live at the Borderie with his sister. Then, I should be safe. But no; the brigand continues to prowl around with his gun under his arm, and to sleep in the woods at night. What game is he hunting? Father Chupin, of course. On the other hand, I know that my rascally innkeeper over there has abandoned his inn and mysteriously disappeared. Where is he? Hidden behind one of these trees, perhaps, deciding in which portion of my body he shall plunge his knife."

What irritated the old poacher most of all was, that after two months of surveillance, he had arrived at the conclusion that, whatever might have been the relations existing between Martial and Marie-Anne in the past, all was now over between them.

But Blanche would not admit this.

"Say that they are more cunning than you, Father Chupin."

"Cunning—and how? Since I have been watching the marquis, he has not once passed outside the fortifications. On the other hand, the postman at Sairmeuse, who has been adroitly questioned by my wife, declares that he has not taken a single letter to the Borderie."

Had it not been for the hope of a safe and pleasant retreat at Courtornieu, Chupin would have abandoned his task; and, in spite of the tempting rewards that were promised him, he had relaxed his surveillance.

If he still came to the rendezvous, it was only because he had fallen into the habit of claiming some money for his expenses each time.

And when Mme. Blanche demanded an account of everything that Martial had done, he told her anything that came into his head.

Mme. Blanche soon discovered this. One day, early in September, she interrupted him as he began the same old story, and, looking him steadfastly in the eye, she said:

"Either you are betraying me, or you are a fool. Yesterday Martial and Marie-Anne spent a quarter of an hour together at Croix d'Arcy."

CHAPTER XLIV

The old physician at Vigano, who had come to Marie-Anne's aid, was an honourable man. His intellect was of a superior order, and his heart was equal to his intelligence. He knew life; he had loved and suffered, and he possessed two sublime virtues—forbearance and charity.

It was easy for such a man to read Marie-Anne's character; and while he was at the Borderie he endeavoured in every possible way to reassure her, and to restore the self-respect of the unfortunate girl who had confided in him.

Had he succeeded? He certainly hoped so.

But when he departed and Marie-Anne was again left in solitude, she could not overcome the feeling of despondency that stole over her.

Many, in her situation, would have regained their serenity of mind, and even rejoiced. Had she not succeeded in concealing her fault? Who suspected it, except, perhaps, the *abbé*.

Hence, Marie-Anne had nothing to fear, and everything to hope.

But this conviction did not appease her sorrow. Hers was one of those pure and proud natures that are more sensitive to the whisperings of conscience than to the clamours of the world.

She had been accused of having three lovers—Chanlouineau, Martial, and Maurice. The calumny had not moved her. What tortured her was what these people did not know—the truth.

Nor was this all. The sublime instinct of maternity had been awakened within her. When she saw the physician depart, bearing her child, she felt as if soul and body were being rent asunder. When could she hope to see again this little son who was doubly dear to her by reason of the very sorrow and anguish he had cost her? The tears gushed to her eyes when she thought that his first smile would not be for her.

Ah! had it not been for her promise to Maurice, she would unhesitatingly have braved public opinion, and kept her precious child.

Her brave and honest nature could have endured any humiliation far better than the continual lie she was forced to live.

But she had promised; Maurice was her husband, and reason told her that for his sake she must preserve not her honour, alas! but the semblance of honour.

And when she thought of her brother, her blood chilled in her veins.

Having learned that Jean was roving about the country, she sent for him; but it was not without much persuasion that he consented to come to the Borderie.

It was easy to explain Chupin's terror when one saw Jean Lacheneur. His clothing was literally in tatters, his face wore an

expression of ferocious despair, and a fierce unextinguishable hatred burned in his eyes.

When he entered the cottage, Marie-Anne recoiled in horror. She did not recognize him until he spoke.

"It is I, sister," he said, gloomily.

"You—my poor Jean! you!"

He surveyed himself from head to foot, and said, with a sneering laugh:

"Really, I should not like to meet myself at dusk in the forest."

Marie-Anne shuddered. She fancied that a threat lurked beneath these ironical words, beneath this mockery of himself.

"What a life yours must be, my poor brother! Why did you not come sooner? Now I have you here, I shall not let you go. You will not desert me. I need protection and love so much. You will remain with me?"

"It is impossible, Marie-Anne."

"And why?"

A fleeting crimson suffused Jean Lacheneur's cheek; he hesitated for a moment, then:

"Because I have a right to dispose of my own life, but not of yours," he replied. "We can no longer be anything to each other. I deny you to-day, that you may be able to deny me to-morrow. Yes, I renounce you, who are my all—the only person on earth whom I love. Your most cruel enemies have not calumniated you more foully than I——"

He paused an instant, then he added:

"I have said openly, before numerous witnesses, that I would never set foot in a house that had been given you by Chanlouineau."

"Jean! you, my brother! said that?"

"I said it. It must be supposed that there is a deadly feud between us. This must be, in order that neither you nor Maurice d'Escorval can be accused of complicity in any deed of mine."

Marie-Anne stood as if petrified.

"He is mad!" she murmured.

"Do I really have that appearance?"

She shook off the stupour that paralyzed her, and seizing her brother's hands:

"What do you intend to do?" she exclaimed. "What do you intend to do? Tell me; I will know."

"Nothing! let me alone."

"Jean!"

"Let me alone," he said roughly, disengaging himself.

A horrible presentiment crossed Marie-Annie's mind.

She stepped back, and solemnly, entreatingly, she said:

"Take care, take care, my brother. It is not well to tamper with these matters. Leave to God's justice the task of punishing those who have wronged us."

But nothing could move Jean Lacheneur, or divert him from his purpose. He uttered a hoarse, discordant laugh, then striking his gun heavily with his hand, he exclaimed:

"Here is justice!"

Appalled and distressed beyond measure, Marie-Anne sank into a chair. She discerned in her brother's mind the same fixed idea which had lured her father on to destruction—the idea for which he had sacrificed all—family, friends, fortune, the present and the future—even his daughter's honour—the idea which had caused so much blood to flow, which had cost the life of so many innocent men, and which had finally conducted him to the scaffold.

"Jean," she murmured, "remember our father."

The young man's face became livid; his hands clinched involuntarily, but he controlled his anger.

Advancing toward his sister, in a cold, quiet tone that added a frightful violence to his threats, he said:

"It is because I remember my father that justice shall be done. Ah! these miserable nobles would not display such audacity if all sons had my resolution. A scoundrel would hesitate before attacking a good man if he was obliged to say to himself: 'I can not strike this honest man, for though he die, his children will surely call me to account. Their fury will fall on me and mine; they will pursue us sleeping and waking, pursue us without ceasing, everywhere, and pitilessly. Their hatred, always on the alert, will accompany us and surround us. It will be an implacable, merciless warfare. I shall never venture forth without fearing a bullet; I shall never lift food to my lips without dread of poison. And until we have succumbed, they will prowl about our house, trying to slip in through tiniest opening, death, dishonour, ruin, infamy, and misery!'"

He paused with a nervous laugh, and then, still more slowly, he added:

"That is what the Sairmeuse and Courtornieu have to expect from me."

It was impossible to mistake the meaning of Jean Lacheneur's words. His threats were not the wild ravings of anger. His quiet manner, his icy tones, his automatic gestures betrayed one of those cold rages which endure so long as the man lives.

He took good care to make himself understood, for between his teeth he added:

"Undoubtedly, these people are very high, and I am very low; but when a tiny worm fastens itself to the roots of a giant oak, that tree is doomed."

Marie-Anne knew all too well the uselessness of prayers and entreaties.

And yet she could not, she must not allow her brother to depart in this mood.

She fell upon her knees, and with clasped hands and supplicating voice:

"Jean," said she, "I implore you to renounce these projects. In the name of our mother, return to your better self. These are crimes which you are meditating!"

With a glance of scorn and a shrug of the shoulders, he replied:

"Have done with this. I was wrong to confide my hopes to you. Do not make me regret that I came here."

Then the sister tried another plan. She rose, forced her lips to smile, and as if nothing unpleasant had passed between them, she begged Jean to remain with her that evening, at least, and share her frugal supper.

"Remain," she entreated; "that is not much to do—and it will make me so happy. And since it will be the last time we shall see each other for years, grant me a few hours. It is so long since we have met. I have suffered so much. I have so many things to tell you! Jean, my dear brother, can it be that you love me no longer?"

One must have been bronze to remain insensible to such prayers. Jean Lacheneur's heart swelled almost to bursting; his stern features relaxed, and a tear trembled in his eye.

Marie-Anne saw that tear. She thought she had conquered, and clapping her hands in delight, she exclaimed:

"Ah! you will remain! you will remain!"

No. Jean had already mastered his momentary weakness, though not without a terrible effort; and in a harsh voice:

"Impossible! impossible!" he repeated.

Then, as his sister clung to him imploringly, he took her in his arms and pressed her to his heart.

"Poor sister—poor Marie-Anne—you will never know what it costs me to refuse you, to separate myself from you. But this must be. In even coming here I have been guilty of an imprudent act. You do not understand to what perils you will be exposed if people suspect any bond between us. I trust you and Maurice may lead a calm and happy life. It would be a crime for me to mix you up with my wild schemes. Think of me sometimes, but do not try to see me, or even to learn what has become of me. A man like me struggles, triumphs, or perishes alone."

He kissed Marie-Anne passionately, then lifted her, placed her in a chair, and freed himself from her detaining hands.

"Adieu!" he cried; "when you see me again, our father will be avenged!"

She sprang up to rush after him and to call him back—too late!

He had fled.

"It is over," murmured the wretched girl; "my brother is lost. Nothing will restrain him now."

A vague, inexplicable, but horrible fear, contracted her heart. She felt that she was being slowly but surely drawn into a whirlpool of passion, rancour, vengeance, and crime, and a voice whispered that she would be crushed.

But other thoughts soon replaced these gloomy presentiments.

One evening, while she was preparing her little table, she heard a rustling sound at the door. She turned and looked; someone had slipped a letter under the door.

Courageously, and without an instant's hesitation, she sprang to the door and opened it. No one was there!

The night was dark, and she could distinguish nothing in the gloom without. She listened; not a sound broke the stillness.

Agitated and trembling she picked up the letter, approached the light, and looked at the address.

"The Marquis de Sairmeuse!" she exclaimed, in amazement.

She recognized Martial's handwriting. So he had written to her! He had dared to write to her!

Her first impulse was to burn the letter; she held it to the flame, then the thought of her friends concealed at Father Poignot's farm made her withdraw it.

"For their sake," she thought, "I must read it."

She broke the seal with the arms of the de Sairmeuse family inscribed upon it, and read:

"My dear Marie-Anne—Perhaps you have suspected who it is that has given an entirely new, and certainly surprizing, direction to events.

"Perhaps you have also understood the motives that guided him. In that case I am amply repaid for my efforts, for you cannot refuse me your friendship and your esteem.

"But my work of reparation is not yet accomplished. I have prepared everything for a revision of the judgment that condemned Baron d'Escorval to death, or for procuring a pardon.

"You must know where the baron is concealed. Acquaint him with my plans and ascertain whether he prefers a revision of judgment, or a simple pardon.

"If he desires a new trial, I will give him a letter of license from the King.

"I await your reply before acting.

"MARTIAL DE SAIRMEUSE."

Marie-Anne's head whirled.

This was the second time that Martial had astonished her by the grandeur of his passion.

How noble the two men who had loved her and whom she had rejected, had proved themselves to be.

One, Chanlouineau, after dying for her sake, protected her still.

Martial de Sairmeuse had sacrificed the convictions of his life and the prejudice of his race for her sake; and, with a noble recklessness, hazarded for her the political fortunes of his house.

And yet the man whom she had chosen, the father of her child, Maurice d'Escorval, had not given a sign of life since he quitted her, five months before.

But suddenly, and without reason, Marie-Anne passed from the most profound admiration to the deepest distrust.

"What if Martial's offer is only a trap?" This was the suspicion that darted through her mind.

"Aha!" she thought, "the Marquis de Sairmeuse would be a hero if he were sincere!"

And she did not wish him to be a hero.

The result of these suspicions was that she hesitated five days before repairing to the rendezvous where Father Poignot usually awaited her.

When she did go, she found, not the worthy farmer, but Abbé Midon, who had been greatly alarmed by her long absence.

It was night, but Marie-Anne, fortunately, knew Martial's letter by heart.

The *abbé* made her repeat it twice, the second time very slowly, and when she had concluded:

"This young man," said the priest, "has the voice and the prejudices of his rank and of his education; but his heart is noble and generous."

And when Marie-Anne disclosed her suspicions:

"You are wrong, my child," said he: "the Marquis is certainly sincere. It would be wrong not to take advantage of his generosity. Such, at least, is my opinion. Intrust this letter to me. I will consult the baron, and to-morrow I will tell you our decision."

The *abbé* was awaiting her with feverish impatience on the same spot, when she rejoined him twenty-four hours later.

"Monsieur d'Escorval agrees with me that we must trust ourselves to the Marquis de Sairmeuse. Only the baron, being innocent, cannot, will not, accept a pardon. He demands a revision of the iniquitous judgment which condemned him."

Although she must have foreseen this determination, Marie-Anne seemed stupefied.

"What!" she said. "Monsieur d'Escorval will give himself up to his enemies? Does not the Marquis de Sairmeuse promise him a letter of license, a safe-conduct from the King?"

"Yes."

She could find no objection, so in a submissive tone, she said:

"In this case, Monsieur, I must ask you for a rough draft of the letter I am to write to the marquis."

The priest did not reply for a moment. It was evident that he felt some misgivings. At last, summoning all his courage, he said:

"It would be better not to write."

"But——"

"It is not that I distrust the marquis, not by any means, but a letter is dangerous; it does not always reach the person to whom it is addressed. You must see Monsieur de Sairmeuse."

Marie-Anne recoiled in horror.

"Never! never!" she exclaimed.

The *abbé* did not seem surprized.

"I understand your repugnance, my child," he said, gently; "your reputation has suffered greatly through the attentions of the marquis."

"Oh! sir, I entreat you."

"But one should not hesitate, my child, when duty speaks. You owe this sacrifice to an innocent man who has been ruined through your father."

He explained to her all that she must say, and did not leave her until she had promised to see the marquis in person. But the cause of her repugnance was not what the *abbé* supposed. Her reputation! Alas! she knew that was lost forever. No, it was not that.

A fortnight before she would not have been disquieted by the prospect of this interview. Then, though she no longer hated Martial, he was perfectly indifferent to her, while now——

Perhaps in choosing the Croix d'Arcy for the place of meeting, she hoped that this

spot, haunted by so many cruel memories, would restore her former aversion.

On pursuing the path leading to the place of rendezvous, she said to herself that Martial would undoubtedly wound her by the tone of careless gallantry which was habitual to him.

But in this she was mistaken. Martial was greatly agitated, but he did not utter a word that was not connected with the baron.

It was only when the conference was ended, and he had consented to all the conditions, that he said, sadly:

"We are friends, are we not?"

In an almost inaudible voice she answered:

"Yes."

And that was all. He remounted his horse which had been held by a servant, and departed in the direction of Montaignac.

Breathless, with cheeks on fire, Marie-Anne watched him as he disappeared; and then her inmost heart was revealed as by a lightning flash.

"*Mon Dieu!* wretch that I am!" she exclaimed. "Do I not love? is it possible that I could ever love any other than Maurice, my husband, the father of my child?"

Her voice was still trembling with emotion when she recounted the details of the interview to the *abbé*. But he did not perceive it. He was thinking only of the baron.

"I was sure that Martial would say 'amen,' to everything; I was so certain of it that I have made all the arrangements for the baron to leave the farm. He will await, at your house, a safe-conduct from His Majesty.

"The close air and the heat of the loft are retarding the baron's recovery," the *abbé* pursued, "so be prepared for his coming to-morrow evening. One of the Poignot boys will bring over all our baggage. About eleven o'clock we will put Monsieur d'Escorval in a carriage; and we will all sup together at the Borderie."

"Heaven comes to my aid!" thought Marie-Anne as she walked homeward.

She thought that she would no longer be alone, that Mme. d'Escorval would be with her to talk to her of Maurice, and that all the friends who would surround her would aid her in driving away the thoughts of Martial, which haunted her.

So the next day she was more cheerful than she had been for months, and once, while putting her little house in order, she was surprized to find herself singing at her work.

Eight o'clock was sounding when she heard a peculiar whistle.

It was the signal of the younger Poignot, who came bringing an arm-chair for the sick man, the *abbé's* box of medicine, and a bag of books.

These articles Marie-Anne deposited in the room which Chanlouineau had adorned for her, and which she intended for the baron. After arranging them to her satisfaction she went out to meet young Poignot, who had told her that he would soon return with other articles.

The night was very dark, and Marie-Anne, as she hastened on, did not notice two motionless figures in the shadow of a clump of lilacs in her little garden.

CHAPTER XLV

Detected by Mme. Blanche in a palpable falsehood, Chupin was quite crestfallen for a moment.

He saw the pleasing vision of a retreat at Courtornieu vanish; he saw himself suddenly deprived of frequent gifts which permitted him to spare his hoarded treasure, and even to increase it.

But he soon regained his assurance, and with an affectation of frankness he said:

"I may be stupid, but I could not deceive an infant. Someone must have told you falsely."

Mme. Blanche shrugged her shoulders.

"I obtained my information from two persons, who were ignorant of the interest it would possess for me."

"As truly as the sun is in the heavens I swear——"

"Do not swear; simply confess that you have been wanting in zeal."

The young lady's manner betrayed such positive certainty that Chupin ceased his denials and changed his tactics.

With the most abject humility, he admitted that the evening before he had relaxed his surveillance; he had been very busy; one of his boys had injured his foot; then he had encountered some friend who persuaded him to enter a drinking-saloon, where he had taken more than usual, so that——

He told this story in a whining tone, and every moment he interrupted himself to affirm his repentance and to cover himself with reproaches.

"Old drunkard!" he said, "this will teach you——"

But these protestations, far from reassuring Mme. Blanche, made her still more suspicious.

"All this is very well, Father Chupin," she said, dryly, "but what are you going to do now to repair your negligence?"

"What do I intend to do?" he exclaimed, feigning the most violent anger. "Oh! you will see. I will prove that no one can deceive me with impunity. Near the Borderie is a small grove. I shall station myself there; and may the devil seize me if a cat enters that house unbeknown to me."

Mme. Blanche drew her purse from her pocket, and taking out three louis, she gave them to Chupin, saying:

"Take these, and be more careful in future. Another blunder like this, and I shall be compelled to ask the aid of some other person."

The old poacher went away, whistling quite reassured; but he was wrong. The lady's generosity was only intended to allay his suspicions.

And why should she not suppose he had betrayed her—this miserable wretch, who made it his business to betray others? What reason had she for placing any confidence in his reports? She paid him! Others, by paying him more would certainly have the preference!

But how could she ascertain what she wished to know? Ah! she saw but one way—a very disagreeable, but a sure way. She, herself, would play the spy.

This idea took such possession of her mind that, after dinner was concluded, and twilight had enveloped the earth in a mantle of gray, she summoned Aunt Medea.

"Get your cloak, quickly, aunt," she commanded. "I am going for a walk, and you must accompany me."

Aunt Medea extended her hand to the bell-rope, but her niece stopped her.

"You will dispense with the services of your maid," said she. "I do not wish any one in the château to know that we have gone out."

"Are we going alone?"

"Alone."

"Alone, and on foot, at night——"

"I am in a hurry, aunt," interrupted Blanche, "and I am waiting for you."

In the twinkling of an eye Aunt Medea was ready.

The marquis had just been put to bed, the servants were at dinner, and Blanche and Aunt Medea reached the little gate leading from the garden into the open fields without being observed.

"Good heavens! Where are we going?" groaned Aunt Medea.

"What is that to you? Come!"

Mme. Blanche was going to the Borderie.

She could have followed the banks of the Oiselle, but she preferred to cut across the fields, thinking she would be less likely to meet someone.

The night was still, but very dark, and the progress of the two women was often retarded by hedges and ditches. Twice Blanche lost her way. Again and again, Aunt Medea stumbled over the rough ground, and bruised herself against the stones; she groaned, she almost wept, but her terrible niece was pitiless.

"Come!" she said, "or I will leave you to find your way as best you can."

And the poor dependent struggled on.

At last, after a tramp of more than an hour, Blanche ventured to breathe. She recognized Chanlouineau's house, and she paused in the little grove of which Chupin had spoken.

"Are we at our journey's end?" inquired Aunt Medea, timidly.

"Yes, but be quiet. Remain where you are, I wish to look about a little."

"What! you are leaving me alone? Blanche, I entreat you! What are you going to do? *Mon Dieu!* you frighten me. I am afraid, Blanche!"

But her niece had gone. She was exploring the grove, seeking Chupin. She did not find him.

"I knew the wretch was deceiving me," she muttered through her set teeth. "Who knows but Martial and Marie-Anne are there in that house now, mocking me, and laughing at my credulity?"

She rejoined Aunt Medea, whom she found half dead with fright, and both advanced to the edge of the woods, which commanded a view of the front of the house.

A flickering, crimson light gleamed through two windows in the second story. Evidently there was a fire in the room.

"That is right," murmured Blanche, bitterly; "Martial is such a chilly person!"

She was about to approach the house, when a peculiar whistle rooted her to the spot.

She looked about her, and, in spite of the darkness, she discerned in the footpath leading to the Borderie, a man laden with articles which she could not distinguish.

Almost immediately a woman, certainly Marie-Anne, left the house and advanced to meet him.

They exchanged a few words and then walked together to the house. Soon after the man emerged without his burden and went away.

"What does this mean?" murmured Mme. Blanche.

She waited patiently for more than half an hour, and as nothing stirred:

"Let us go nearer," she said to Aunt Medea, "I wish to look through the windows."

They were approaching the house when, just as they reached the little garden, the door of the cottage opened so suddenly that they had scarcely time to conceal themselves in a clump of lilac-bushes.

Marie-Anne came out, imprudently leaving the key in the door, passed down the narrow path, gained the road, and disappeared.

Blanche pressed Aunt Medea's arm with a violence that made her cry out.

"Wait for me here," she said, in a strained, unnatural voice, "and whatever happens, whatever you hear, if you wish to finish your days at Courtornieu, not a word! Do not stir from this spot; I will return."

And she entered the cottage.

Marie-Anne, on going out, had left a candle burning on the table in the front room.

Blanche seized it and boldly began an exploration of the dwelling.

She had gone over the arrangement of the Borderie so often in her own mind that the rooms seemed familiar to her, she seemed to recognize them.

In spite of Chupin's description the poverty of this humble abode astonished her. There was no floor save the ground; the walls were poorly whitewashed; all kinds of grain and bunches of herbs hung suspended from the ceiling; a few heavy tables, wooden benches, and clumsy chairs constituted the entire furniture.

Marie-Anne evidently occupied the back room. It was the only apartment that contained a bed. This was one of those immense country affairs, very high and broad, with tall fluted posts, draped with green serge curtains, sliding back and forth on iron rings.

At the head of the bed, fastened to the wall, hung a receptacle for holy-water. Blanche dipped her finger in the bowl; it was full to the brim.

Beside the window was a wooden shelf supported by a hook, and on the shelf stood a basin and bowl of the commonest earthenware.

"It must be confessed that my husband does not provide a very sumptuous abode for his idol," said Mme. Blanche, with a sneer.

She was almost on the point of asking herself if jealousy had not led her astray.

She remembered Martial's fastidious tastes, and she did not know how to reconcile them with these meagre surroundings. Then, there was the holy-water!

But her suspicions became stronger when she entered the kitchen. Some savoury compound was bubbling in a pot over the fire, and several saucepans, in which fragrant stews were simmering, stood among the warm ashes.

"All this can not be for her," murmured Blanche.

Then she remembered the two windows in the story above which she had seen illuminated by the trembling glow of the fire-light.

"I must examine the rooms above," she thought.

The staircase led up from the middle of the room; she knew this. She quickly ascended the stairs, pushed open a door, and could not repress a cry of surprize and rage.

She found herself in the sumptuously appointed room which Chanlouineau had made the sanctuary of his great love, and upon which he had lavished, with the fanaticism of passion, all that was costly and luxurious.

"Then it is true!" exclaimed Blanche. "And I thought just now that all was too meagre and too poor! Miserable dupe that I am! Below, all is arranged for the eyes of comers and goers. Here, everything is intended exclusively for themselves. Now, I recognize Martial's astonishing talent for dissimulation. He loves this vile creature so much that he is anxious in regard to her reputation; he keeps his visits to her a secret, and this is the hidden paradise of their love. Here they laugh at me, the poor forsaken wife, whose marriage was but a mockery."

She had desired to know the truth; certainty was less terrible to endure than this constant suspicion. And, as if she found a little enjoyment in proving the extent of Martial's love for a hated rival, she took an inventory, as it were, of the magnificent appointments of the chamber, feeling the heavy brocaded silk stuff that formed the curtains, and testing the thickness of the rich carpet with her foot.

Everything indicated that Marie-Anne was expecting someone; the bright fire, the

large arm-chair placed before the hearth, the embroidered slippers lying beside the chair.

And whom could she expect save Martial? The person who had been there a few moments before probably came to announce the arrival of her lover, and she had gone out to meet him.

For a trifling circumstance would seem to indicate that this messenger had not been expected.

Upon the mantel stood a bowl of still smoking *bouillon*.

It was evident that Marie-Anne was on the point of drinking this when she heard the signal.

Mme. Blanche was wondering how she could profit by her discovery, when her eyes fell upon a large oaken box standing open upon a table near the glass door leading into the dressing-room, and filled with tiny boxes and vials.

Mechanically she approached it, and among the bottles she saw two of blue glass, upon which the word "poison" was inscribed.

"Poison!" Blanche could not turn her eyes from this word, which seemed to exert a kind of fascination over her.

A diabolical inspiration associated the contents of these vials with the bowl standing upon the mantel.

"And why not?" she murmured. "I could escape afterward."

A terrible thought made her pause. Martial would return with Marie-Anne; who could say that it would not be he who would drink the contents of the bowl.

"God shall decide!" she murmured. "It is better one's husband should be dead than belong to another!"

And with a firm hand, she took up one of the vials.

Since her entrance into the cottage Blanche had scarcely been conscious of her acts. Hatred and despair had clouded her brain like fumes of alcohol.

But when her hand came in contact with the glass containing the deadly drug, the terrible shock dissipated her bewilderment; she regained the full possession of her faculties; the power of calm deliberation returned.

This is proved by the fact that her first thought was this:

"I am ignorant even of the name of the poison which I hold. What dose must I administer, much or little?"

She opened the vial, not without considerable difficulty, and poured a few grains of its contents into the palm of her hand. It was a fine, white powder, glistening like pulverized glass, and looking not unlike sugar.

"Can it really be sugar?" she thought.

Resolved to ascertain, she moistened the tip of her finger, and collected upon it a few atoms of the powder which she placed upon her tongue.

The taste was like that of an extremely acid apple.

Without hesitation, without remorse, without even turning pale, she poured into the bowl the entire contents of the vial.

Her self-possession was so perfect, she even recollected that the powder might be slow in dissolving, and she stirred it gently for a moment or more.

Having done this—she seemed to think of everything—she tasted the *bouillon*. She noticed a slightly bitter taste, but it was not sufficiently perceptible to awaken distrust.

Now Mme. Blanche breathed freely. If she could succeed in making her escape she was avenged.

She was going toward the door when a sound on the stairs startled her.

Two persons were ascending the staircase.

Where should she go? where could she conceal herself?

She was now so sure she would be detected that she almost decided to throw the bowl into the fire, and then boldly face the intruders.

But no—a chance remained—she darted into the dressing-room. She dared not close the door; the least click of the latch would have betrayed her.

Marie-Anne entered the chamber, followed by a peasant, bearing a large bundle.

"Ah! here is my candle!" she exclaimed, as she crossed the threshold. "Joy must be making me lose my wits! I could have sworn that I left it on the table downstairs."

Blanche shuddered. She had not thought of this circumstance.

"Where shall I put this clothing?" asked the young peasant.

"Lay it down here. I will arrange the articles by and by," replied Marie-Anne.

The boy dropped his heavy burden with a sigh of relief.

"This is the last," he exclaimed. "Now, our gentleman can come."

"At what hour will he start?" inquired Marie-Anne.

"At eleven o'clock. It will be nearly midnight when he gets here."

Marie-Anne glanced at the magnificent clock on the mantel.

"I have still three hours before me," said she; "more time than I shall need. Supper is ready; I am going to set the table here, by the fire. Tell him to bring a good appetite."

"I will tell him, and many thanks, Mademoiselle, for having come to meet me and aid me with my second load. It was not so very heavy, but it was clumsy to handle."

"Will you not accept a glass of wine?"

"No, thank you. I must hasten back. *Au revoir*, Mademoiselle Lacheneur."

"*Au revoir*, Poignot."

This name Poignot had no significance in the ears of Blanche.

Ah! had she heard Monsieur d'Escorval's or the *abbé's* name mentioned, she might have felt some doubt of Marie-Anne's guilt; her resolution might have wavered, and—who knows?

But no. Young Poignot, in referring to the baron had said: "our gentleman," Marie-Anne said: "he."

Is not "he" always the person who is uppermost in our minds, the husband whom one hates or the lover whom one adores?

"Our gentleman!" "he!" Blanche translated Martial.

Yes, it was the Marquis de Sairmeuse who was to arrive at midnight. She was sure of it. It was he who had been preceded by a messenger bearing clothing. This could only mean that he was about to establish himself at the Borderie. Perhaps he would cast aside all secrecy and live there openly, regardless of his rank, of his dignity, and of his duties; forgetful even of his prejudies.

These conjectures inflamed her fury still more.

Why should she hesitate or tremble after that?

Her only dread now, was lest she should be discovered.

Aunt Medea was, it is true, in the garden; but after the orders she had received the poor woman would remain motionless as stone behind the clump of lilacs, the entire night if necessary.

For two hours and a half Marie-Anne would be alone at the Borderie. Blanche reflected that this would give her ample time to watch the effects of the poison upon her hated rival.

When the crime was discovered she would be far away. No one knew she had been absent from Courtornieu; no one had seen her leave the château; Aunt Medea would be as silent as the grave. And besides, who would dare to accuse her, Marquise de Sairmeuse, *née* Blanche de Courtornieu, of being the murderer?

"But she does not drink it!" Blanche thought.

Marie-Anne had, in fact, forgotten the *bouillon* entirely. She had opened the bundle of clothing, and was busily arranging the articles in a wardrobe near the bed.

Who talks of presentiments! She was as gay and vivacious as in her days of happiness; and as she worked, she hummed an air that Maurice had often sung.

She felt that her troubles were nearly over; her friends would soon be around her.

When her task of putting away the clothing was completed and the wardrobe closed, she drew a small table up before the fire.

Not until then did she notice the bowl standing upon the mantel.

"Stupid!" she said, with a laugh; and taking the bowl she raised it to her lips.

From her hiding-place Blanche had heard Marie-Anne's exclamation; she saw the movement, and yet not the slightest remorse struck her soul.

Marie-Anne drank but one mouthful, then, in evident disgust, sat the bowl down.

A horrible dread made the watcher's heart stand still.

"Does she notice a peculiar taste in the *bouillon?*" she thought.

No; but it had grown cold, and a slight coating of grease had formed over the top. Marie-Anne took the spoon, skimmed the *bouillon*, and then stirred it up for some time, to divide the greasy particles.

After she had done this she drank the liquid, put the bowl back upon the mantel, and resumed her work.

It was done. The *dénouement* no longer depended upon Blanche de Courtornieu's will. Come what would, she was a murderess.

But though she was conscious of her crime, the excess of her hatred prevented her from realizing its enormity. She said to herself that it was only an act of justice which she had accomplished; that the vengeance she had taken was not proportionate to the offence, and that nothing could atone for the torture she had endured.

But in a few moments a sinister apprehension took possession of her mind.

Her knowledge of the effects of poison was extremely limited. She had expected to see Marie-Anne fall dead before her, as if stricken down by a thunder-bolt.

But no. The moments slipped by, and Marie-Anne continued her preparations for supper as if nothing had occurred.

She spread a white cloth over the table, smoothed it with her hands, and placed a dish upon it.

"What if she should come in here!" thought Blanche.

The fear of punishment which precedes remorse, made her heart beat with such violence that she could not understand why its throbbings were not heard in the adjoining room. Her terror increased when she saw Marie-Anne take the light and go downstairs. Blanche was left alone. The thought of making her escape occurred to her; but how, and by what way could she leave the house without being seen?

"It must be that poison does not work!" she said, in a rage.

Alas! no. She knew better when Marie-Anne reappeared.

In the few moments she had spent below, her features had become frightfully changed. Her face was livid and mottled with purple spots, her eyes were distended and glittered with a strange brilliancy. She let the plates which she held fall upon the table with a crash.

"The poison! it begins!" thought Blanche.

Marie-Anne stood on the hearth, gazing wildly around her, as if seeking the cause of her incomprehensible suffering. She passed and re-passed her hand across her forehead, which was bathed in a cold perspiration; she gasped for breath. Then suddenly, overcome with nausea, she staggered, pressed her hands convulsively upon her breast, and sank into the arm-chair, crying:

"Oh, God! how I suffer!"

CHAPTER XLVI

KNEELING by the half-open door, Blanche eagerly watched the workings of the poison which she had administered.

She was so near her victim that she could distinguish the throbbing of her temples, and sometimes she fancied she could feel upon her cheek her rival's breath, which scorched like flame.

An utter prostration followed Marie-Anne's paroxysm of agony. One would have supposed her dead had it not been for the convulsive workings of the jaws and her laboured breathing.

But soon the nausea returned, and she was seized with vomiting. Each effort to relieve seemed to wrench her whole body; and gradually a ghastly tint crept over her face, the spots upon her cheeks became more pronounced in tint, her eyes appeared ready to burst from their sockets, and great drops of perspiration rolled down her cheeks.

Her sufferings must have been intolerable. She moaned feebly at times, and occasionally rendered heart-rending shrieks. Then she faltered fragmentary sentences; she begged piteously for water or entreated God to shorten her torture.

"Ah, it is horrible! I suffer too much! Death! My God! grant me death!"

She invoked all the friends she had ever known, calling for aid in a despairing voice.

She called Mme. d'Escorval, the *abbé*, Maurice, her brother, Chanlouineau, Martial!

Martial!—this name was more than sufficient to extinguish all pity in the heart of Mme. Blanche.

"Go on! call your lover, call!" she said to herself, bitterly. "He will come too late."

And as Marie-Anne repeated the name in a tone of agonized entreaty:

"Suffer!" continued Mme. Blanche, "suffer, you who have inspired Martial with the odious courage to forsake me, his wife, as a drunken lackey would abandon the lowest of degraded creatures! Die, and my husband will return to me repentant."

No, she had no pity. She felt a difficulty in breathing, but that resulted simply from the instinctive horror which the sufferings of others inspire—an entirely different physical impression, which is adorned with the fine name of sensibility, but which is, in reality, the grossest selfishness.

And yet, Marie-Anne was perceptibly sinking. Soon she had no strength even to moan; her eyes closed, and after a spasm which brought a bloody foam to her lips, her head sank back, and she lay motionless.

"It is over," murmured Blanche.

She rose, but her limbs trembled so that she could scarcely stand.

Her heart remained firm and implacable; but the flesh failed.

Never had she imagined a scene like that which she had just witnessed. She knew that poison caused death; she had not suspected the agony of that death.

She no longer thought of augmenting Marie-Anne's sufferings by upbraiding her. Her only desire now was to leave this house, whose very floor seemed to scorch her feet.

A strange, inexplicable sensation crept over her; it was not yet fright, it was the

stupor that follows the commission of a terrible crime—the stupor of the murderer.

Still, she compelled herself to wait a few moments longer; then seeing that Marie-Anne still remained motionless and with closed eyes, she ventured to softly open the door and to enter the room in which her victim was lying.

But she had not advanced three steps before Marie-Anne suddenly, and as if she had been galvanized by an electric battery, rose and extended her arms to bar her enemy's passage.

This movement was so unexpected and so frightful that Mme. Blanche recoiled.

"The Marquise de Sairmeuse," faltered Marie-Anne. "You, Blanche—here!"

And her sufferings, explained by the presence of this young girl who once had been her friend, but who was now her bitterest enemy, she exclaimed:

"You are my murderer!"

Blanche de Courtornieu's was one of those iron natures that break, but never bend.

Since she had been discovered, nothing in the world would induce her to deny her guilt.

She advanced resolutely, and in a firm voice:

"Yes," she said, "I have taken my revenge. Do you think I did not suffer that evening when you sent your brother to take away my newly wedded husband, upon whose face I have not gazed since?"

"Your husband! I sent to take him away! I do not understand you."

"Do you then dare to deny that you are not Martial's mistress!"

"The Marquis de Sairmeuse! I saw him yesterday for the first time since Baron d'Escorval's escape."

The effort which she had made to rise and to speak had exhausted her strength. She fell back in the arm-chair.

But Blanche was pitiless.

"You have not seen Martial! Tell me, then, who gave you this costly furniture, these silken hangings, all the luxury that surrounds you?"

"Chanlouineau."

Blanche shrugged her shoulders.

"So be it," she said, with an ironical smile, "but is it Chanlouineau for whom you are waiting this evening? Is it for Chanlouineau you have warmed these slippers and laid this table? Was it Chanlouineau who sent his clothing by a peasant named Poignot? You see that I know all——"

But the victim was silent.

"For whom are you waiting?" she insisted. "Answer!"

"I cannot!"

"You know that it is your lover! wretched woman—my husband, Martial!"

Marie-Anne was considering the situation as well as her intolerable sufferings and troubled mind would permit.

Could she tell what guests she was expecting?

To name Baron d'Escorval to Blanche, would it not ruin and betray him? They hoped for a safe-conduct, a revision of judgment, but he was none the less under sentence of death, executory in twenty-four hours.

"So you refuse to tell me whom you expect here in an hour—at midnight."

"I refuse."

But a sudden impulse took possession of the sufferer's mind.

Though the slightest movement caused her intolerable agony, she tore open her dress and drew from her bosom a folded paper.

"I am not the mistress of the Marquis de Sairmeuse," she said, in an almost inaudible voice; "I am the wife of Maurice d'Escorval. Here is the proof—read."

No sooner had Blanche glanced at the paper, than she became as pale as her victim. Her sight failed her; there was a strange ringing in her ears, a cold sweat started from every pore.

This paper was the marriage-certificate of Maurice and Marie-Anne, drawn up by the *curé* of Vigano, witnessed by the old physician and Bavois, and sealed with the seal of the parish.

The proof was indisputable. She had committed a useless crime; she had murdered an innocent woman.

The first good impulse of her life made her heart beat more quickly. She did not stop to consider; she forgot the danger to which she exposed herself; and in a ringing voice she cried:

"Help! help!"

Eleven o'clock was sounding; the whole country was asleep. The farmhouse nearest the Borderie was half a league distant.

The voice of Blanche was lost in the deep stillness of the night.

In the garden below Aunt Medea heard it, perhaps; but she would have allowed herself to be chopped in pieces rather than stir from her place.

And, yet, there was one who heard that cry of distress. Had Blanche and her

victim been less overwhelmed with despair, they would have heard a noise upon the staircase, which creaked beneath the tread of a man who was cautiously ascending it. But it was not a saviour, for he did not answer the appeal. But even though there had been aid near at hand, it would have too late.

Marie-Anne felt that there was no longer any hope for her, and that it was the chill of death which was creeping up to her heart. She felt that her life was fast ebbing away.

So, when Blanche seemed about to rush out in search of assistance, she detained her by a gesture, and gently said:

"Blanche."

The murderess paused.

"Do not summon anyone; it would do no good. Remain; be calm, that I may at least die in peace. It will not be long now."

"Hush! do not speak so. You must not, you shall not die! If you should die—great God! what would my life be afterward?"

Marie-Anne made no reply. The poison was pursuing its work of dissolution. Her breath made a whistling sound as it forced its way through her inflamed throat; her tongue, when she moved it, produced in her mouth the terrible sensation of a piece of red-hot iron; her lips were parched and swollen; her hands, inert and paralyzed, would no longer obey her will.

But the horror of the situation restored Blanche's calmness.

"All is not yet lost," she exclaimed. "It was in that great box there upon the table, where I found"—she dared not utter the word poison—"the white powder which I poured into the bowl. You know this powder; you must know the antidote."

Marie-Anne sadly shook her head.

"Nothing can save me now," she murmured, in an almost inaudible voice; "but I do not complain. Who knows the misery from which death may preserve me? I do not crave life, I have suffered so much during the past year; I have endured such humiliation; I have wept so much! A curse was upon me!"

She was suddenly endowed with that clearness of mental vision so often granted to the dying. She saw how she had wrought her own undoing by consenting to accept the perfidious *rôle* imposed upon her by her father, and how she, herself, had paved the way for the falsehoods, slander, crimes and misfortunes of which she had been the victim.

Her voice grew fainter and fainter. Worn out by suffering, a sensation of drowsiness stole over her. She was falling asleep in the arms of death.

Suddenly such a terrible thought pierced the stupour which enveloped her that she uttered a heart-breaking cry:

"My child!"

Collecting, by a superhuman effort, all the will, energy, and strength that the poison had left her, she straightened herself in her arm-chair, her features contracted by mortal anguish.

"Blanche!" she said, with an energy of which one would have supposed her incapable. "Blanche, listen to me. It is the secret of my life which I am about to disclose; no one suspects it. I have a son by Maurice. Alas! many months have elapsed since my husband disappeared. If he is dead, what will become of my child? Blanche, you, who have killed me, must swear to me that you will be a mother to my child!"

Blanche was utterly overcome.

"I swear!" she sobbed, "I swear!"

"On that condition, but on that condition alone, I pardon you. But take care! Do not forget your oath! Blanche, God sometimes permits the dead to avenge themselves! You have sworn, remember.

"My spirit will allow you no rest if you do not fulfil your vow."

"I will remember," sobbed Blanche; "I will remember. But the child——"

"Ah! I was afraid—cowardly creature that I was! I dreaded the shame—then Maurice insisted—I sent my child away—your jealousy and my death are my punishment. Poor child! I abandoned him to strangers. Wretched woman that I am! Ah! this suffering is too horrible. Blanche, remember——"

She spoke again, but her words were indistinct, inaudible.

Blanche frantically seized the dying woman's arm, and endeavoured to arouse her.

"To whom have you confided your child?" she repeated; "to whom? Marie-Anne—a word more—a single word—a name, Marie-Anne!"

The unfortunate woman's lips moved, but the death-rattle sounded in her throat; a wracking convulsion shook her form; she slid down from the chair, and fell full length upon the floor.

Marie-Anne was dead—dead, and she had not disclosed the name of the old physician at Vigano to whom she had in-

trusted her child. She was dead, and the terrified murderess stood in the middle of the room, as rigid and motionless as a statue. It seemed to her that madness—a madness like that which had stricken her father—was developing itself in her brain.

She forgot everything; she forgot that a guest was expected at midnight; that time was flying, and that she would surely be discovered if she did not flee.

But the man who had entered when she cried for aid was watching over her. When he saw that Marie-Anne had breathed her last, he made a slight noise at the door, and thrust his leering face into the room.

"Chupin!" faltered Mme. Blanche.

"In the flesh," he responded. "This was a grand chance for you. Ah, ha! The business riled your stomach a little, but nonsense! that will soon pass off. But we must not dawdle here; someone may come in. Let us make haste."

Mechanically the murderess advanced; but Marie-Anne's dead body lay between her and the door, barring the passage. To leave the room it was necessary to step over the lifeless form of her victim. She had not courage to do this, and recoiled with a shudder.

But Chupin was troubled by no such scruples. He sprang across the body, lifted Blanche as if she had been a child and carried her out of the house.

He was drunk with joy. Fears for the future no longer disquieted him, now that Mme. Blanche was bound to him by the strongest of chains—complicity in crime.

He saw himself on the threshold of a life of ease and continual feasting. Remorse for Lacheneur's betrayal had ceased to trouble him. He saw himself sumptuously fed, lodged and clothed; above all, effectually guarded by an army of servants.

Blanche, who had experienced a feeling of deadly faintness, was revived by the cool night-air.

"I wish to walk," said she.

Chupin placed her on the ground about twenty paces from the house.

"And Aunt Medea!" she exclaimed.

Her relative was beside her; like one of those dogs who are left at the door when their master enters a house, she had instinctively followed her niece on seeing her borne from the cottage by the old poacher.

"We must not stop to talk," said Chupin. "Come, I will lead the way."

And taking Blanche by the arm, he hastened toward the grove.

"Ah! so Marie-Anne had a child," he said, as they hurried on. "She was pretended to be such a saint! But where the devil has she put it?"

"I shall find it."

"Hum! That is easier said than done."

A shrill laugh, resounding in the darkness, interrupted him. He released his hold on the arm of Blanche and assumed an attitude of defense.

Vain precaution! A man concealed behind a tree bounded upon him, and, plunging his knife four times into the old poacher's writhing body, cried:

"Holy Virgin! now is my vow fulfilled! I shall no longer be obliged to eat with my fingers!"

"The inkeeper!" groaned the wounded man, sinking to the earth.

For once in her life, Aunt Medea manifested some energy.

"Come!" she shrieked, wild with fear, dragging her niece away. "Come—he is dead!"

Not quite. The traitor had strength to crawl home and knock at the door.

His wife and youngest son were sleeping soundly. His eldest son, who had just returned home, opened the door.

Seeing his father prostrate on the ground, he thought he was intoxicated, and tried to lift him and carry him into the house, but the old poacher begged him to desist.

"Do not touch me," said he. "It is all over with me; but listen; Lacheneur's daughter has just been poisoned by Madame Blanche. It was to tell you this that I dragged myself here. This knowledge is worth a fortune, my boy, if you are not a fool!"

And he died, without being able to tell his family where he had concealed the price of Lacheneur's blood.

(To be Continued)

A Disappointment—By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

HER hair was a waving bronze, and her eyes
Deep wells that might cover a brooding soul;
And who, till he weighed it, could ever surmise
That her heart was a cinder instead of a coal!

Remembered from the Play

"The Importance of Being Earnest"

Jack (*nervously*)—Miss Fairfax, ever since I met you I have admired you more than any girl. . . . I have ever met since. . . . I met you.

Gwendolen—Yes, I am quite aware of the fact. And I often wish that in public, at any rate, you had been more demonstrative. For me you have always had an irresistible fascination. (*Jack looks at her in amazement.*) We live, as I hope you know, Mr. Worthing, in an age of ideals. The fact is constantly mentioned in the more expensive monthly magazines, and has reached the provincial pulpits, I am told: and my ideal has always been to love some one of the name of Ernest. There is something in that name that inspires absolute confidence.

By Oscar Wilde, London, 1895. Revived by the Actors' Theater, New York, 1926.

"Pomeroy's Past"

Pomeroy—Is your brother a kind man?

Flynn—Kind? Mr. Chilton. Kind? Why, he's so kind that he killed a man once for kicking a dog.

By Clare Kummer, New York, 1926.

"Love 'em and Leave 'em"

Kenyon—I sort of lost track of her.

Mame—Is that so?

Kenyon—Yeah. Her old man went bankrupt and I didn't see her any more.

By John V. A. Weaver and George Abbott, New York, 1926.

"The Lower Depths"

Luka—We're all of us tramps—Why—I've heard said that the very earth we walk on is nothing but a tramp in the universe.

Luka—Nobility is like small-pox. A man may get over it—but it leaves marks. . . .

Kvashnya—Marriage to a woman is just like jumping through a hole in the ice in winter. You do it once, and you remember it the rest of your life.

By Maxim Gorky, Moscow, 1902; New York, 1923.

"At Mrs. Beam's

Laura—I want a new tube of toothpaste, and I'll get you one at the same time. . . . I wonder how many tubes it takes to make a lifetime. Whenever I see my tube done, I always feel that much older. . . . I suppose, though, when you really get old you stop growing according to that, because you don't have any teeth. . . .

By C. K. Munro, London, 1920; New York, 1926.

"Love-in-a-Mist"

Diana—I never lie except to keep from hurting people or to do them a good turn.

Miss Wynne—There's nothing strong men secretly enjoy so much, my dear, as to know that they're making a weak female languish. It gives them the opportunity to be noble. *By Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy) and Gilbert Emery, New York, 1926.*

"Iolanthe"

Earl of Mountararat—I don't want to say a word against brains—I've great respect for brains. I often wish I had some myself.

Phyllis (*to Strephon who is half mortal, half fairy*)—I'd rather have half a mortal I do love than half a dozen I don't.

Strephon—You know, my grandmother looks quite as young as my mother. So do all my aunts.

Phyllis—I quite understand. Whenever I see you kissing a very young lady I shall know it's an elderly relative.

Strephon—You will? Then, Phyllis, I think we shall be very happy.

Strephon—My Lord, I know no court of Chancery; I go by Nature's acts of Parliament. The bees, the breeze, the seas, the rocks, the brooks, the gales, the vales, the fountains and the mountains, cry: "You love this maiden; take her, we command you!" 'Tis writ in heaven by the bright barbed dart that leaps forth into lurid light from each grim thundercloud. The very rain pours forth her sad and sodden sympathy. When chorused Nature bids me take my love, shall I reply: "Nay, but a certain Chancellor forbids it?" Sir, you are England's Lord High Chancellor, but are you Chancellor of birds and trees, king of the winds, and prince of thunderclouds?

By Sir W. S. Gilbert; music by Arthur Sullivan, London and New York, 1882. Revived in New York, 1926.

"The Devil"

The Devil—She doesn't love her husband. In this case, her husband is either a very common man, or else he is a genius. Women usually don't like extremes.

The Devil—A wife is like a monocle. A fashionable habit, but one can see better without it.

Jolan—But I want to tell you the truth!

The Devil—When you tell the truth, you cheat. You women don't try to do anything but lie. That's the only way that we understand each other somehow.

The Devil (*to a company of women*)—The silence is extraordinary. Where so many women keep so conspicuously silent, some one has been pulled to pieces.

The Devil—I am malicious because I want to be alone. Malice is the insect powder of distinguished people.

By Ferenc Molnar, Budapest, 1907.

Epigrams on Women

By

AMBROSE BIERCE

OUR luxuries are always masquerading as necessaries. Woman is the only necessary having the boldness and address to compel recognition as a luxury.

Women and foxes, being weak, are distinguished by superior tact.

Woman would be more charming if one could fall into her arms without falling into her hands.

True, man does not know woman. But neither does woman.

When God makes a beautiful woman, the devil opens a new register.

Men talk of selecting a wife; horses, of selecting an owner.

He gets on best with women who best knows how to get on without them.

Do not permit a woman to ask forgiveness, for that is the first step. The second is justification of herself by accusation of you.

When Eve first saw her reflection in a pool, she sought Adam and accused him of infidelity.

For study of the good and the bad in woman, two women are a needless expense.

Of two kinds of temporary insanity, one ends in suicide, the other in marriage.

In order that the lists of able women may be memorized for use at meetings of the oppressed sex, Heaven has considerately made it brief.

What a woman most admires in a man is distinction among men. What a man most admires in a woman is devotion to himself.

Love is a delightful day's journey. At the end kiss your companion and say farewell.

The creator and arbiter of beauty is the heart; to the male rattlesnake the female rattlesnake is the loveliest thing in nature.

A prude is one who blushes modestly at the indelicacy of her thoughts and virtuously flies from the temptation of her desires.

If women did the writing of the world, instead of the talking, men would be regarded as the superior sex in beauty, grace and goodness.

Although one has loved a dozen times, yet will the latest love seem the first. He who says he has loved twice has not loved once.

When God saw how faulty was man He tried again and made woman. As to why He then stopped there are two opinions. One of them is woman's.

You are not permitted to kill a woman who has wronged you, but nothing forbids you to reflect that she is growing older every minute. You are avenged fourteen hundred and forty times a day.

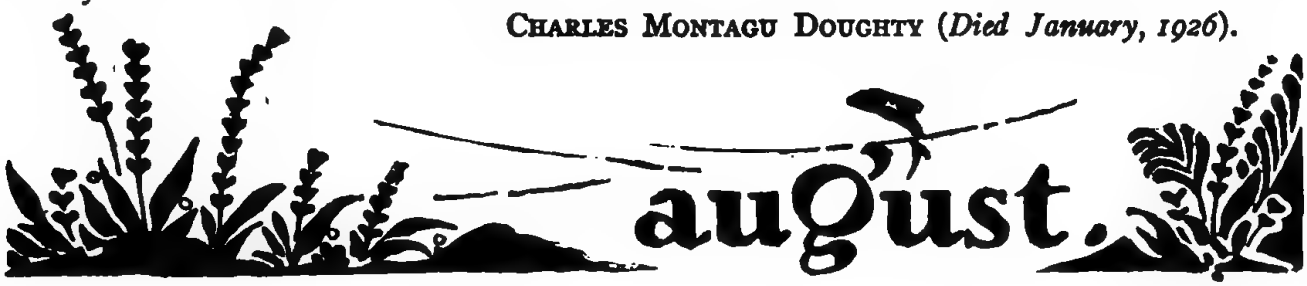
Midsummer in the Desert

THE summer's night at end, the sun stands up as a crown of hostile flames from that huge covert of inhospitable sandstone bergs; the desert day dawns not little and little, but it is noontide in an hour. The sun, entering as a tyrant upon the waste landscape, darts upon us a torment of fiery beams, not to be remitted till the far-off evening. No mattins here of birds; not a rock partridge-cock, calling with blithesome chuckle over the extreme waterless desolation.

Grave is that giddy heat upon the crown of the head; the ears tingle with a flickering shrillness, a subtle crepitation it seems, in the glassiness of this sun-stricken nature: the hot sand-blink is in the eyes, and there is little refreshment to find in the tent's shelter; the worsted booths leak to this fiery rain of sunny light. Mountains looming like dry bones through the thin air stand far around about us: the savage flank of Ybba Moghrair, the high spire and ruinous stacks of el-Jebal, Chebad, the coast of Helwan! Herds of weak nomad cattle waver dispersedly, seeking pasture in the midst of this hollow, fainting country, where but lately the locusts have fretted every green thing. This silent air burning about us, we endure breathless till the *assr:* when the dazing Arabs in the tents revive after their heavy hours. The lingering day draws down to the sun-setting; the herdsmen, weary of the sun, come again with the cattle, to taste in their menzils the first sweetness of mirth and repose.

The day is done, and there rises the nightly freshness of the purest mountain air: and then to the cheerful song and the cup at the common fire. The moon rises ruddy from that solemn obscurity of Jebel like a mighty beacon:—and the morrow will be as this day, days deadly drowned in the sun of the summer wilderness.

CHARLES MONTAGU DOUGHTY (*Died January, 1926*).



1 *"On Sunday, dined, drank tea, and supped with Mrs. Whitfield. At dark, she, and I, and her son William walked out; and I rapped at doors in New Street and King Street and ran away."* ELIZABETH INCHBALD. *(Author of "A Simple Story"; in diary, 1788, at age of 35.)*

2 The American mind exasperated the European as a buzz-saw might exasperate a pine-forest. HENRY ADAMS.

3 A wind's in the breast of me, a fire's in my heels,
I am tired of brick and stone and rumbling wagon-wheels;
I hunger for the sea's edge, the limits of the land,
Where the wild old Atlantic is shouting on the sand. MASEFIELD.

4 "I fell, see? It doesn't do a guy any good to know about women. There's always one comes along and unlearns him." BEN HECHT.

5 Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim. BROWNING.

6 "Does one really live in the ordinary days of life? What is sadder than to get up with no burning hopes at heart, calmly accomplish the same tasks, drink in moderation and eat with discretion, and sleep at night, like an animal in perfect tranquillity?" DE MAUPASSANT.

7 I ask the rising sun for news,
I ask the evening star for tidings.
Sleep cannot tell me of you
And the wastes of the night cannot report of you.
My heart is a still green fen
Can you not come back
And make it run again in laughing water?
The Thousand Nights (MATHERS).

THE HE-ROW

8 Each man in the boat rowed fast, but none so fast as he. OUIDA.

9 Things nearest are things farthest off. . . . Man has a more comprehensive view of the moon, than the man in the moon himself. We know the moon is round; he only infers it. It is because we ourselves are in ourselves, that we know ourselves not. MELVILLE.

10 Joy drowns the twilight in the dew,
And fills with stars night's purple cup. YEATS.

11 CONCERNING MAN— . . . he was not made for any useful purpose, for the reason that he hasn't served any; he was most likely not even made intentionally, and his working himself up out of the oyster bed to his present position was probably matter of surprize and regret to the Creator. . . . For his history, in all climes, all ages and all circumstances, furnishes oceans and continents of proof that of all the creatures that were made he is the most detestable. Of the entire brood he is the only one—the solitary one—that possesses malice. . . . Also in all the list he is the only creature that has a nasty mind. MARK TWAIN.

12 It is next to impossible for an appreciative woman to have a positive repugnance towards an unusually handsome and gifted man, even though she may not be inclined to love him. HARDY.

13 A rabbit's foot may bring good luck to you, but it brought little to the rabbit. BIERCE.

14 It is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself. Infidelity does not consist in believing, or in disbelieving; it consists in professing to believe what he does not believe. THOMAS PAINE.

15 And I have loved thee,
Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on
thy breast to be
Borne, like thy
bubbles, onward; from
a boy

I wantoned with thy breakers . . .
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here. BYRON.

16 If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others would be very harmless. LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

17 The tawny stubble clad the hill,
And August hung her smoky screen
Above the valleys hot and still.
BAYARD TAYLOR.

18 (In America) the gentlemen spit, talk of elections and the price of produce, and spit again. The ladies look at each other's dresses till they know every pin by heart. MRS. TROLLOPE.

19 The day without the sun doth lour for woe,
Then woe mine eyes, unless they beauty see. GREENE.

20 Truth has so many points of inferiority to falsehood as practically to be doomed to extinction. ANATOLE FRANCE.

21 *Captain:* The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea.
SHAKESPEARE.

22 I have always found that it takes an enormous amount of learning to get away from the most obvious and simple truth. SIMKHOVITCH.

23 Luck means the hardships and privations which you have not hesitated to endure; the long nights you have devoted to work. Luck means the appointments you have never failed to keep: the trains you have never failed to catch.
MAX O'RELL.

24 Plato knew of nothing but the virtues and vices, and good and evil. There is nothing in all that. Everything is good in God's eyes.
WILLIAM BLAKE.

25 *August, 1598.* The fault for the Spanish Armada having suffered damage at sea lies at the door of General Medina Sidonia. . . . Although His Majesty of Spain was already suffering greatly from gout, his pains redoubled when he heard news how greatly the Armada had suffered in the storm, and how it was somewhat hindered in its operations. *Fugger News-Letters.*

26 If virtue had everything her own way she would be as insufferable as dominant factions generally are. It is the function of vice to keep virtue within reasonable bounds. SAMUEL BUTLER.

27 Among the people in whom the social gifts are the strongest, the individual fears ridicule above all things, and ridicule is the certain result of originality. AMIEL.

28 Up, after much pleasant talke with my wife and a little that vexes me, for I see that she is confirmed in it that all that I do is by design, and that my very keeping of the house in dirt, and the doing of this and anything else in the house, is but to find her employment and keep her within and from minding of her pleasure; the which, though I am sorry to see she minds it, is true enough in a great degree. PEPYS.

29 I know of one farmer who deserves to be called the Tree-Hater, and, perhaps to leave this for a new patronymic to his children. You would think that he had been warned by an oracle that he would be killed by the fall of a tree, and so was resolved to anticipate them. THOREAU.

30 There is more required nowadays to make a single wise man than formerly to make Seven Sages.
BALTHASAR GRACIAN (JACOBS).

31 I could dispense with your face, and neck, and hands, and legs, and bosom, and back, and hips. And—not to labour details—I could dispense with the whole of you, Chloe.
MARTIAL.

LINCOLN

For the growing number of people who prefer an open car for personal use, there is none so satisfying nor of more unmistakable style than the powerful Lincoln Sport Roadster with body by Locke.

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When Fourth of July bands are roaring out their day of Independence

Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

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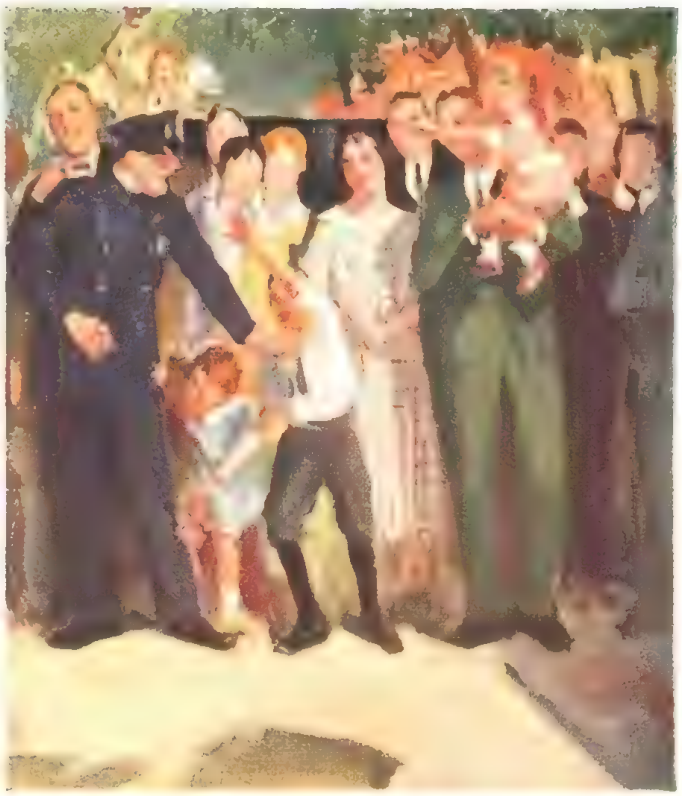
are playing—and the cannon celebration of another
—have a Camel!

WHEN the noisy shouts and songs of freedom burst forth on Independence Day. And bands and parades and booming cannon join in the joyous celebration. When you think again that our country and the men in it must be free—*have a Camel!*

For no other cigarette ever gave so much added enjoyment to great days. No other cigarette ever brought such liberation to so many millions of smokers. On the day of its birth, Camel decreed the end of tired taste, of cigaretty after-taste. Mild and mellow flavor, deep-down enjoyment have made Camel the most celebrated name in the history of smoking.

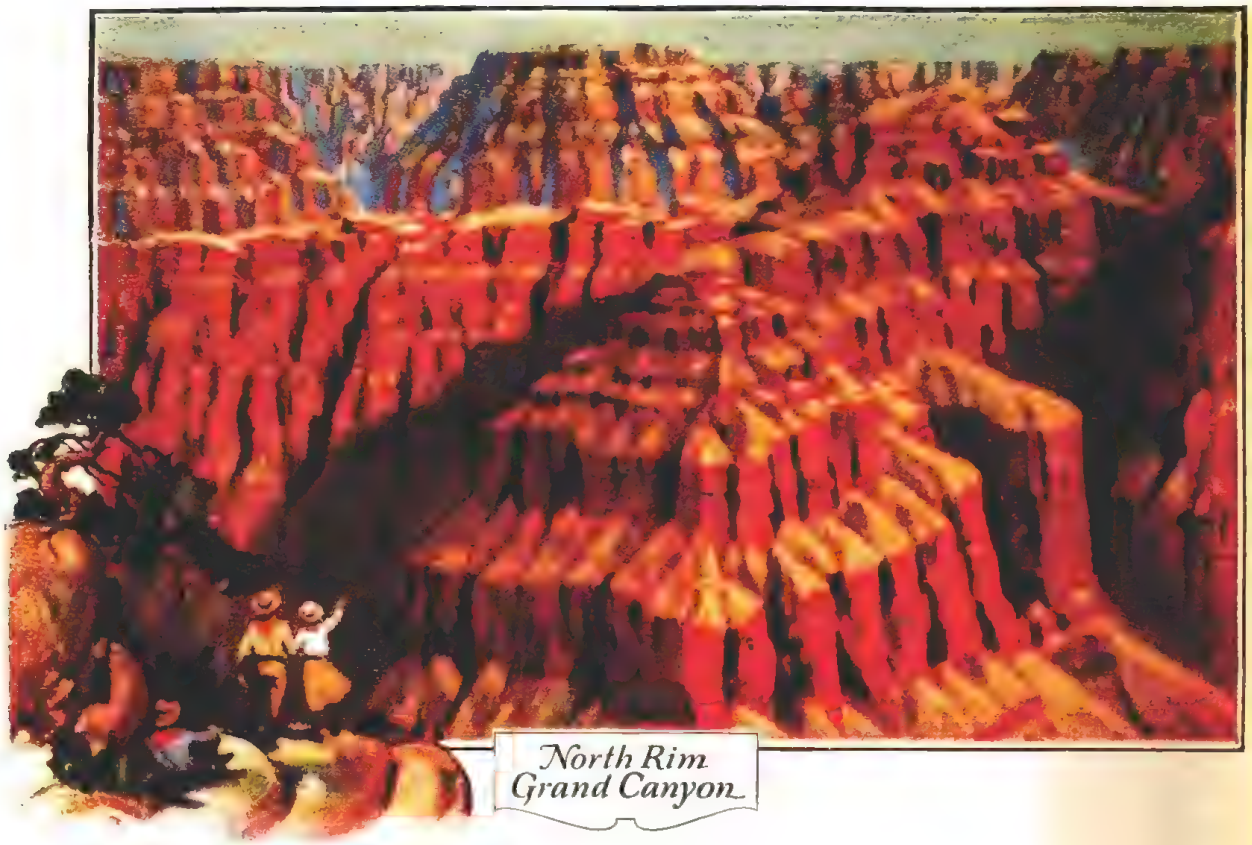
So this Independence Day, as you watch our country's defenders march by in inspiring parade. As roaring cannon flash out another anniversary of freedom—know then real smoking goodness. Taste the utmost in cigarette enjoyment.

Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



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Cedar Breaks—Prismatic Plains—Kaibab Forest

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Facts in the Case

Continental Congress Adopted a resolution Declaring for Independence July 2, 1776.

Declaration of Independence unanimously and formally adopted by Congress and signed by the President, John Hancock of Massachusetts, July 4.

Declaration Engrossed on Parchment and presented to Congress August 2. John Hancock again affixed his now famous signature and declared, "I write so that George the Third may read without his spectacles." Forty-nine others then signed, and later the entire fifty-six who adopted the Declaration.

The Original Parchment Copy thus signed is preserved under wax and glass in the Library of Congress at Washington, D. C., where "All Nations may behold it and Time shall not efface it."

The John Hancock Mutual, so far as known, is the only source from which any American citizen can obtain free a true facsimile of the Declaration of Independence.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of The Golden Book Magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1926.

State of NEW YORK } ss.
County of NEW YORK }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles D. Lanier, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Golden Book Magazine, and the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Editor, Henry W. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Managing Editor, Henry W. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Business Manager, Charles D. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. 2 That the owner is: The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Charles D. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Albert Shaw, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed, Charles D. Lanier, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1926. Signed, R. K. Snavely, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1928.)

MONUMENT TO THE SAILORS AND MARINES OF THE U. S. S. MAINE
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Felix Cabarrocas—Architect

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THE GOLDEN BOOK FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE INVESTMENT BUREAU

A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE GOLDEN BOOK reserves the following pages for announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading and none is accepted that is found to be of questionable character. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

Investment Questions and Answers

Investing an Educational Fund I would like your advice with regard to a $250 investment I am thinking of making. I am thinking of buying some stock in either Packard, Hupp or Paige and holding it for two years. At that time I will need the money to complete my last year in the university. At the present time Packard is selling for $20 and pays $2.00, or 10 per cent. If I should invest in such a stock would it not be better than leaving the money in the bank at 3 per cent.?

If you should buy some automobile stock, as you contemplate according to your letter, you would be speculating with your money, and two years from now, when you say you will need this money for the completion of your university course, you might find that you could not dispose of the stock you had bought for anywhere near what it cost you. In the next business depression the automobile industry may be hit worse than it ever has been before because of the large number of cars that have been sold on the instalment plan in recent years. By this process the purchases of many cars have been moved forward about a year, and when a business depression comes there is likely to be a very slack year before normal business starts ahead again. If you know just when you want to use this money, you could buy short-term real-estate mortgage securities that would pay you 6 per cent. on your money and return the principal to you intact when you want it. This would be much better than speculating in automobile stocks at this or any other time.

Two Good Utility Bonds I am a reader of THE GOLDEN BOOK and would like to avail myself of your investment service. I have $2,000 which I desire to invest in first-class bonds at this time and am considering the following:

Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee R. R. Co. 1st gold 5 per cent. Dated July 1, 1916. Due July 1, 1936.
Wisconsin Valley Electric Company, 1st and refunding 5 per cent. Dated May 1, 1917. Due May 1, 1942.

Thought of investing $1,000 in each of the foregoing. Will you kindly advise me as to the security, salability and present market on the above bonds, and if you think it best for me to select anything different inform me, mentioning the bonds and your reasons.

In reply to your letter, we are glad to inform you that both the Chicago, North Shore and Milwaukee 1st mortgage 5s due 1936 and the Wisconsin Valley Electric Company 1st and refunding 5s due 1942 are entitled to a good rating among public utility securities. The first being secured on an electric railway property, which is subject to competition from automobiles and motor-buses, does not seem to the writer as good an investment as the latter. These bonds are not listed on any market but are traded in fairly actively among dealers in public utility securities, and there is a fairly close market for them, the bid and asked prices being approximately as follows:

Chicago, North Shore & Mil. 5s bid 96, asked 97½
Wisc. Valley Elec. 5s bid 99, asked 100

One Hundred Dollar Bonds Can you tell me if the purchase of bonds is the safest way to invest? I have several hundred dollars that are lying in the bank drawing 4 per cent. I believe there are safe investments that would net me more.

To secure the greatest diversification in the investment of a few hundred dollars in high grade bonds we suggest that you give consideration to the following list, which are issued in as small pieces as $100 bonds:

St. Louis-San Francisco prior lien 4s, due 1950
Great Northern general mortgage 7s, 1936
Pacific Gas & Electric 1st and ref 6s, 1941
Commonwealth Edison of Chicago 1st col 5s, 1953

and some of the guaranteed and insured real-estate mortgage bonds, yielding from 5½ to 6½ per cent., which you will find advertised in the investment advertising pages of THE GOLDEN BOOK.

(*Concluded on page 30*)

Two *incomes* are better than one

FORWARD-looking workers in every sphere—wage earners, salaried men, business men, professional men—make it a regular practice to invest part of present earnings in good bonds. In this way they build up a second income free from ordinary hazards and pave the way for financial independence.

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The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS ACCEPTANCES SHORT TERM NOTES

(*Concluded from page 28*)

Building & Loan Associations I am writing for your advice as to investing small sums of money—from $50 and up. Could you give me the names of a few reliable companies in which I could invest small sums?

We know of no better place for the accumulation of small savings than in a good local building and loan association operating in a state that has well drawn laws governing them and where such associations, come under the jurisdiction of some state official. In your state, the Office of State Auditor, Olympia, has jurisdiction over building and loan associations, and by writing that official you should be able to obtain the names of associations in your state that operate conservatively and that have been successful in their operations over a period of years.

German Bonds In your March issue you recommend German Government 7s due 1949 as a good investment. Why are those desirable while the 1922 issue which I hold seems to yield practically nothing?

The difference between the German 7 per cent. bonds which were suggested in the March GOLDEN BOOK and the German mark bonds which you hold is that the former bonds are issued in dollar denominations in connection with the operation of the Dawes Plan while the latter are payable in old German marks which, as you know, are now worthless.

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Today, backed by the guarantee of the House of Issue, fortified by insurance against loss, the first mortgage coupon bond is universally recognized as the soundest and most attractive investment for those who require absolute safety of principal and uninterrupted payment of interest.

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But there is only *one* first mortgage coupon bond that combines (1) the fundamental soundness of the old-fashioned first mortgage on real estate; (2) the convenience and simplicity of the modern coupon bond; (3) the unconditional guarantee of the House of Issue without additional cost; (4) the privilege of insuring your investment against loss at any time upon application to one of the largest surety companies in America, with resources over $27,000,000; and (5) a yield of 6½%. That bond is the Adair Guaranteed 6½% First Mortgage Bond.

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For investors who are desirous of obtaining the utmost in safety and yield, we have prepared a comprehensive guide to the safe selection of high grade real estate bonds. Mail the coupon today for this booklet, together with July offerings of 6½% Adair Guaranteed-Insurable Bonds.

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GB-16 *Address coupon to nearest office*

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For twenty years The Review of Reviews Magazine has served thousands and thousands of men and women in the handling of their funds for investment. *It has been one of the outstanding services of the magazine and has built tremendous good will for us with readers.*

In addition to this individual investment service there is a supplementary service by which our readers may secure information of vital interest in the matter of investment. Below you will see booklets issued by financial houses. Choose by number those that you wish to see, write us, and we will send you, without cost or obligation on your part, the literature that you desire. Unless otherwise stated the literature will be sent you direct from the financial houses publishing the same.

If the literature of more than one company is desired, kindly enclose ten cents for postage.

Investment Literature for Your Information

1. What You Should Know About Real Estate Mortgage Bonds—Adair Realty & Trust Co.
2. Buying Bonds by Mail—A. C. Allyn and Company.
3. Arnold 6½% Certificates—Arnold & Co.
4. Investing by Mail—Caldwell & Co.
5. The New Year Book—Commonwealth Edison Co.
6. The Way to Wealth—William R. Compton Company.
7. Fidelity First Mortgage Participation Certificates—Fidelity Mortgage Co.
8. 8% and Safety—Filer-Cleveland Co.
9. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
10. Investors' Guide—Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
11. Security Bonds—J. A. W. Iglehart & Co.
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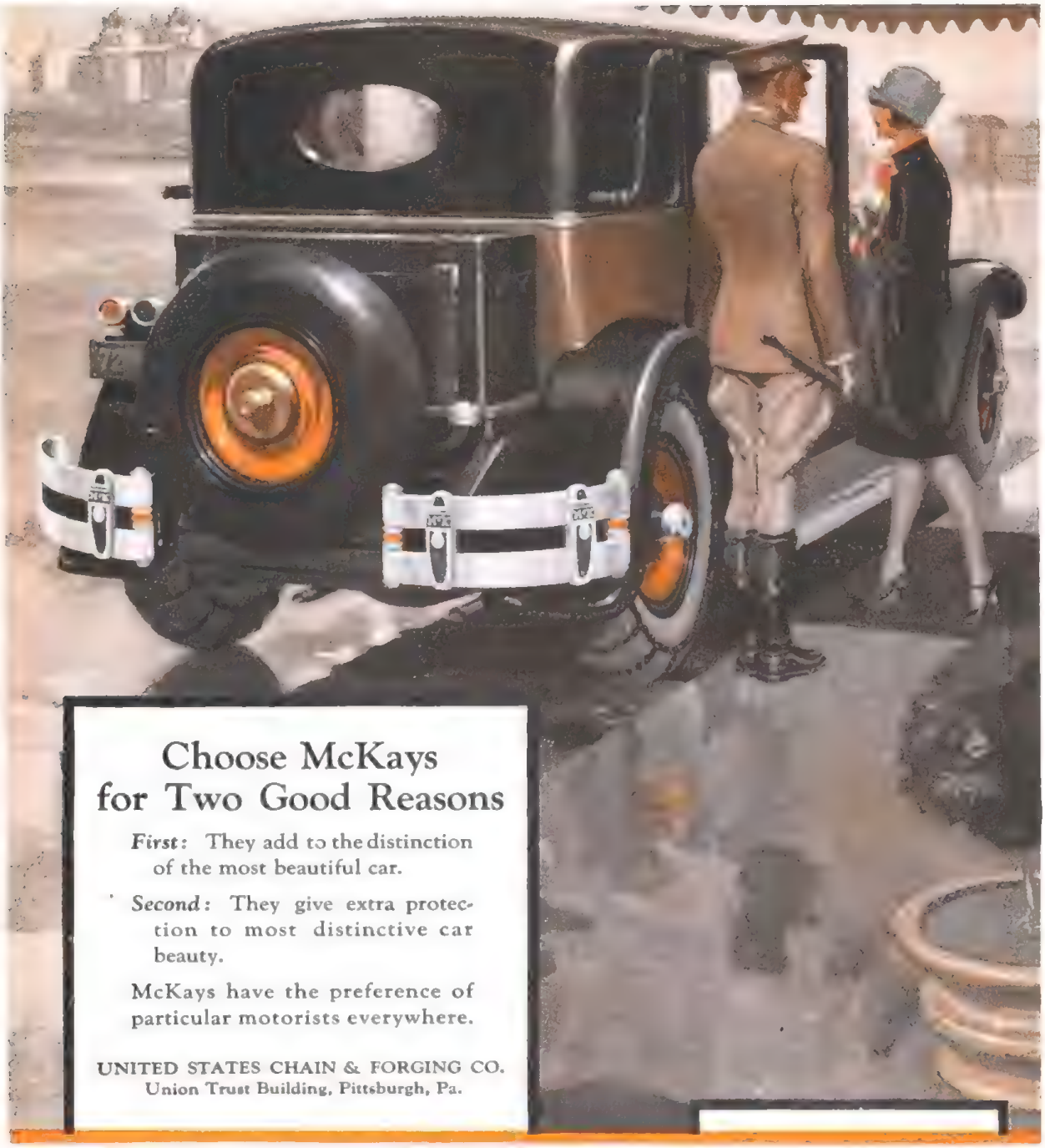

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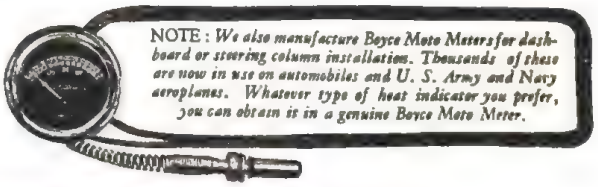

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Because THE QUALITY GROUP magazines grew up in those days, we seem to be expected to join the lament.

We don't.

We see no "decay in public taste." Why view with alarm the fact that where one magazine used to be sold, a hundred are sold today? On the contrary, the fact is hopeful.

What has happened is simply this: The habit of reading has spread tremendously. Due to many causes—the electric light, the public school and the growth of advertising, among others—people whose parents didn't read are now reading a great deal.

You can't expect them to take at one plunge the best of literature and the most serious of topics.

Hence the flood of new magazines, many of which have built up huge circulations. Some of these deserve high respect; others deserve contempt. But good or bad, the mere fact that they sell their millions does not indicate any change in the center of gravity of American thought.

The very fact that THE QUALITY GROUP magazines have survived and flourished proves that the center of gravity is still there.

The same sort of people who used to read THE QUALITY GROUP magazines are reading them today. Not the same people, but the same sort—their sons and daughters and their successors in leadership.

Their numbers, while greater than ever, do not look so impressive when ranged alongside circulations in the millions.

But their influence abides and broadens.

The greater the army, the more helter-skelter its units, the greater the need of seasoned leadership.

In the army of American magazine buyers, the cool heads are still the readers of THE QUALITY GROUP—able to read attentively, trained to observe advertising, strong in purchasing power and effective in influencing the wide circles in which they move.

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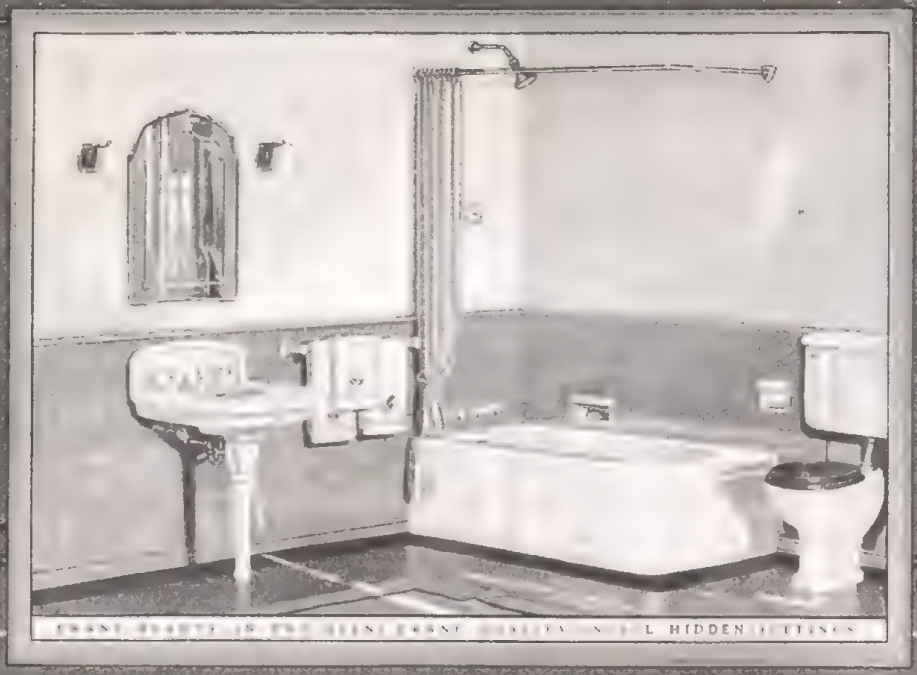

That beauty can be created by simple means is suggested in this engaging bathroom. The clear white fixtures harmonize with the cool greens and tans of walls and floor; their graceful lines and unusual contours add further charm and distinction.

The *Corwith* bath is distinctive. Its outer surfaces are moulded in receding planes; in design and color, it matches the *Revere* lavatory of twice-fired vitreous china. A direct-lift *Securo* waste provides quick and cleanly draining. In keeping with the painted plaster walls and cement floor, the *Corwith*, the *Revere* and the *Saneto* are not expensive.

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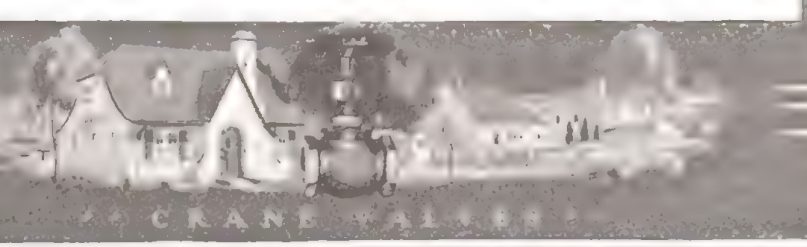

Golden Ways To Golden Places

Vacationing in Historic New England

WHEN a region is not only the nation's main treasure-ground of tradition, but also for many years the most highly developed and varied vacation playground, then it may be said to be the premier resort field.

Such is New England, the cradle of American history and liberty, and for many generations the mecca of summer travel from all parts of the country. It is the nearest approach to a trip abroad that an American can have, for it is full of shrines of literary and historical interest, and contains the oldest dwellings and public monuments in the country. Even the people themselves are, to the rest of the United States, what England is to the whole of the U. S.—descendants of our ancestral folk, and still true to type. A great many of the names of places are well-known English names, Essex, Ipswich, Portsmouth, etc. As Whittier, in his poem on James Russell Lowell, says (and he might well have been speaking of President Coolidge):

From purest wells of English undefiled,
None deeper drank than he, the New World's Child,
Who in the language of their farm field spoke
The wit and wisdom of New England folk.

No small part of our President's popularity is his New England background and characteristics. The footprints of Hawthorne, Whittier, Longfellow, Thoreau and almost the entire galaxy of our early men of literary fame are to be found in New England. Many of their homes and birthplaces are still standing to delight the eye with their lines; and scarcely a town but what has its story of from one to three centuries old. The Whittier country, along the poet's beloved Merrimac; the heart of Essex, where lived the progenitors of Emerson; Hawthorne's Salem, where the house of seven gables may still be seen; Cambridge, the home of the old university and Oliver Wendell Holmes's birthplace; the village blacksmith, etc. Newburyport, Whittier's "old and quiet town"; Andover Hill, place of notable college professors, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and where "America" was written; Plymouth, where the most famous rock in the world is still to be seen; Boston, the very "hub" of the old American world; the beautiful Berkshire hills, scenes of Bryant's favorite poems and Herman Melville's haunts;—Provincetown, unspoiled sailors port;—Bunker Hill, Concord—all these and many more represent the cream of American traditions.

New England holds fast to her old Puritan traditions rather stubbornly, and bears out in her own way old John Higginson's election sermon in 1663, when he said:

"My Fathers and Brethren, this is never to be forgotten, that New England is originally a plantation of religion, not a plantation of trade."

As for scenic beauty, New England "has everything". It has several kinds of seashore; the great rock-bound shores of Maine, with Bar Harbor, the pick of the richest and most fastidious summer tourists. It has the sandy stretches of Cape Cod, and the milder water of Long Island Sound. Inland it has every kind of lake one could imagine, from small cozy ones to large ones lined with primeval woods and visited by giant moose. It has mountains of half a dozen kinds, from the gaunt granite hills of Vermont to the shaggy high mountains of Maine; with the white mountains and the picturesque Berkshires for middle size.

The roads of New England are no small part of her vacation attractions in this era of the automobile, for she has a greater mileage by far of good roads than any other vacation section in the world. The "Ideal Tour", regarded for years past as the premier automobile tour of the country, to see which automobile tourists sometimes drive thousands of miles, is at the back door of millions of people and passes through every kind of scenery one could wish. The railways of New England are a perfect network, and because of their splendid cooperation, they afford a maximum of travel comfort. As for the hotels, resorts, small and large, their name is legion. It is a New England farm

Continued on page 50

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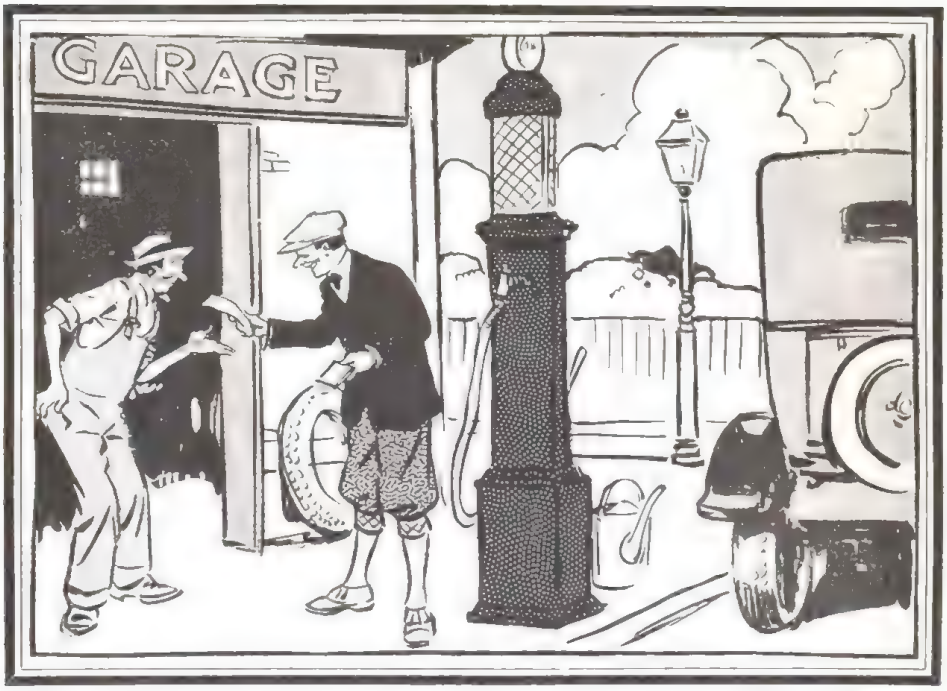

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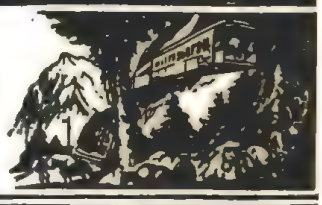

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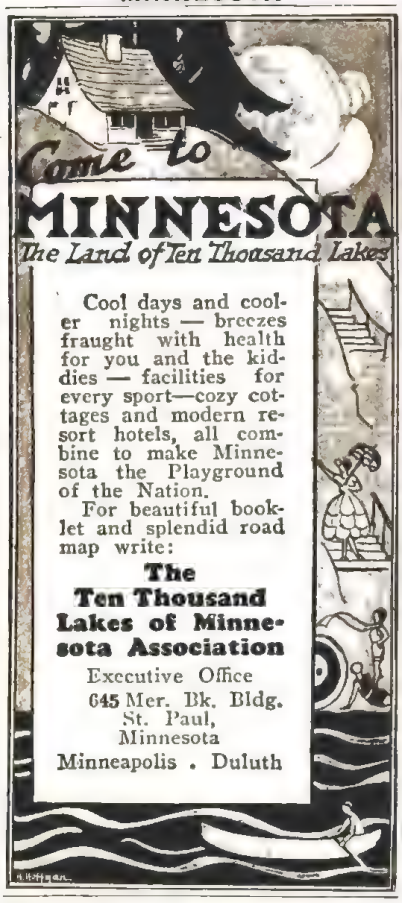

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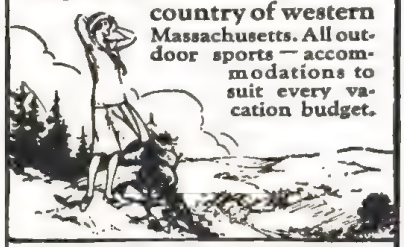

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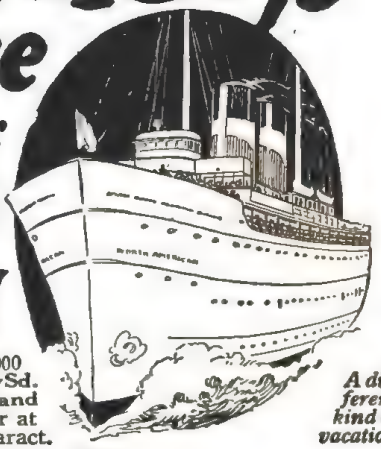

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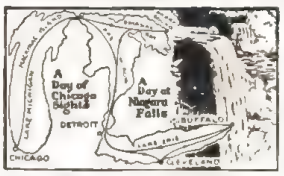

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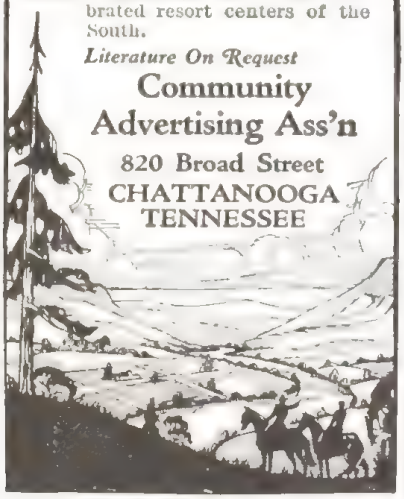

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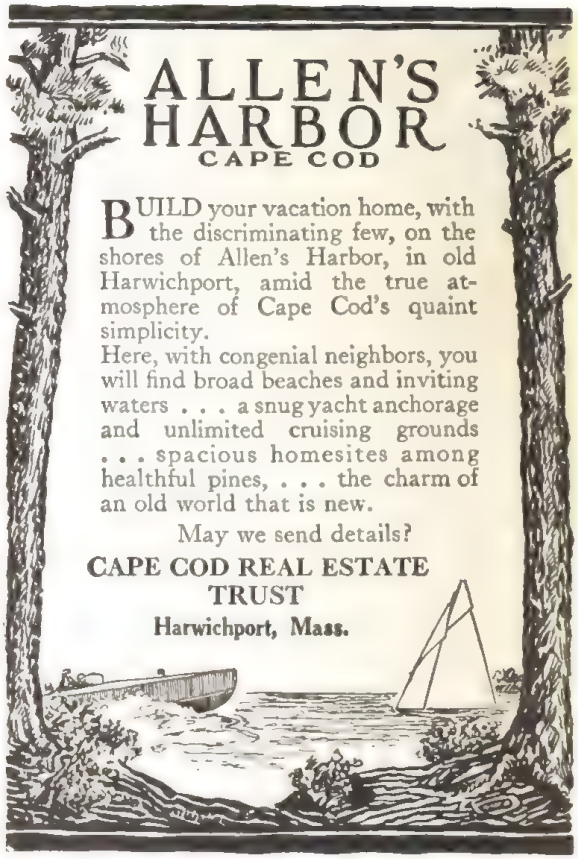
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Continued from page 42

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